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High Times

THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

July 1976, No. 11

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GRAM PARSONS / THE FLYING BURRITO BROS.

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Nine of these 12 tracks were recorded by the "Original" Flying Burrito Brothers in early '70, shortly before Gram Parsons left the group. The remaining 3 tracks were recorded during sessions for Gram's '73 Warner Bros. album, *Grievous Angel*. Reflecting on Gram in her liner notes, Emmylou Harris says "...they came to see this young man and to hear the voice that would break and crack but rise pure and beautiful with sweetness and pain."

Produced by Jim Dickson and Gram Parsons



GARY WRIGHT / SPOOKY TOOTH

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In the late '60s, a British band called Art met up with an organ player from New Jersey named Gary Wright and Spooky Tooth was born. Later Gary left and did 2 solo albums, one in '71 and another in '72. This 2-record set includes 6 selections from those solo albums, 8 selections of Spooky Tooth featuring Gary on vocals, and more. Includes material that Wright freaks rate as some of his very best.

Produced by Gary Wright, Jim Miller, Chris Stainton, Chris Blackwell, Andrew Johns, and Spooky Tooth

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RICK WAKEMAN, SHAWN PHILLIPS, THE TUBES, AND HEAD EAST FANS.



RICK WAKEMAN

NO EARTHLY CONNECTION

Rick's latest introduces his new band, The English Rock Ensemble. According to Rick: "All the music is based on a futuristic, autobiographical look at music, the part it plays in our pre-earth, human and after life. Accepting that music is incorporated in our souls, it is up to the individual body in which it lives, to nurture and develop this unearthly sense as he is told, in order that upon its return, another life may use it to advance the only true sense in this world of No Earthly Connection."

Produced by Rick Wakeman



SHAWN PHILLIPS

RUMPLESTILTSKIN'S RESOLVE

Shawn's latest album deals lyrically with the subjects of love, hate, death, life, war and peace—all set against a musical framework that encompasses rock, ballad, R&B, and cant forms. This eighth album, however, is probably the most basic Shawn has ever recorded. Devoid of the usual soaring symphonics, multi-overdubbings, and electronics, Shawn's new emphasis utilizes no more than seven musicians and one Phillips vocal track on any one cut, all featuring his incredible vocal range.

Produced by Shawn Phillips



THE TUBES

YOUNG AND RICH

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HEAD EAST

GET YOURSELF UP

Head East is five young Midwestern rock & rollers whose individual sound has already emerged and resulted in a Top 20 single, "Never Been Any Reason," from their debut album, "Flat As A Pancake." Their new album, "Get Yourself Up," is 10 new songs of their blazing brand of rock & roll. They've become such a strong regional attraction that other local bands are learning Head East originals to include in their own repertoires.

Produced by Roger Boyd

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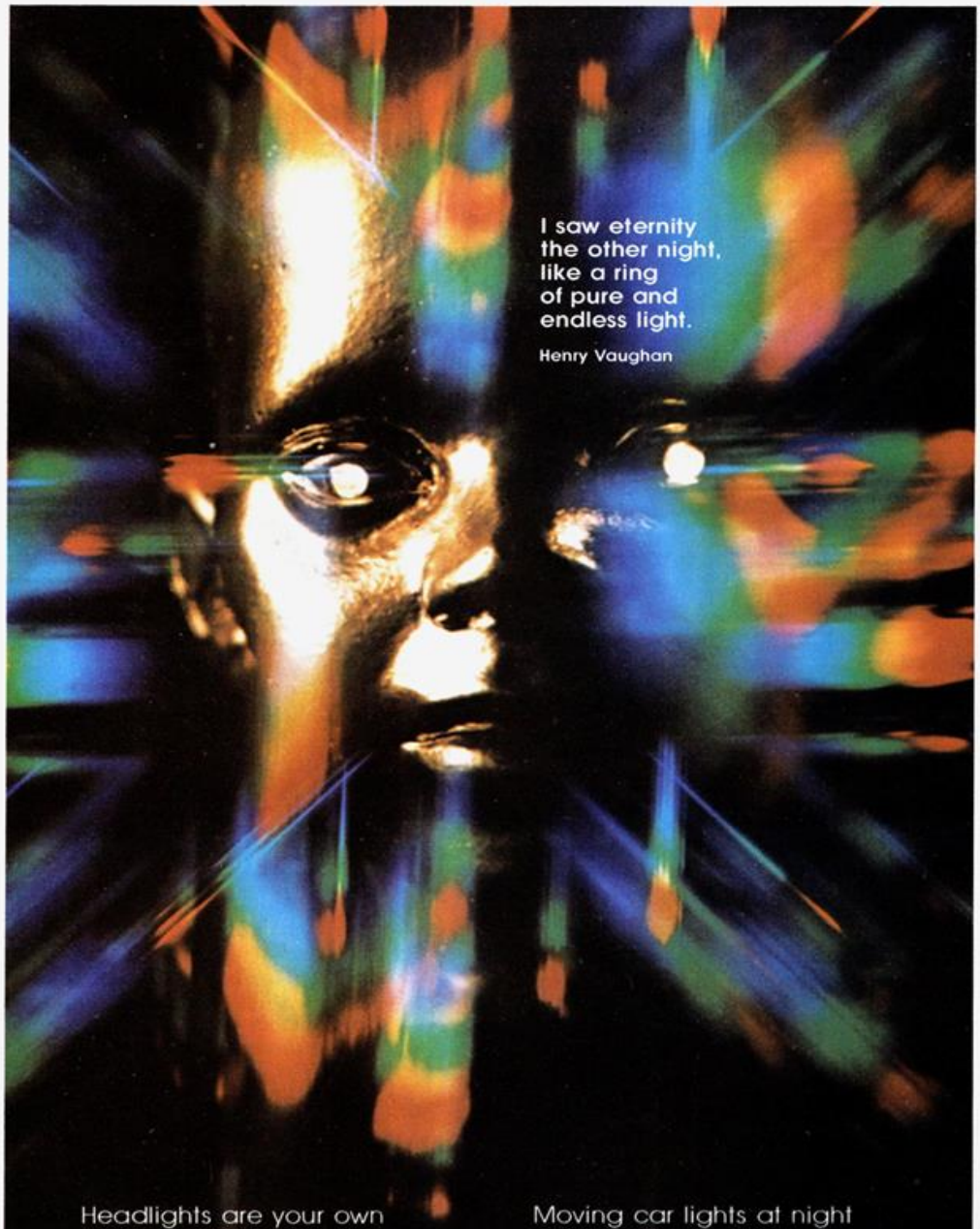
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Lines

Good Evening, Mr. and Mrs. Hashpipe and All the Ships at Sea

As we go to press a drama is being played out on the high seas, of the sort that movies starring Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman are made. The Drug Enforcement Administration has issued an all-points bulletin to the Coast Guard, Customs Bureau, U.S. Navy, U.S. Air Force, Civil Air Patrol, Marine Patrol and all other federal, state and local agencies and foreign governments to be on the lookout for ten ships at sea suspected of marijuana smuggling. The reason we know this is that this DEA "Ten Most Wanted Ships" list was leaked to us by some heroic source within the government (whom we hope to hear from again). But there's more.

The question confronting us at High Times was just what to do with this list. Some staffers seriously didn't want to touch the list, imagining long years behind bars, listening to Eldridge Cleaver, Tim Leary and Patty Hearst argue. Our lawyers assured us that we had various constitutional rights, but also noted that the DEA has never been particularly concerned with such constitutional niceties. Contemplating the fact that it could be our friends out there on those ships, unknowingly headed toward ruined lives and lost fortunes, we were in a quandary. After due consideration, we decided the best thing to do would be to contact the ships and ask them what they thought. If they were tipped off in the process, well, that's not our problem.

Since by the time we published the information, it might be too late, we assigned the project to a certain freelance writer who has aspirations to be a dope hero. The problem was that if the apparatus of the Coast Guard and the entire government presumably was scouring the Caribbean for these ships and couldn't find them, how could we find them? Nevertheless, via long-distance calls from phone booths, hasty journeys by plane, much legwork and the simple expedient of placing ship-to-shore marine telephone calls (a technique the Coast Guard has not tried—would you answer?), an amazing five out of the ten ships were contacted. In each case, the individuals informed us that they were totally innocent of any marijuana smuggling, and, of course, we believe them. Why would they lie to us? In several cases we were able to inspect the boats in question and found no trace of marijuana smuggling—barely even enough to get high with.

Our lawyers don't know whether what we did was legal or not. The DEA probably doesn't care. We really don't know what happens next. Maybe we shouldn't have done it, but we had to do it, so the hell with it. Whatever comes down, comes down. You may be reading about us in the newspapers shortly, perhaps before this is published.

As this is being written, plans are under way to charter planes and boats to search for the remaining ships. Whether we are successful or not, you will read about it in the next issue.

The interviews with the individuals aboard these ships were fascinating, of course, and we hope to include some of this information in upcoming issues. What would you think if you were out at sea and suddenly got a marine telephone call from High Times? Inquiry into the probable chain of events that led to these ships being on this Ten Most Wanted list revealed that the DEA's instructions to board and search these ships was oftentimes based on the flimsiest of evidence—in one case because a certain boat had left Aruba without stating a destination; in another case because the ex-girlfriend of the skipper had told the DEA a cock-and-bull story, totally uncorroborated by any facts and demonstrably false in several important particulars. The ease with which one can become a hunted fugitive on the high seas is amazing. What happened to the Constitution? What happened to the Coast Guard's job of helping little old fishermen across the bay? What happened to the DEA's emphasis on heroin? We think we have the answer.

The Freebooters vs. the Machine

It has long been rumored in high-rolling circles that you can smuggle and deal all the pot you want (sheer bad luck or gross incompetence aside) as long as you don't get big enough to annoy the mysterious "Machine." What, pray tell, is the Machine? This is the word that smugglers and ton dealers use to describe a loosely connected group of long-established Southern and Southwestern pot smuggling syndicates that pay millions of dollars in bribes to DEA, Customs Bureau, Border Guard and Coast Guard officials for protection and safe passage.

Like the Brotherhood, which the government claims is a vast conspiracy to smuggle and deal pot, hash and acid, the Machine is a concept that explains a lot but is hard to prove. We know that something is happening. Recently, three individuals were accidentally busted by a neighborhood cop while unloading a huge load of marijuana onto a public beach in Gables-by-the-Sea, Florida. The neighbors were complaining about large trucks driving on the residential private beach. Although a good deal of the marijuana got away, 26,000 pounds was nabbed. The three men were released the very next day on $1,000 bail each. Like Watergate, the minute you hear about it you've got the picture, but proving it is another thing. Prove it and they give you a Pulitzer Prize.

We know that the 26 million chronic marijuana smokers in this country consume an absolute minimum of 20 tons of marijuana per day. We know that it isn't coming in under somebody's spare tire. It isn't coming in in somebody's door panels. Remember, minimum 20 tons a day. At a hundred pounds a burro, it would take herds of burros.

Light planes? Forget it. It would look like a locust invasion. Backpackers? It would be a human wave. The fact is that it comes across the border in semi-trailers, bricked commercial green, with full knowledge and protection of the government, as it has for years. The small independents along the border have watched this go down for years.

Colombian-wise, we know that the ragged little army of stoned hippies that assembles each night on the beach of Florida just isn't bringing in that much. It comes up from Colombia aboard huge government-protected freighters, sealed-container ships filled with the worst weed you ever smoked. Sometimes it even drops out of the sky, aboard huge four-engine DC-6's, Super Constellations and so on that never seem to turn up on anybody's radar screen. And these babies can't land on less than 5,000 feet of runway either, so they ain't going into anybody's back yard.

Okay, so there's government protected weed. So what? All the more weed to get high with, so who cares, right? Wrong. While independent operators (freebooters) try to get the best stuff to maximize their profits, their speed of sale and their standing in the industry, the Machine is working strictly on volume, and that means the lowest-common-denominator mass-produced commercial weed—the kind of stuff that stupefies you but doesn't get you high. The Machine doesn't have the time to look for the connoisseur stuff, doesn't want to pay the extra price, take the extra care and can't get it in mass quantities anyway. The Machine works on volume, and at the ton level, there is always plenty of commercial around, isn't there? And they're ready to front it on credit, too.

Meanwhile, the freebooting independents are getting busted and ripped off. Their boats are going down, their warehouses are disappearing, their trucks are getting hijacked. If all this sounds familiar, it's because history tends to repeat itself. We had exactly the same thing with Prohibition in the Twenties. Back then, there were huge scandals about Coast Guard and T-man collaboration with rumrunners. They were even using Coast Guard boats to bring it in! Already we have one report of a Coast Guard cutter that was used to offload a Colombian freighter. All of which makes one wonder: when a ship gets busted, is it because it's smuggling pot, or because it's smuggling freebooter pot? There's a war going on in Mexico, in Colombia, in the Bekaa Valley of Lebanon, in the mountains of Afghanistan, India, Pakistan, in Jamaica and on the high seas. The public has a right to know why. It isn't a war to stop pot smuggling. It's a war to stop competition. It's free enterprise vs. the Machine.

Piracy at Sea

Ever since Harry J. Anslinger jacked up the rest of the world to outlaw dope, the word "narcotics" has been used as an excuse to violate human rights, dignity and institutions just about anytime "narcotics" could be dragged into the picture. Now our government has committed two treacherous as well as dangerous acts of international piracy which may involve us in international sovereignty questions that may have serious complications. In the last few months, the Coast Guard has been begging the State Department to let them bust certain boats that are beyond U.S. waters on the international seas. Doing such a thing is an outrageous act of piracy on the high seas, the very issue over which we fought the War of 1812 and invaded "the shores of Tripoli," not to mention Cambodia in 1974 to rescue the Mayaguez. After the question was kicked up to Kissinger several times, Kissinger finally relented, and raiding parties were sent to bust these boats. Eleven tons were busted aboard the shrimp trawler Escopesca III, though the boat was 50 miles off Vero Beach, Florida, clearly in international waters. Two hundred miles off North Carolina, an astounding 90,000 pounds of marijuana were busted when Coast Guard gunships and armed helicopters swooped down on a Colombian freighter. The Colombians reportedly resisted with all manner of machine guns, anti-aircraft guns, grenades, sniper fire and hand-to-hand combat (these Colombians are loath to go quietly).

At this very moment, the nations of the world are convening in New York City to decide the awesome question of who owns the oceans. Fishing rights, mineral rights, surface rights, nuclear rights, military occupation rights, oil rights, are all being decided. The resolutions will affect every person on earth in very direct ways for hundreds of years. And while this is happening, Kissinger is authorizing acts of piracy on the high seas. The Coast Guard knew it was illegal or they wouldn't have had to buck it all the way up to Kissinger. Are we going to jeopardize our future for a little grass? What's 90,000 pounds? Two days' supply. Big deal.

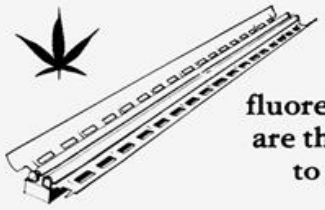
Down in Mexico, it is common knowledge that American "advisors" and military personnel are armed and in the field conducting defoliation programs. DEA agents are conducting systematic torture in Mexican jails. They say that the opium poppy has been just about stamped out of Mexico. But the defoliation has concentrated on marijuana fields. Sure it has. How many more American dollars and lives will be spent? Whose face are we trying to save? What light at the end of the tunnel?

This violent dope war is just what we predicted in this column a year ago, now coming to pass, but the more important question is whether Americans want their boys to die in foreign wars so Gerald Ford can keep Jack, Steve and Susan Ford from getting stoned. If he can't control his kids, are we going to use badly needed tax dollars and American lives to do it for him? And is it going to work? It never has before. ◘



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Letters

The Peyote 500

The excerpt from Antonin Artaud's *Peyote Dance* in the March 1976 issue of *High Times* lacked an interesting piece of information about the Indians who practice the peyote rite. Their name, *Tarahumara*, means "flying feet." They live in the Mexican Sierra Madre at 8,000 feet, where the mode of transportation is running. Team relay races are often held, with betting going as high as a few goats and conditioning that calls for three or four days' abstention from their homemade brew. Participants kick a small, carved wooden ball between team members over a very long course. Last team standing wins. They chew peyote while running. The last race I heard of lasted 23 hours. I ran with them. —*David Smith, New York, N.Y.*

Hops & Hemp Clarified

Are you attempting to throw the narcs off or what? In your March 1976 "Forum," you advise several readers that it would be a "wild goose chase" to graft hops and hemp in order to create an undetectable dope bush. Your information seems a bit turned around.

In the *Connoisseur's Handbook of Marijuana*, William Drake quotes from a report made in the 1940s: "Reciprocal grafts were made, at ground level, between . . . hemp and hops, *Humulus lupulus*. Those combinations in which hemp stems were grafted onto hops roots failed, but the combination of hops stems on hemp roots were successful. . . . Hop leaves from these unions were found to contain as much drug as leaves from intact hemp plants, even though leaves from intact hops plants were completely nontoxic." *The Super Grass Growers Guide: A Handbook for High Power Pot Farming* by Mary Jane Superweed gives similar information. —*C. Thomas, Ill.*

Mel Frank, Contributing Editor, responds: Grafting hops (Humulus) *and hemp* (Cannabis) *together is a fruitless effort for marijuana growers. Although successful grafts can be made using either species for scion or stock, the hops part of the plant doesn't produce cannabinoids.*

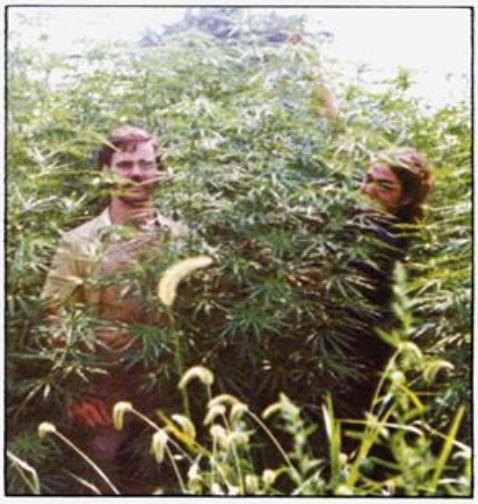
Drake and Superweed simply relate the only information on the subject at their command, namely Warmke and Davidson, 1943-44, Carnegie Institute of Washington Yearbook, pages 135-139. Warmke and Davidson's assay was not specific for the active ingredients in marijuana, but was a crude measure of all toxic substances in the essential oils that could be extracted from the leaves with acetone. The essential oils of both species are quite similar, but no substances from hops are believed to be psychometric.

The cannabinoids in Cannabis *are not transported throughout the plant (and so not across a graft), but are synthesized locally in specialized cells (resin glands and laticifers) that are present in all parts of the plant and, in particular, in the leaves and flowers.*

Crombie and Crombie, Phytochemistry *14: 409–412 (1975) recently grafted different strains of* Cannabis *with each other and with two species of* Humulus—H. lupulus *and* H. japonicus. *I quote: "No cannabinoids were found in* H. japonicus *or* H. lupulus *control plants, nor in the scions grafted on* Cannabis *stock. Leaves produced on* H. japonicus *stock from below a* Cannabis *graft showed no cannabinoids, and neither did a fruiting specimen of* H. japonicus *grown on a Kew strain of* Cannabis *for 17 weeks. Compounds typical of* H. lupulus *were not found in* Cannabis *scions grafted on hop stock."*

Prison Pipedreams

Enclosed is a picture taken in August 1974. The plants grew an additional two and a half feet by the time we harvested them in October. Pictures like these keep the memories fresh, as I'm currently serving four to six years, thanks to the



Drug Enforcement Administration and their policy of busting the middlemen in dope deals. I've already been down a year, but I should be out by next planting season, and I can hardly wait.

Keep up the great work—your magazine gives lots of us a certain type of hard-on. —*Name and address withheld*

Illiteratus!

We noted Art Kleps' plug for *Illuminatus!* in your March interview, and we appreciate his efforts to promote our book by surrounding it with a little mystery and allure. In the interest of accurate transmission, however, we must state that the

Boo Hoo made a boo-boo. Dr. Leary is a good friend and a great scientist, but he did not write *Illuminatus!* Countless wives, sweethearts, friends, intelligence agencies, secret societies, visiting extra-terrestrials, et cetera, had us under close observation in 1969-71, while the pages of the trilogy emerged from our typewriters and Dr. Leary was imprisoned in the California archipelago, in North Africa and in Switzerland.

A solipsist to whom it makes no difference whether he is smoking Colombian gold or oregano, Kleps is welcome to remain owner and sole proprietor of his own universe, in which Dr. Leary wrote *Illuminatus!* But in the objective universe of factual validation, the only begetters of that accursed neo-*Necronomicon* were—and remain—very truly yours.

—Robert Shea, Glencoe, Ill., and Robert Anton Wilson, Berkeley, Ca.

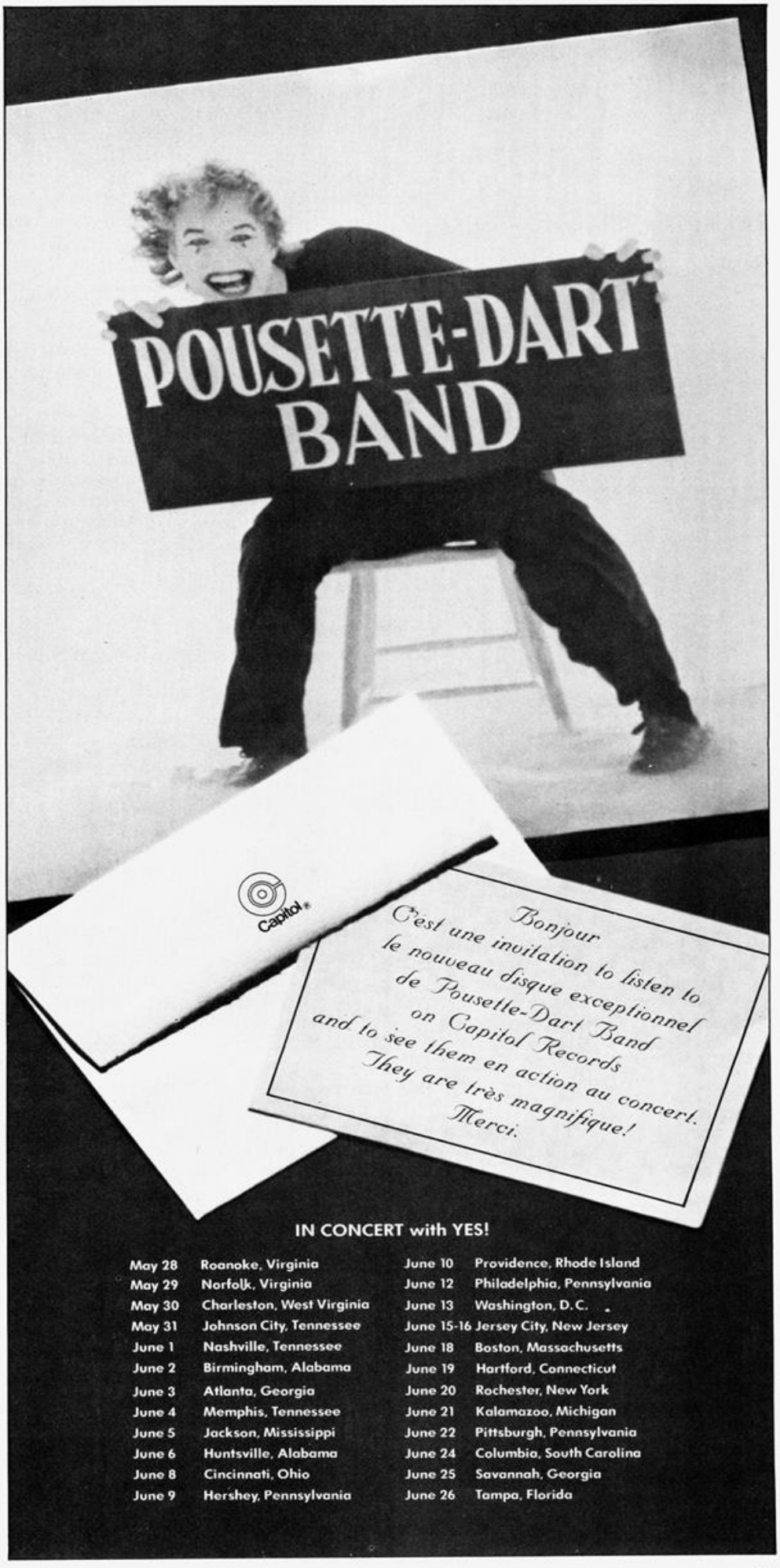
Dismisses Foreign Brutality

Your news article "Veterans of Foreign Jails Recount Brutality, Filth" [March 1976] reflects the old mentality that those backward countries, all over the world, make drug doings really rough. This belief plays into the hands of the drug repressers, because it is meant to scare people and to inculcate the notion that most countries look down upon mind-altering drugs.

In 1973-74, I directed a research study on "drug problems of U.S. youth in Europe," financed by federal money and agencies. We were to spotlight the drug problems that U.S. youths were having or creating throughout Europe. In fact, there was hardly any problem, largely because the European countries were extremely enlightened about drugs, compared to the U.S. In country after country, the jails were far better than the typical jail in the U.S.—even in Spain.

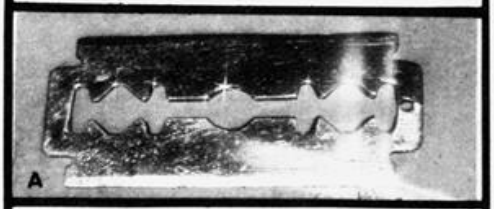
The Mexican situation is truly a horror. However, the *High Times* article lumps in Turkey as well. For the record, Turkey has been very mild on U.S. traffickers, despite the sensationalism. From the early 1970s through March 1975, a total of something like a dozen U.S. youths were listed as having been busted in Turkey. The few Americans busted in the summer of 1973—the ones who got all those headlines—were actually caught with a load of hash that would rate headlines in the U.S. As is, their harsh sentences were considerably reduced when the traditional amnesty time came around. And those arrests came on the heels of the U.S. drive to have Turkey crack down on drugs, a drive the Turks hated and used to run the then-ruling party out of office.

The point of all "those brutal foreign

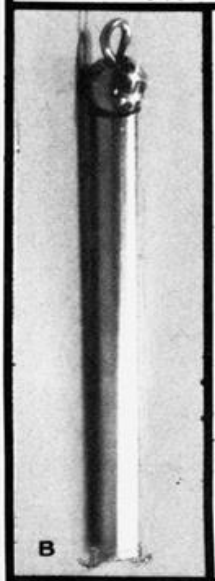


THE BOTTOM LINE IN COKE DESIGN!

WHOLESALE INQUIRIES INVITED



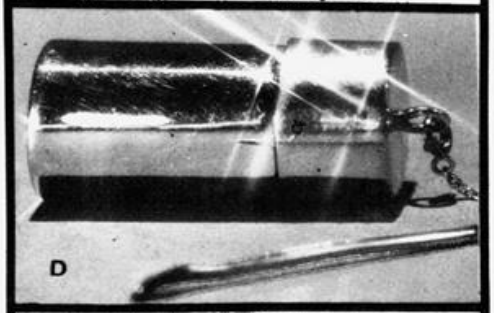
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jails" stuff is to divert attention away from the brutal U.S. jails, by far the greatest problem. Unless the actual foreign brutalities are placed in their proper context, the impression is created that the rest of the world (and its police) are dead set against drugs, and traffickers are considered the scum of the earth. In truth, most of the world doesn't make a big deal about drugs, and smuggling drugs is of next-to-no consequence, though a captured smuggler will be treated like any other criminal in that society.

For years our beloved congressmen have contributed to the drug situation by urging foreign governments, often by threat, to come down hard on U.S. youths who might be trafficking. Now *High Times* urges a similar policy, only this time advocating leniency rather than severity. Might I suggest that we all urge our government officials to simply lay off the drug issue and let foreign countries handle it as sanely as they used to before U.S. intervention. —*Jerry Mandel, Washington, D.C.*

The Good Old Daze

In issues of *High Times*, I have noticed many references to the year 1967 in particular. I'm rather new to the doping fraternity (but even all the more loyal), and it's hard for me to understand the feelings of older dopers about their pasts. I think you guys should start a column or run some interviews with some older dopers like yourselves, to let us younger ones in on the secrets of the era in question—1967. This would prevent generation gaps among ourselves. Whadda ya say? —*Jerry Marsland, Alexandra, Va.*

Give Me Libertarians or . . .

"Where the Candidates Stand on Dope Reform" (May 1976) claims that *High Times* queried all the presidential candidates for their views on dope reform. Apparently you neglected to contact Roger MacBride, the presidential nominee of the Libertarian party. The 1976 Libertarian platform clearly opposes so-called victimless crime laws and specifically advocates "the repeal of all laws prohibiting the cultivation, sale, possession or use of drugs, and all medical prescription requirements for the purchase of drugs, vitamins and similar substances." —*David Kahn, New York, N.Y.*

Mooo!

The mushrooms of Palenque—the ultimate organic drug trip [*High Times*, March 1976]! But a Holstein cow in a field of fly agaric (*Amanita muscaria*) as the title-page picture? For shame. Mr. Dwyer specifically identified the Mexican cattle as Brahmas, adapted to the tropics, and the mushrooms he found in the *caca* of these *vaca* as *Psilocybe mexicana*—like the cattle, a tropical species.

The fly agaric is found in Mexico, but only rarely and at extremely high altitudes. It is much more common to northern climates. Eating this species raw will make you very ill. Surely your artist could have found a description of *Psilocybe mexicana* and drawn the correct mushroom on her pasture scene. If she took her own implied advice and ate a couple of raw fly agarics, she would not be so casual with her mushroom identification.

The fly agaric will grow in pastures, but never in cow pats, and only along the border of birch and pine forests. A reindeer munching on the mushrooms themselves, with a background of birch and conifer trees would be much more appropriate to the fly agaric. Of course, a completely different story would be called for. —*Karl J. Ludescher, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Humboldt Pie

This photo shows that we people in Humboldt County, California, know where it's at. To celebrate California's decriminalization of marijuana, some local artists did it up right. The people in San Francisco and Los Angeles may live



in the land of smog, but that blue haze on the horizon up here is made of different stuff. Ask any locals, they'll tell you: "Humboldt Homegrown" is best. Some of us may be illiterate, but we know where it's at. —*Tom Cairns, Arcata, Ca.*

Help for Servicepersons

I would like to pass on some information that might help some of those in the service who do dope. My brother was busted by the Navy and almost court-martialed. Now he is free, honorably discharged, thanks to the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (CCCO), 2016 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 215-568-7971. We would urge any serviceperson who needs help to contact these terrific people. —*Name withheld, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Kibble Quibble

I respect a person's opinion as a personal statement of one point of view. However, when that evaluation is based on a misunderstanding or a misinterpretation, it is inaccurate and renders a disservice to all. I am referring to Eric Kibble's record review of *Home Grown* by Esper, in the March 1976 *High Times*.

Mr. Kibble begins: "So much of *Home Grown* sounds like it was recorded underwater that it's the most submersive music I've ever heard." He then goes on to

describe the sound as "dripping, plashing, splashing, sploshing and squishing."

In fact, there are only three water sounds totaling less than 55 seconds. It was not recorded underwater. Also, *Home Grown* is not music, submersive or otherwise. That's an important fact, because *Home Grown* is a sound-effects record for your head—nothing else.

The essence of *Home Grown* is the "sonic experience," the feelings the listener derives from such unique blends of electronic wizardry and organic vibrations as rushes, slide-outs, slide-ins, zingers, swirls, rotating figure eights and sonic arrows, to name a few.

All the action takes place between your ears. Use headphones and listen for what the sounds you hear are doing, are doing, are doing. —*Esper, Greenbelt, Md.*

Correct Address

We have just read a letter published in your March issue from an American woman in a Mexican prison. As parents and friends of American prisoners in Mexico, we appreciate your interest. However, the address given in the article was incorrect. 1732 Inc. is located at 21141 Dalton Ave., Torrance, Ca. 90501.

If you are interested in contacting us for any first-hand experiences of ex-prisoners, we will be happy to furnish names and addresses. —*Lynne Marshall, Torrance, Ca.*

Texas Pride

That American Beauty awarded the blue ribbon in your November issue was real nice looking. But feast your eyes on this

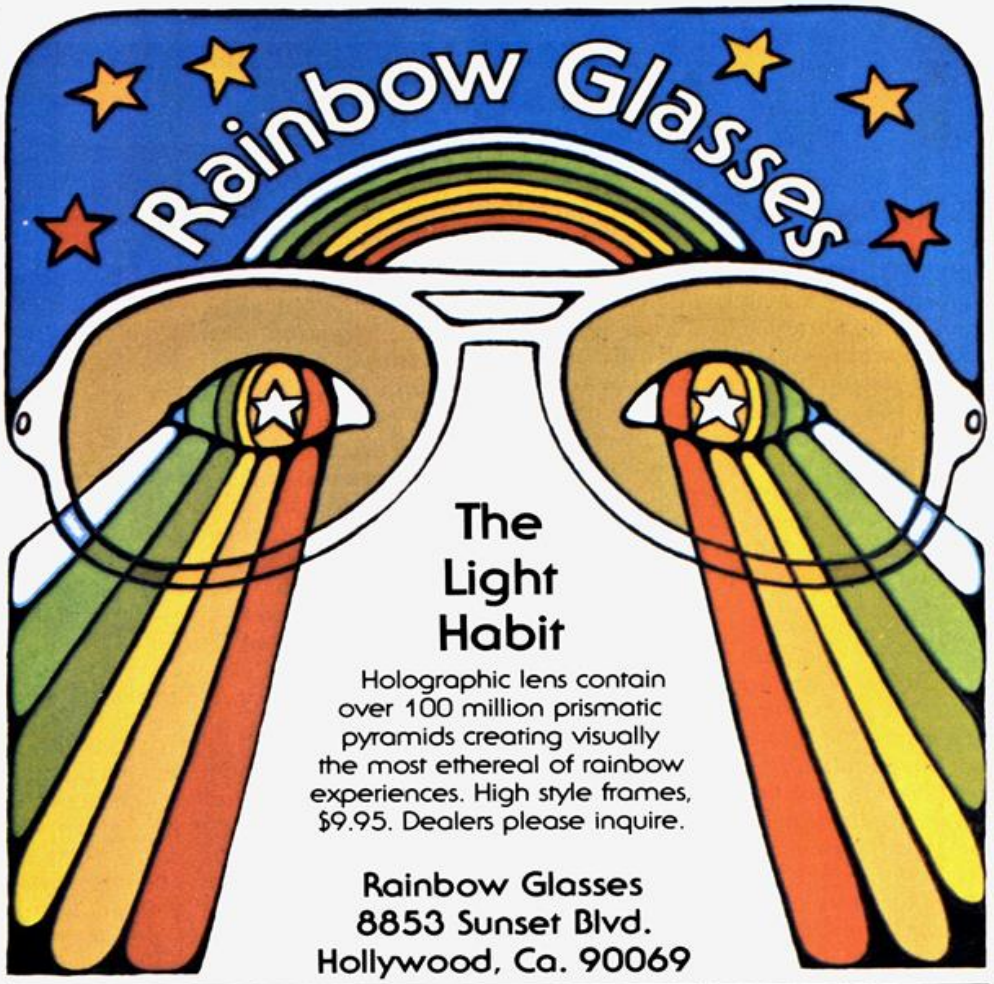


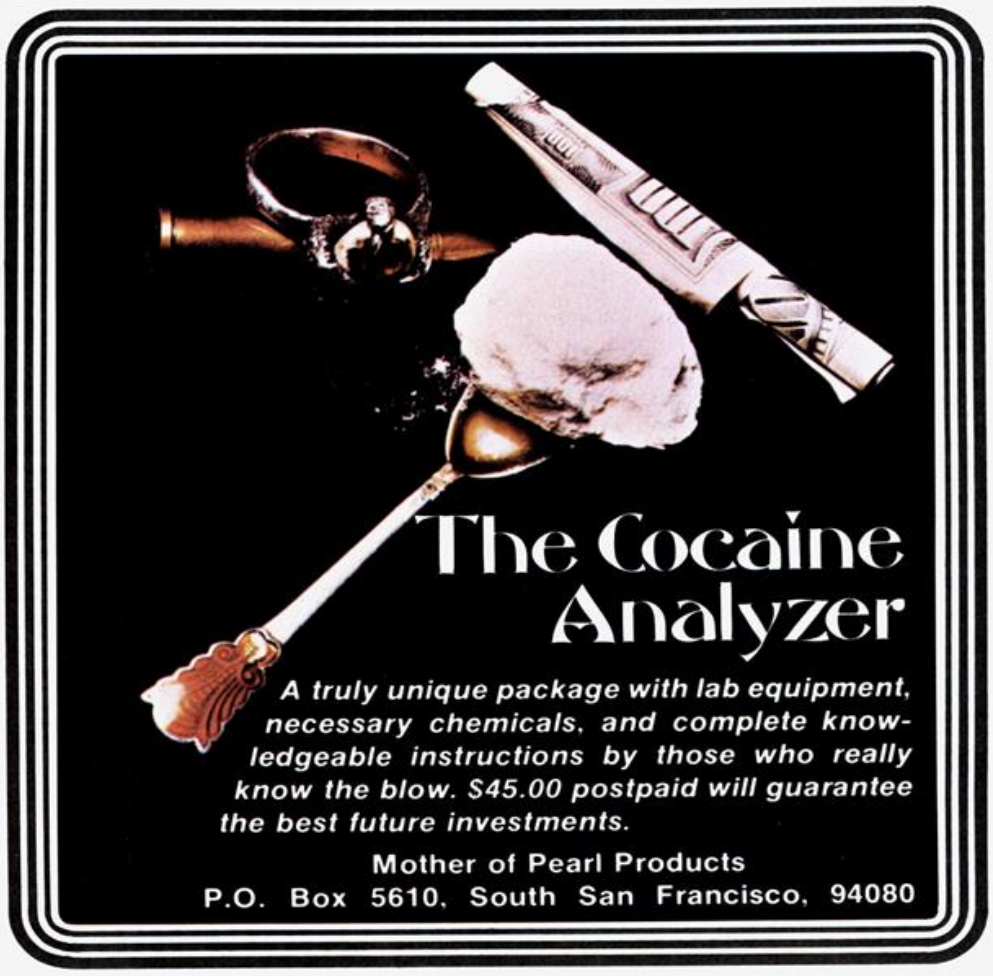
Texas Pride Birthday Boo. The tallest plant—the Golden Goddess—grew to almost 18 feet. Oaxacan seeds made it possible. —*G.M., Corpus Christi, Tex.*

Corrections

In the "Law" section of the May issue of *High Times*, attorney Ronald Sage was incorrectly identified as the New Jersey state chairman of NORML. In fact, that position is held by George Baier, Jr.

In "Paraphernalia," in the March 1976 issue, we featured a joint case made by Impressions in Wood but listed a wrong address for them. The correct address is 417 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.





Forum

Northern Light

Q: Last June I planted some Colombian seeds in my corn patch. During September some of the males flowered, but to my dismay the females remained flowerless. By late October, the corn and natural foliage had turned their fall colors, and my marijuana stood out like eight-foot green thumbs. Is the grass-growing season here too short? I'm afraid to sow earlier because we often get a May frost.

—Cousin Brucie, Newburyport, Mass.

A: *Yours is a common problem for northern farmers. Cannabis is a "short-day" plant: the plants "know" when to flower by sensing the longer nights of autumn and are genetically coded to day-length conditions nearer the equator. In Colombia, where the day length varies through the year between 10 to 14 hours, the plants are keyed when day length falls below 12 hours a day. However, in New England the day length ranges from about 8 hours in winter to 16 hours during the summer, not reaching the 12-hour level until about mid-October. To combat your disadvantages, try planting several different strains of seed; use the seeds of the first flowering plants to develop a strain that will flower under your local conditions. Or devise some means of artificially providing the plants with a longer night period.*

Oil Turmoil

Q: There seem to be many different types of hash oils being marketed today—cherry Leb, Afghani, honey oil, Indian oil, etc. How can I know what hash oil I'm buying, and how can I test its purity?

—Lewis Roberts, Winston-Salem, N. C.

A: *The term* hash oil *has been applied to products ranging from crude extracts of wild midwestern grass containing less than 1 percent THC by weight to rare, highly refined oils with THC contents of over 60 percent. From all indications, most of the hash oil crossing U.S. borders is crude, and the refining is completed in the U.S. Claims of origin—"Moroccan," "Kashmiri," "Colombian," ad infinitum—are often deceptions used as a stamp of approval for an inferior product. It is difficult to know where an oil originated, and the equipment needed to test the purity (THC content) of oil—through chromatography—is expensive. One is usually forced to rely on one's own expertise. If your mind seems a bit too hazy to reach a conclusion, the product is probably a superior one.*

Uncool Cucumbers?

Q: During a walk in the woods a few days ago, I discovered some wild cucumbers. Funny, but I remember reading somewhere that they can get you off? Are wild cukes a legal high? What can you tell me about them and how to get off on them? Hurry, they are in my freezer just waiting for the word.

—Dawn Heusinkveld, Rochester, Minn.

A: *There have been some reports that the seeds of the wild cucumber,* Echinocystis lobata, *are hallucinogenic. However, these reports have not been very well substantiated, and the psychoactive components of the seeds are unknown. It would probably be best not to mess around with wild cucumber seeds when there are lots of other things around that we know more about.*

Burn Brain

Q: They say that speed will burn you out, but the kind I've been copping lately has been just a plain burn. What are these "white-cross" uppers you have listed in your quotations?

—Alan Finkemeier, Kansas City, Kan.

A: *Although marketed as speed (amphetamine or methamphetamine), white crosses (also called bennies, cartwheels and uppers) are often a burn. In fact, your chances of getting what you wanted are about 50-50. Common substitutes for speed found in white-cross tabs include cheaper, more readily available stimulants such as ephedrine, caffeine and phenylephrine. Some contain an appetite suppressor such as phendimetrazine or an antihistamine like diphenhydramine. If it's at all possible, have your stuff analyzed and tell your friends the results.*

'Shroom to Move

Q: While in Florida recently I had my first encounter with psilocybin mushrooms. We boiled the mushrooms in water and added a package of Koolaid. It was the best high of my life. I was so impressed that I wanted my friends back home to try it. But the people in Florida told me that once a mushroom is picked its potency decreases rapidly, and there's no way to keep it fresh enough to get you off. Help me out—there has to be some way to transport the high.

—Tricia Hondros, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

A: *The best way to preserve psilocybin-containing mushrooms is to freeze-dry them, but unfortunately this process requires special equipment. The mushrooms can also be dried in a well-ventilated area at 45 degrees C. (113 degrees F.). You will lose some of the potency of the mushrooms, but the process is simple and takes only about six hours. The dried mushrooms can be prepared as a tea or ground up and mixed with juice. Some people preserve their mushrooms in honey, but the possibility of molds makes this an unattractive method.*

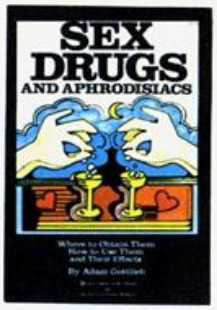
The Well-Clipped Weed

Q: When it comes to tending my pot plants, I'm in a dilemma. My aesthetic sense has always favored the bushy pot plant. But common sense makes me wonder if the clipping needed to produce bushiness lowers the potency of the grass or harms the plant?

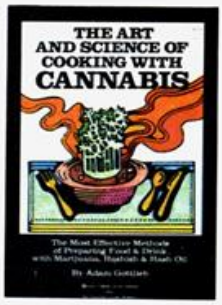
—Woodson Oglesby Hannon, Marietta, Ga.

A: *Clipping or topping won't harm your crop. Plants are prepared by nature to repair or replace their damaged stems and leaves. Remember, the potency of marijuana generally increases from the bottom to the top of the plant—the reason why dope farmers prize the growing tip of the main stem. So topping will not lower potency if it is done when the plant is young. The result will be branches that are heavy and strong, with large flower clusters. To produce the best results, pinch off the top at about the fourth internode when the plants are around three to four weeks old.*

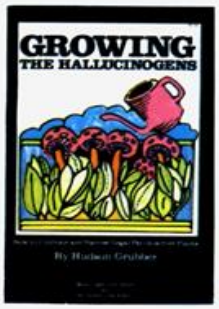
All questions about getting high will be considered for "Forum," and those of most interest will be answered. Be as specific as possible for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted.



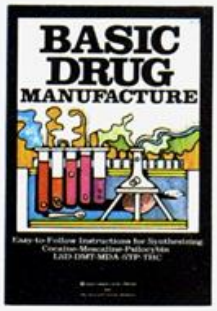
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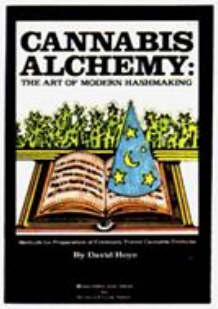
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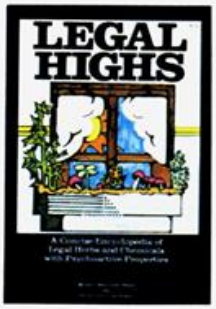
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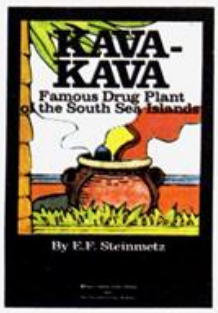
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Legal Loophole Blooms in Jamaica

A historic decision in a marijuana case in Kingston, Jamaica, could mean that some 25 percent of the cases being tried under existing cannabis laws there will no longer hold up. This is the inference to be drawn from a Kingston Crown Court's acquittal of 17-year-old student Rodney Johnson on a charge of possession of 740 milligrams of marijuana.

As a result of this case, it is now established that if the marijuana for which someone has been charged was harvested before it flowered, then possession is legal under the terms of the 1971 Misuse of Drugs Act. Section 37 of the act states that marijuana means "the flowering or fruiting tops of any plant of the genus *Cannabis* from which the resin has not been extracted." Since it was impossible to prove that the marijuana Johnson allegedly possessed came from those specified parts of the plant and not from the lower leaves, Johnson was found not guilty.

Florida Court Finds Fumes Justify Search

A Florida appellate court has ruled that the odor of burning marijuana is sufficient probable cause to conduct a search of a parked car. The court's opinion stated that the "use of the sense of smell by one knowledgeable as to the identity of an odor is just as valid a basis for finding probable cause as is the use of the other senses such as sight or taste."

School Principal Liable for Student Shakedown

It will be a long time before school principals in Illinois play FBI again. In a federal court decision handed down in that state, a school principal was found personally liable for damages resulting from his violation of students' civil rights under the Fourth Amendment. After receiving a phone call advising him that three female students in his school allegedly possessed marijuana, the principal forced the three girls to strip in the presence of the school nurse. The search yielded nothing but a large portion of indignation on the part of the girls, who immediately filed court action against the principal.

Finding that the principal, as a state official, acted under color of state law with inadequate probable cause for such a search, the court held that "school officials cannot claim immunity when they violate the well-settled rights of their students."

L.A. Pot Busts Down

Since passage of California's liberalized marijuana law, pot busts in Los Angeles have declined an incredible 70 percent. The drop in arrests has occurred despite a grass crackdown ordered by L.A. Police Chief Ed Davis. The chief had predicted that the new law—which replaces jail terms with citations and fines in cases of simple possession—would create a nation of potheads and that "galloping lethargy" would engulf the schools. An ardent antimarijuana crusader, Davis once asked the L.A. city council for a submarine to intercept pot-laden ships arriving from Mexico.

Justices to Weigh Sacramental Weed

The United States Supreme Court is being asked to rule on whether or not the use of marijuana is protected by the Constitution when the weed is regarded as a holy sacrament by religious sects.

The case—*Gaskin* v. *Tennessee*—is on behalf of four members of the Church of Plenty. The defendants charge that their right to freedom of religion under the First Amendment was violated when they were convicted of and imprisoned for cultivating and using pot at their spiritual commune in Summertown, Tennessee. The 1,000-member church opposes the use of alcohol, tobacco and "hard drugs," but it does believe that marijuana "opens you up and leaves you compassionate."

While the Supreme Court has never ruled on such a case, the California Supreme Court in 1964 decided that the state could not ban the use of peyote in the religious rites of Indian tribes.

$690 Million-Plus Tagged for White House Drug Office

Against President Ford's wishes, Congress recently approved the creation of a special White House Office on Drug Abuse Policy. The office would be funded for three years, through September 30, 1979, with an annual authorization of $2 million. Its principal duty would be to recommend policies for coordinating several agencies in drug abuse, treatment and prevention programs. The overall measure would authorize $694.2 million over the three years to continue drug abuse programs, including grants to states to set up treatment and prevention centers. Some $7 million a year would be earmarked for research on less addictive drug substitutes to be used in programs for treatment of addicts.

Canadian Court Admits Voice Print

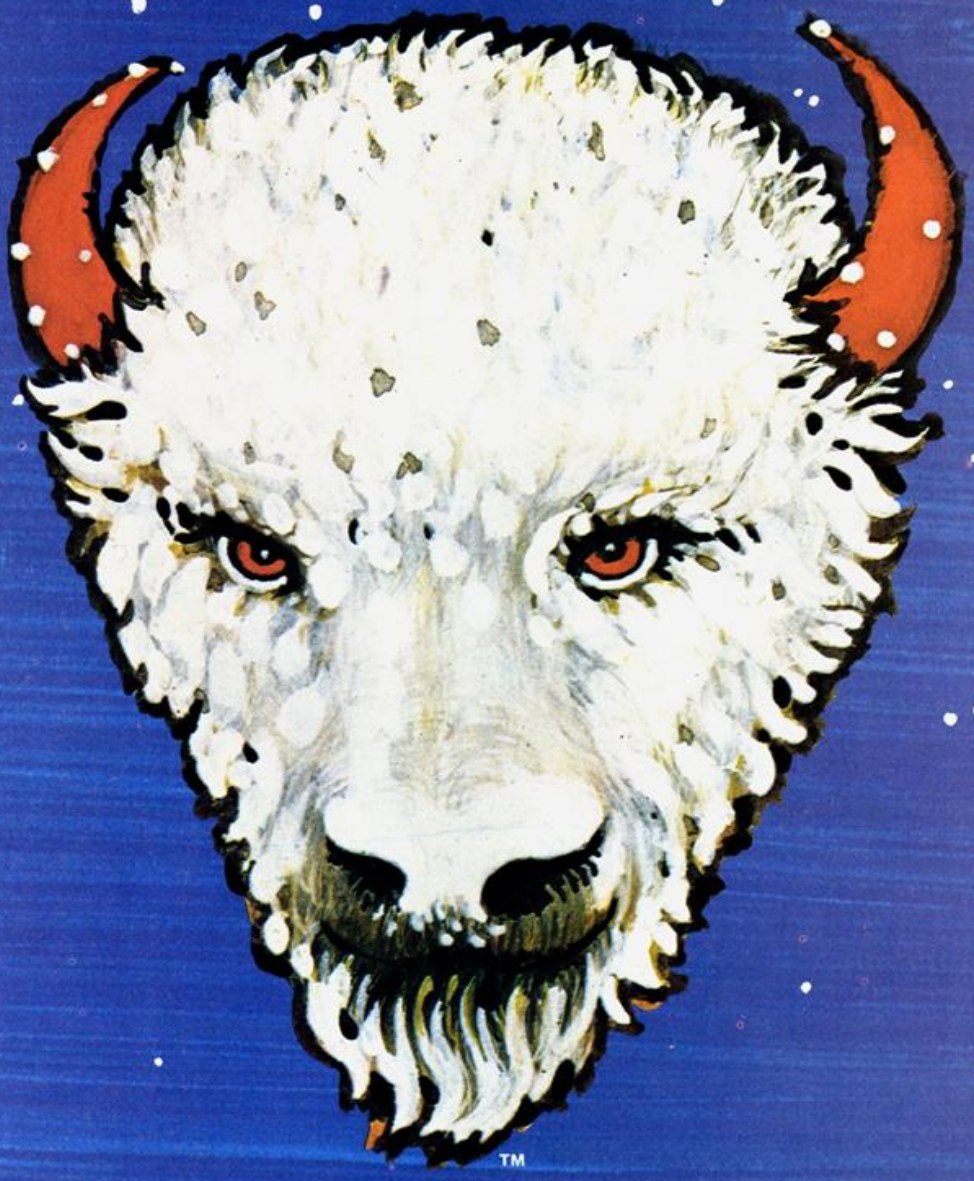
For the first time in Canadian legal history, a voice print has been allowed as evidence in a court trial. "Your names will go into the history books," Justice James Wilson told a jury of eight men and four women in the trial of David James Medvedew, who was convicted of phoning a bomb threat to a Manitoba high school.

A policy of recording incoming calls started after the school had received a previous bomb threat; Medvedew's voice was recorded by a school secretary. During a five-day trial, the Canadian government presented a witness to support its contention that an individual's voice makes a distinctive print when recorded, after which Medvedew's voice on another recording was compared with the voice on the school recording.

Crown attorney Lawrence McInnes said that the case set a precedent and was the first time a voice print had been allowed in Canadian court testimony. Voice prints are not admissible as evidence in U.S. courts.

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Health

Nitrous Oxide Eases Coronary Pain

According to Dr. Peter L. Thompson and Dr. Bernard Lown, nitrous oxide can provide relief for people suffering from acute heart attacks. The doctors' conclusions were based on a study of patients suffering coronary pain at the Harvard Medical School.

In one instance, the patient was a cardiologist who had intractable pain from a heart attack. He vomited after morphine injections, and other pain-killers had little effect. After inhaling "laughing gas," however, he suffered less pain and was able to recover.

Dr. Lown's use of laughing gas on coronary patients was inspired by a visit to a Moscow hospital in 1968: "When I walked into the hospital's coronary care unit, I couldn't get over the fact that there were little tanks of nitrous oxide near every patient's bed."

The pain-killing effects of N_2O have been known since 1799, when Sir Humphrey Davy, having experimented with the gas himself, suggested its use as an anesthetic in surgery.

Heavy Toking Takes Toll on Lungs

A UCLA study has found that smoking an average of five joints a day for eight to ten weeks can produce mild but significant difficulty in breathing. The study showed that the air passages of the lungs become inflamed and partially obstructed due to the irritating quality of the smoke, not the brain-affecting delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol, or THC.

The Mad World Turns

Attitudes in two non-Western cultures toward certain types of behavior appear analogous to Western attitudes toward so-called mental illness. According to a study published in Science magazine, mental disturbances and social attitudes toward them are widely more similar than previous theories have proposed.

The study, conducted by anthropology professor Jane M.Murphy of the Harvard School of Public Health, dealt with the cultures of the Eskimos and the Nigerian Yorubas. In both societies, a word translatable as *insanity* exists and is used to describe conduct consistent with the Western definition of schizophrenia, including such symptoms as talking to oneself, hearing voices and sudden violent behavior. However, neither the Yorubas nor the Eskimos has a single word to express *neurotic*.

Successfull Syphilis Vaccine Foreseen

A syphilis-causing bacterium has been grown in a test tube for the first time and is being used to develop an experimental vaccine against the sometimes fatal venereal disease. Dr. Robert H. Jones, of the Medical Research Institute of the Florida Institute of Technology, combined *Treponema pallidum* (the spirochete that causes syphilis) with a slime layer harvested from rabbit testicles to create the vaccine. Rabbits injected with this serum and then challenged with a massive dose of live syphilis organisms developed a less severe infection than unvaccinated animals. Dr. Jones cautioned that the vaccine must be tested further in rabbits, chimpanzees and other animals over a period of years before it can be injected into humans even under experimental conditions.

British Plan Aspirin Ban

A proposal by the British Department of Health would ban aspirin and other pain-killing analgesics from open sale in supermarkets and pharmacies. The agency is asking for changes in the nation's Medicines Act that would take common painkillers off the shelves and force customers to request them from their druggists. The plan would also restrict the maximum number of tablets per bottle to 25 unless special arrangements were made by a licensed druggist. The curbs are an attempt to decrease the number of overdoses from nonprescription drugs and to reduce the risks to children, who frequently take aspirin packages from store shelves. If approved, the new regulations would go into effect in England in September 1977.

In America, revised requirements for the packaging of aspirin and aspirin-containing products took effect in 1972. In that year, there were 46 fatalities from aspirin ingestion among children under the age of five. Since 1972, aspirin-related deaths in the United States have declined 48 percent.

Low-Tar, High-Taste Cigarette Tested

A quest for chemical additives to improve the flavor of low-hazard cigarettes has been undertaken by the National Cancer Institute, according to an agency official.

"We can remove things from cigarettes known to be harmful, but what's left isn't smokable," confided Dr. Thomas Owen, assistant director of the institute's smoking and health program. "What good is it if no one's going to use it?"

The consulting firm of Arthur D. Little, Inc., in Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been awarded a $183,000 contract by the institute "to try to make a cigarette people will perceive as a real cigarette" without the usual toxicity.

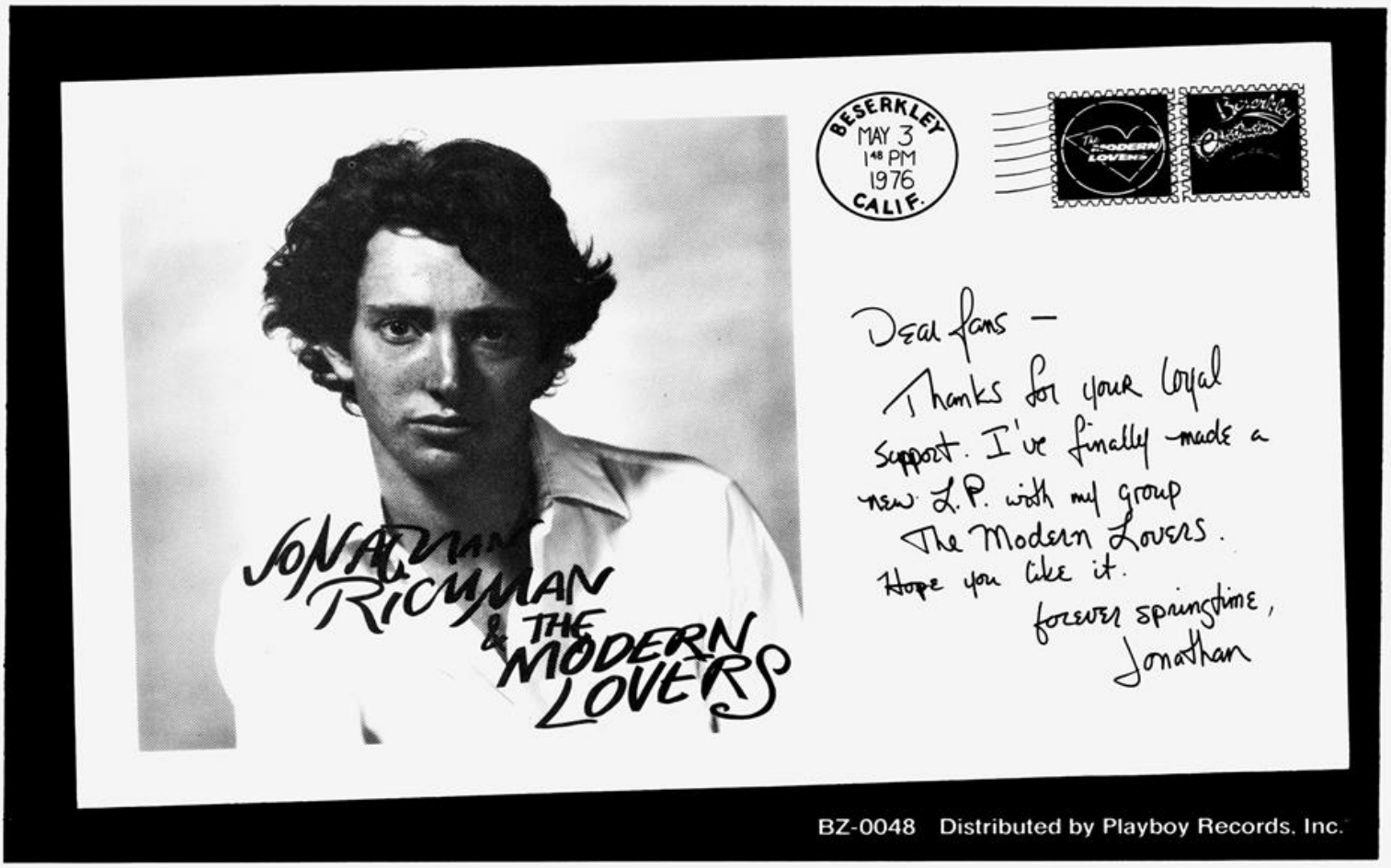
The research is an extension of so-called "flavor profiles" developed for foods and perfumes. Several hundred additives have been tested in cigarettes, but no single additive will work.

Close to $1.5 million will be channeled into the institute's project. Budget cuts in other programs will boost the "flavor-improvement" share of its $6.1 million budget allotment from less than 3 percent to 12 percent over the next three years, according to Owens. The tobacco industry is not known to be participating directly in the research.

Methadone Alternative Discovered

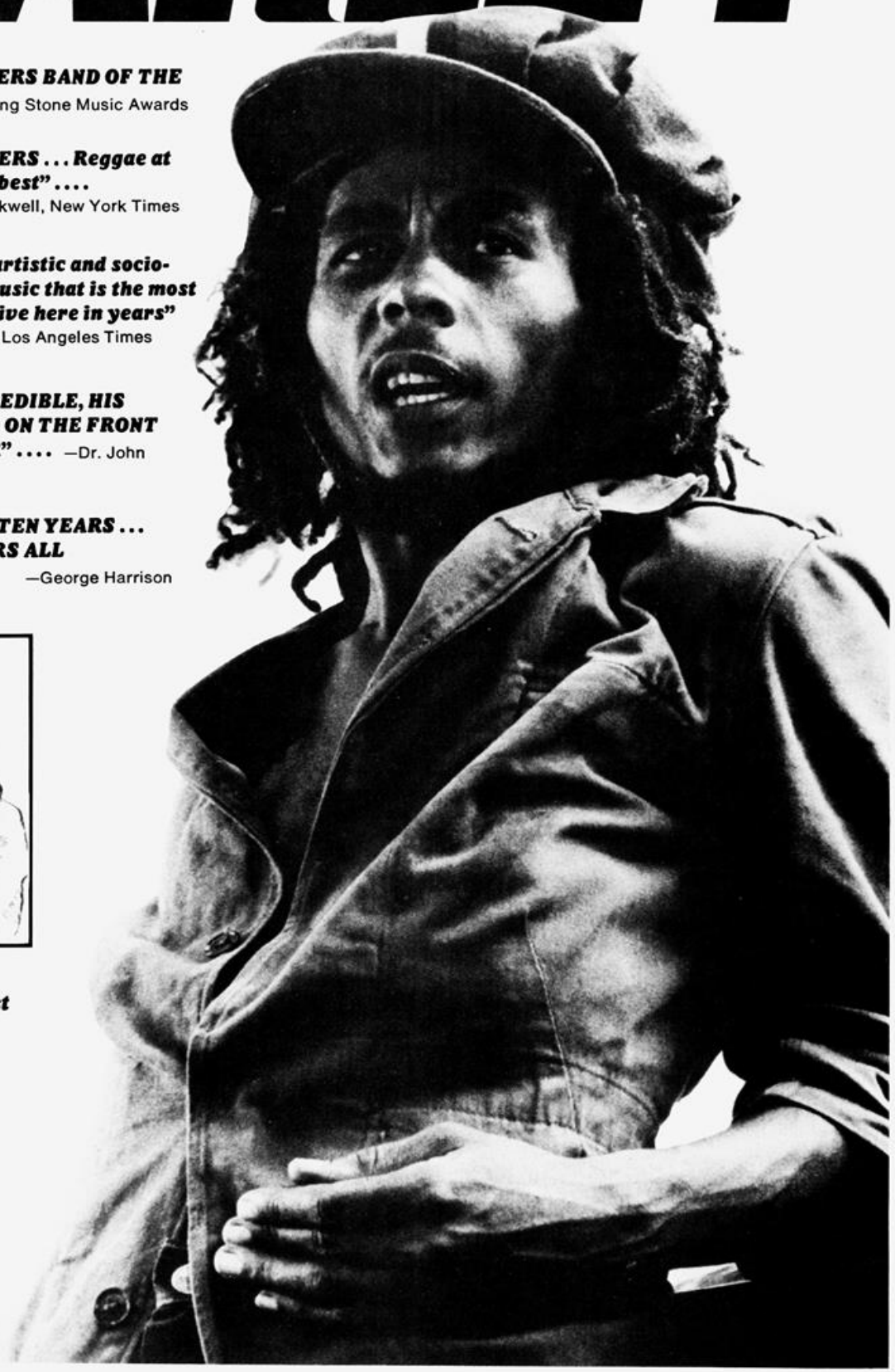
A new treatment for addiction to opiates is being developed at Indiana University. Dr. Hanus J. Grosz, a professor in the university's school of medicine, has discovered that a drug known as propranolol blocks the euphoric effects that an addict experiences and eliminates the craving for the opiate.

In the past, addicts have been encouraged to substitute methadone, a synthetic narcotic, but methadone itself has been found to be addictive. The propranolol is said to prevent recurrence of a craving for opiates, whether or not the patient has been treated with methadone.


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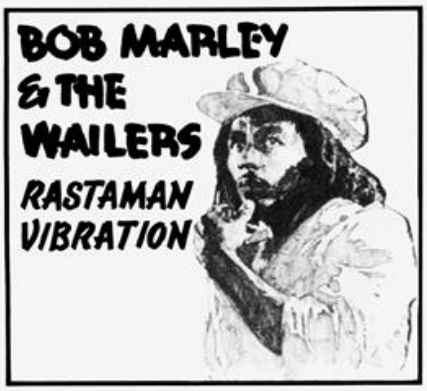
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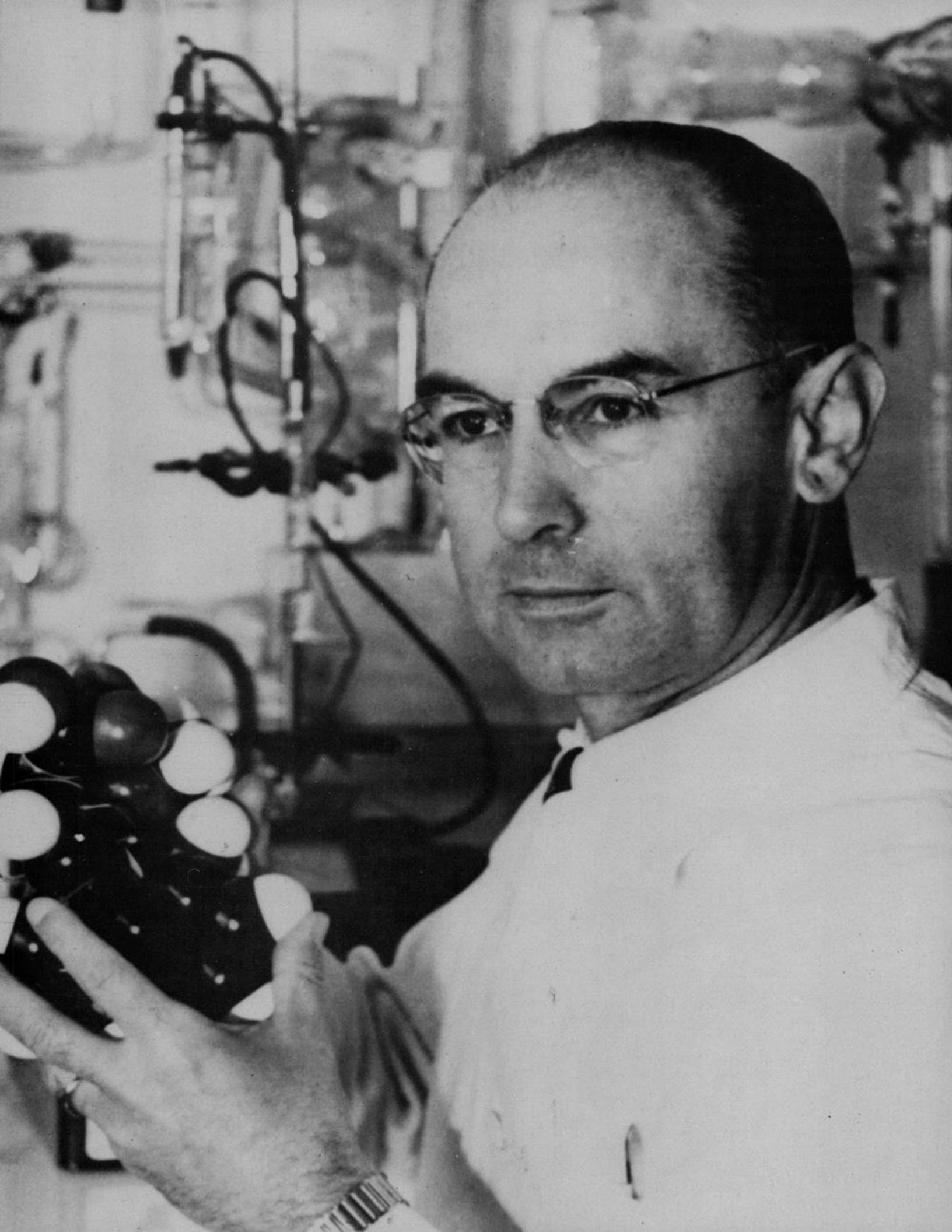
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Interview

By Michael Horowitz

ALBERT HOFMANN

At the height of World War II, four months after the first artificially created nuclear reaction was released in a pile of uranium ore in Chicago, an accidentally absorbed trace of a seminatural rye fungus product quietly exploded in the brain of a 37-year-old Swiss chemist working at the Sandoz research laboratories in Basel. He reported to his supervisor: "I was forced to stop my work in the laboratory in the middle of the afternoon and to go home, as I was seized by a peculiar restlessness associated with a sensation of mild dizziness ... a kind of drunkenness which was not unpleasant and which was characterized by extreme activity of imagination ... there surged upon me an uninterrupted stream of fantastic images of extraordinary plasticity and vividness and accompanied by an intense, kaleidoscopelike play of colors...."

Three days later, on April 19, 1943, Dr. Albert Hofmann undertook a self-experiment that both confirmed the results of his earlier psychoactive experience and revealed a fascinating new discovery: Here was the first known substance that produced psychic effects from dosages so tiny they were measurable only in micrograms! Dr. Hofmann had discovered LSD-25.

Lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD) was enthusiastically investigated by the European psychiatric profession as a possible key to the chemical nature of mental illness. Its effects were believed to mimic the psychotic state. As soon as LSD was introduced to American psychiatry in 1950, interest spread rapidly among the United States military and domestic security interests. By the middle 1950s, LSD was being researched as a creativity enhancer and learning stimulant; rumors of its ecstatic, mystic and psychic qualities began to leak out through the writings of Aldous Huxley, Robert Graves and other literary luminaries.

A large-scale, nonmedical experiment involving LSD and other psychedelic drugs at Harvard in the early Sixties precipitated a fierce controversy over the limits of academic freedom and focused national attention on the drug now known as "acid." Midway through the turbulent decade, one million people had tried black-market LSD, engendering a neurological revolution the fallout of which has not yet been assessed. In 1966, Congress outlawed LSD.

Dr. Hofmann now lives in comfortable retirement on a hill overlooking the Swiss-French border. He granted *High Times* this exclusive interview to discuss not only the implications of his discovery of LSD, but also his less publicized chemical investigations into the active agents of several sacred Mexican plants.

Considering his life's work, Dr. Hofmann seems a likely candidate for the Nobel Prize in chemistry. Not only have his discoveries broadened our knowledge of psychoactive chemicals and triggered the imaginations of thousands of scientists, historians and other researchers, but they have had a direct and revolutionary impact on humanity's ability to understand and help itself.

Preliminary Note

I was at first not in agreement with the idea of publishing this interview here. I was surprised and shocked at the existence of such a magazine, whose text and advertising tended to treat the subject of illegal drugs with a casual and nonresponsible attitude. Also, the manner in which *High Times* treats marijuana policy, which urgently needs a solution, does not correspond to my approach. Nevertheless, I came to the decision that my statement's appearing in a magazine directed to readers who use currently illegal drugs might be of special value and could help to diminish the abuse or misuse of the psychedelic drugs. Michael Horowitz convinced me that an accurate description of the discovery of LSD and the Mexican magic plants, about which so many misleading versions exist, and my opinion on the various aspects of the drug problem, among other topics, would be useful to a large audience of interested persons in the United States. The aims of this interview are to provide information about what these kinds of drugs can and cannot do, and what their potential dangers are.

Albert Hofmann
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High Times: What work did you do prior to your discovery of LSD?

Hofmann: In the early years of my career in the pharmaceutical research laboratory of Sandoz in Basel, I was occupied mainly with investigations on the cardiac components, the glycosides, of squill, or *Scilla maritima*. These investigations resulted in the elucidation of the chemical constitution of the common nucleus of these agents, which provide valuable medicaments that are often used in the treatment of cardiac failure.

From 1935 I worked on the alkaloids of ergot, resulting in the development of ergonovine, the first synthetic preparation of natural ergot alkaloids; Methergine, used in obstetrics to stop hemor-

Photo by Sandoz

Left: Dr. Hofmann with the enlarged plastic LSD molecule at the Sandoz factory in Basel in the mid-1950's.

rhage; Hydergine for geriatric complaints.

In 1943 the results of this first period of my research in the ergot field were published in a professional journal, *Helvetica Chimica Acta*. As a result of my first eight years of ergot research, I synthesized a large number of ergot derivatives: amides of lysergic acid, lysergic acid being the characteristic nucleus of natural ergot alkaloids. Among these amides of lysergic acid there was also the diethylamide of lysergic acid.

High Times: Did you have LSD in your laboratory as early as 1938?

Hofmann: Yes. At that time a number of pharmacological experiments were carried out in Sandoz's department of pharmacology. Marked excitation was observed in some of the animals. But these effects did not seem interesting enough to my colleagues in the department.

Work on LSD fell into abeyance for a number of years. As I had a strange feeling that it would be valuable to carry out more profound studies with this compound, I prepared a fresh quantity of LSD in the spring of 1943. In the course of this work, an accidental observation led me to carry out a planned self-experiment with this compound, which then resulted in the discovery of the extraordinary psychic effects of LSD.

High Times: What sort of drug were you trying to make when you synthesized LSD?

Hofmann: When I synthesized lysergic acid diethylamide, laboratory code name LSD-25 or simply LSD, I had planned the preparation of an analeptic compound, which means a circulatory and respiratory stimulant. Lysergic acid diethylamide is related in chemical structure to nicotinic acid diethylamide, known to be an effective analeptic.

High Times: Was the discovery of LSD an accident?

Hofmann: I would say that LSD was the outcome of a complex process that had its beginning in a definite concept and was followed by an appropriate synthesis—that is, the synthesis of lysergic acid diethylamide—during the course of which a chance observation served to trigger a planned self-experiment, which then led to the discovery of the psychic effects of this compound.

High Times: Does "LSD-25" mean that the preparation of LSD with the characteristic psychoactive effects was the twenty-fifth one you made?

Hofmann: No, the number 25 behind LSD means that lysergic acid diethylamide was the twenty-fifth compound I had prepared in the series of lysergic acid amides.

High Times: In the published report of your first LSD experience on April 16, 1943, at 3:00 P.M. in Basel, you write of a "laboratory intoxication." Did you swallow something or breathe a vapor, or did some drops of solution fall upon you?

Hofmann: No, I did not swallow anything, and I was used to working under very clean conditions, because these substances in general are toxic. You have to work very, very cleanly. Probably a trace of the solution of lysergic acid diethylamide I was crystallizing from methyl alcohol was absorbed through the skin of my fingers.

High Times: How big a dose did you take that first time, and what were the nature and intensity of that experience?

Hofmann: I don't know—an immeasurable trace. The first experience was a very weak one, consisting of rather small changes. It had a pleasant, fairy tale-magic theater quality. Three days later, on April 19, 1943, I made my first planned experiment with 0.25 milligrams, or 250 micrograms.

High Times: Did you swallow it?

Hofmann: Yes, I prepared a solution of 5 milligrams and took a fraction corresponding to 250 micrograms, or 25 millionths of a gram. I didn't expect this dose to work at all, and planned to take more and more to get the effects. There was no other substance known at the time which had any effect with so small a dose.



Dr. Leary and Dr. Hofmann, February 1972.

"From my LSD experiments . . . I have received knowledge of not only one, but of an infinite number of realities."

High Times: Did your colleagues know that you were making this experiment?

Hofmann: Only my assistant.

High Times: Were you familiar with the work done on mescaline by Klüver, Beringer and Rouhier in the late 1920s before you yourself experimented with mind-altering substances?

Hofmann: No—I became interested in their work only after the discovery of LSD. They are pioneers in the field of psychoactive plants.

Mescaline, studied for the first time by Lewin in 1888, was the first hallucinogen available as a chemically pure compound; LSD was the second. Karl Beringer's investigations were published in the classic monograph *Der Meskalinrausch* in 1928, but in the years following, interest in the hallucinogenic research faded.

Not until my discovery of LSD, which is about 5,000 to 10,000 times more active than mescaline, did this line of research receive a new impetus.

High Times: How long were you able to keep writing lab notes that afternoon?

Hofmann: Not very. As the effects intensified I realized that I did not know what was going to happen, if I'd ever come back. I thought I was dying or going crazy. I thought of my wife and two young children who would never know or understand why I could have done this. My first planned self-experiment with LSD was a "bum trip," as one would say nowadays.

High Times: Why was it four years from your discovery of the psychic effects of LSD until your report was published? Was your information suppressed?

Hofmann: There was no suppression of that knowledge. After confirmation of the action of this extraordinary compound by volunteers of the Sandoz staff, Professor Arthur Stoll, who was then head of the Sandoz pharmaceutical department, asked me if I would permit his son, Werner A. Stoll—who was starting his career at the psychiatric hospital of the University of Zurich—to submit this new agent to a fundamental psychiatric study on normal volunteers and on psychiatric patients. This investigation took a rather long time, because Dr. Stoll, like myself and most young Swiss people in that period of war, often had to interrupt his work to serve in the army. This excellent and comprehensive study was not published until 1947.

High Times: Did government agents aware of LSD approach you during World War II?

Hofmann: Before Werner Stoll's psychiatric report appeared in 1947, there was no general knowledge of LSD. In military circles in the 1950s, however, there was open discussion of LSD as an "incapacitating drug," and thus "a weapon without death." At that time the U.S. Army sent a representative to Sandoz to speak to me about the procedure for producing large quantities of LSD.

Of course, the plan to use it as an "incapacitating agent" was not practicable because there was no way of uniformly distributing doses—some would get a lot and some would get none. Discussions of the military uses of LSD were no secret at that time, although some journalists speak as if they were.

High Times: Arthur Stoll's name appears with yours on the chemical paper where the synthesis of LSD is first described. What was his connection with this investigation?

Hofmann: Stoll's name appears on all papers coming out of the research laboratories at Sandoz as part of his function of head of the department, but he had no

direct connection with the discovery of LSD. He was one of the pioneers in ergot research, having isolated in 1918 the first chemically pure alkaloid from ergot—ergotamine—which proved to be a useful medicament in the treatment of migraine. But then research on ergot was discontinued at Sandoz until I started it again in 1935.

High Times: Who was the second person to take LSD?

Hofmann: Professor Ernst Rothlin, head of the Sandoz pharmacological department at the time. Rothlin was dubious about LSD; he claimed he had a strong will and could suppress the effects of drugs. But after he took 60 micrograms—one quarter of the dose I had taken earlier—he was convinced. I had to laugh as he described his fantastic visions.

High Times: Have you taken LSD outside of the laboratory?

Hofmann: Around 1949 to 1951, I arranged some LSD sessions at home in the friendly and private company of two good friends of mine: the pharmacologist Professor Heribert-Konzett, and the writer Ernst Jünger. Jünger is the author of, among other works. *Approaching Revelation: Drugs and Narcotics* [*Annäherungen; Drogen und Rausch*. Stuttgart: Klett, 1970].

I did this in order to investigate the influence of the surroundings, of the outer and inner conditions on the LSD experience. These experiments showed me the enormous impact of—to use modern terms—set and setting on the content and character of the experience.

I also learned that planning has its limitations. In spite of good mood at the beginning of a session—positive expectations, beautiful surroundings and sympathetic company—I once fell into a terrible depression. This unpredictability of effects is the major danger of LSD.

High Times: How long and how often did you continue to take LSD?

Hofmann: My ten to 15 experiments with LSD were distributed over 27 years. The last one was in 1970. Since then I have taken no more LSD, because I believe that all an LSD experience can give me has already been given. Maybe later in my life I will have the need to take it once or several times more.

High Times: What was the largest single dose of LSD that you took?

Hofmann: 250 micrograms.

High Times: Would you recommend the use of LSD?

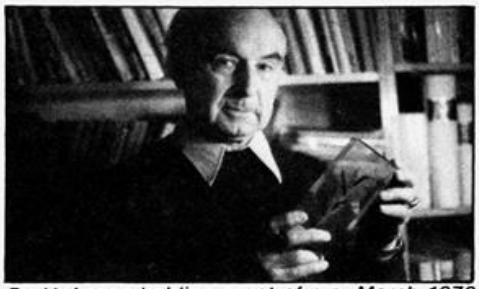
Hofmann: I suppose that your question refers to the nonmedical use of LSD. If such use were at present legal, which is not the case, then I would suggest the following guidelines: The experience is handled best by a ripe, stabilized person with a meaningful reason for taking LSD.

With regard to its psychic effects and its chemical constitution, LSD belongs to that group of Mexican drugs, *peyotl*, *teonanacatl* and *ololiuqui*, that became sacred drugs because of their uncanny way of affecting the core of the mind. The Indians' religious awe of the psychedelic drug may be replaced in our society by respect and reverence, based on scientifically established knowledge of its unique psychic effects.

This respectful attitude toward LSD must be supplemented by appropriate external conditions—by choosing an inspiring milieu and selected company for the session, and having medical assistance available just in case it is needed.

High Times: Are the effects of ergotism similar to those of LSD?

Hofmann: There are two forms of ergotism: *ergotismus gangrenosus* and *ergotismus convulsivus*. The former is characterized by symptoms of gangrene, but without accompanying psychic effects. In the latter form, contractions and convulsions of the muscles often culminate in a state comparable to epilepsy—a condition sometimes accompanied by hallucinations, and thus related to the effects of LSD. This can be explained by the fact that the alkaloids of ergot have the same basic nucleus as LSD; that is, they are derivatives of lysergic acid.



Dr. Hofmann holding ergot of rye, March 1976.

"I have learned . . . that the Russians have studied LSD's uses in military and parapsychological investigations, and that they were searching for an antidote."

High Times: Is the term *psychedelic*, coined by Dr. Humphry Osmond, agreeable to you?

Hofmann: I think it is a good term. It corresponds better to the effects of these drugs than *hallucinogenic* or *psychotomimetic*. Another suitable designation would have been *phantastica*, coined by Louis Lewin in the 1920s, but it was not accepted in English-speaking countries.

High Times: You have described your psychoactive drug investigations as a "magic circle." What do you mean?

Hofmann: My investigations of lysergic acid amides brought me to LSD. LSD brought the sacred Mexican mushrooms to my attention, which led to the synthesis of psilocybin, which in turn brought about a visit from Gordon Wasson and the subsequent investigations with *ololiuqui*. There I again encountered lysergic acid amides, closing the magic circle 17 years later.

High Times: Can you describe the events leading up to that?

Hofmann: After having studied the mushroom ceremony in Mexico during 1954 and 1955, Gordon Wasson and his wife invited the mycologist Roger Heim to accompany them on a further expedition in 1956 in order to identify the sacred mushroom.

He discovered that most of them were a new species belonging to the genus *Psilocybe mexicana* of the family of *Strophariaceae*. He was able to cultivate some of them artificially in his Paris laboratory, but after unsuccessful attempts to isolated the active principle, he sent the sacred mushrooms to the Sandoz laboratory in hopes that our experience with LSD would enable us to solve this problem. In a sense, LSD brought the sacred mushrooms to my laboratory.

We first tested the mushroom extract on animals, but the results were negative. It was uncertain whether the mushrooms cultivated and dried in Paris were still active at all, so in order to settle this fundamental point I decided to test them on myself. I ate 32 dried specimens of *Psilocybe mexicana*.

High Times: Isn't that a large dose?

Hofmann: No. The mushrooms were very tiny, weighing only 2.4 grams—a medium dose by Indian standards.

High Times: What was it like?

Hofmann: Everything assumed a Mexican character. Whether my eyes were closed or open, I saw only Mexican motifs and colors. When the doctor supervising the experiment bent over to check my blood pressure, he was transformed into an Aztec priest, and I would not have been astonished had he drawn an obsidian knife.

It was a strong experience and lasted about six hours. The mushrooms were active; the negative results of the test with animals had been due to the comparatively low sensitivity of animals to substances with psychic effects.

High Times: Did you then proceed with the synthesis?

Hofmann: After this reliable test with human beings, meaning that my coworkers and I ingested the fractions to be tested, I extracted the active principles from the mushrooms, purified and finally crystallized them.

I named the main active principle of *Psilocybe mexicana* psilocybin and the accompanying alkaloid, usually present only in small amounts, psilocin. My coworkers and I were then able to elucidate the chemical structure of psilocybin and psilocin, and after that we succeeded in synthesizing these compounds.

The synthetic production of psilocybin is now much more economic than obtaining it from the mushroom. Thus *teonanacatl* was demystified—the two substances whose magic effects made the Mexican Indians believe for thousands of years that a god resided in a mushroom can now be prepared in a retort.

High Times: In one of his recorded lectures, Aldous Huxley described the delight of Wasson's famous *curandera*, Maria Sabina of Huautla, upon ingesting psilocybin. She realized that she could now perform magic all year 'round, and not just during the mushroom season following the rains.

Hofmann: That was my psilocybin. When Wasson and I visited Maria Sabina there were no sacred mushrooms because it was so late in the season, so we provided her with pills containing synthetic psilocybin.

After taking a rather strong dose in the course of a nocturnal session, she said there was no difference between the pills and the mushrooms. "The spirit of the mushroom is in the pill," she said—final proof that our synthetic preparation was identical in every respect with the natural product.

High Times: What prompted your investigations of *ololiuqui*, another of the Mexican sacred plants?

Hofmann: When Wasson came to Sandoz to view the synthetic psilocybin crystals in my laboratory, he was delighted that the results of our chemical investigation had confirmed his ethnomycological studies of the sacred mushroom. We became friends and made plans to further investigate Mexican sacred plants.

The next problem we decided to tackle was the riddle of *ololiuqui*, which is the Aztec name for the seeds of certain morning-glories. With Wasson's help, I was able to obtain *ololiuqui* seeds collected by Zapotec Indians.

The chemical analysis of the *ololiuqui* seeds gave a quite surprising result. The active principle that we isolated proved to be lysergic acid amide and other ergot alkaloids.

High Times: So *ololiuqui* is chemically related to LSD?

Hofmann: Yes. The main *ololiuqui* alkaloid is lysergic acid amide, which differs from LSD—from lysergic acid diethylamide—only by two ethyl radicals. I did not expect to find lysergic acid derivatives—which were known until then only as products of lower fungi of the ergot type—also in higher plants, in morning-glory species of the phanerogamic family of the *Convolvulaceae*.

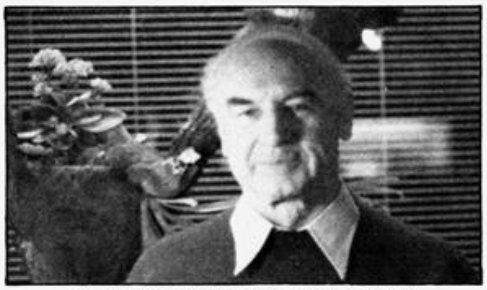
My results were so surprising that the first paper I delivered on the subject in Melbourne in 1960 was received by my colleagues with skepticism. They would not believe me. "Oh, you have so much lysergic acid compounds in your laboratory, you may have contaminated your *ololiuqui* extracts with them," they said.

High Times: What was the purpose of your journey to Mexico?

Hofmann: It was an expedition that Wasson organized in the autumn of 1962 to search for another, unidentified magic Mexican plant, namely the so-called *hojas de la Pastora*. We traveled by horseback on Indian trails through the Sierra Mazateca, finally arriving in time to assist in a nocturnal ceremony in the hut of a *curandera* who used the juice of the leaves of *hojas de la Pastora*.

Afterwards we were able to get some specimens of the plant. It was a new species of the mint family that was later identified botanically at Harvard University and named *Salvia divinorum*. Back in my laboratory at Sandoz, I had no success in extracting the active principle, which in *Salvia divinorum* is very unstable.

High Times: Are the psychoactive effects of *Salvia divinorum* similar to those of *Psilocybe mexicana* and LSD?



Dr. Hofmann at home, March 1976.

"My first planned self-experiment with LSD was a 'bum trip,' as one would say nowadays."

Hofmann: Yes, but less pronounced.

High Times: What writers do you find to be the most successful in conveying the psychedelic experience in literature?

Hofmann: I find the best descriptions in Aldous Huxley's books. After that I would say Timothy Leary and Alan Watts; in France, Henri Michaux.

In German literature, Rudolf Gelpke deserves to be named in this respect, but I don't believe his works are available in English. *"Von Fahrten in den Weltraum der Seele"* ["Travels in the Cosmos of the Soul"], published in the journal *Antaios* in 1962, is especially fine.

I should also mention the new monograph by Dr. Stan Grof, *Realms of the Human Unconscious* [New York: Viking, 1975], containing excellent descriptions of LSD sessions in the framework of psychiatric studies.

High Times: Did Herman Hesse or Carl Jung ever show an interest in your discovery?

Hofmann: I never met Hesse, but his books—especially *The Glass Bead Game* and *Steppenwolf*—have deeply interested me in connection with LSD research. It is possible that Hesse experimented with mescaline in the 1920s as some have supposed—I have no way of knowing. Outside of one brief meeting with Jung at an international congress of psychiatrists, I had no contact with him.

High Times: Did you ever meet Aldous Huxley?

Hofmann: Twice. I met him for lunch in Zurich in 1961, and again in 1963 when we were both in Stockholm attending the WAAS [World Academy of Art and Science] Conference, where the topics of overpopulation, depletion of natural resources and ecology in general were discussed. I was deeply impressed by Huxley: he radiated life, intelligence, kindness and openness—and he was of course extremely articulate.

High Times: What do you think of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* as a guide to the psychedelic experience, as suggested by Huxley and the Harvard researchers, among others?

Hofmann: The general ideas and instructions on how to prepare and run a psychedelic session given there are the outcome of long experiences in this field and seem very valuable. What disturbs me is the use of the foreign Tibetan symbolism. I prefer that we remain within our own cultural framework—that we use symbols found in the writings of Western mystics such as Silesius, Eckhart, Boehme and Swedenborg.

High Times: What was your impression of Dr. Timothy Leary's work with psychedelics?

Hofmann: I formed my first impression of Dr. Leary in 1963. At that time he was involved, together with his colleague Dr. Richard Alpert, at Harvard University in a project investigating the use of LSD and psilocybin in the rehabilitation of convicts. Dr. Leary sent me an order for 100 grams of LSD and 25 kilograms of psilocybin. Before the sales department of Sandoz could carry out the demand for this extraordinarily large quantity of psychedelic compounds we asked Dr. Leary to provide us with the necessary import license from the U.S. health authorities. He failed to provide it. The unrealistic manner with which he handled this transaction left the impression of a person unconcerned with the regulations of society.

I got a glimpse of another facet of his character when he invited me later the same year to participate in a meeting on drug research at Zihuatanejo, Mexico. He emphasized that radio, television and journalists of the most important mass media would be present, which revealed a very publicity-conscious personality.

High Times: You met with Leary later, didn't you?

(continued on page 31)

YOUR OWN NEWSPAPER

HARPER'S WEEKLY is the most unusual publication in America. It's written almost entirely **by its own readers**. Not by remote experts, gossipmongers, pollsters or pundits. Not by Washington "newsmen" echoing invisible "sources." HARPER'S WEEKLY believes the real world is best reported by its real inhabitants. People. **You**. We publish **your** first-hand experiences, views and observations. Your personal confrontations, crises and dilemmas. The result, week after week, is a fascinating dialogue between real people talking about **real** concerns—their heroes, alibis, outrages, marriages, victories, mistakes, adventures, moral choices. About coping with the human condition.

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• Several months ago my father introduced me to HARPER'S WEEKLY and all I can say is, Dynamite! You are a real experience; you bring me in touch with so many others and so many different points of view —**Steff Geiple, Glen Rock, Pa.**

• HARPER'S WEEKLY is habit-forming. I devour it with my Saturday morning coffee. I mean I read the whole thing from front to back, and never mind what other things need doing. I hope some of our politicians read it; I'm sure they would profit.—**Harold Anderson, N.Y., NY.**

• It's heartening to find how many people are articulate. To me they're a refreshing change from the clever journalese of many slick magazine articles. I often feel I want to reply to these contributors, and I will.—**Alberta Cushman, Agawam, Ma.**

• I do not know if I would call your paper a Journal of Civilization, as you do. I would call it a Journal of Thoughtful and Reflective Experiencing (which may be a finer compliment). Good luck with your publication. You are bringing forth a citizen's dream, the establishment's nightmare.—**Stanley L. Brodsky, Tallahassee, Fla.**

• I tried to tell myself "I just don't have time to read it." But HW is the **first** thing I pick up to read—ahead of three weekly magazines, one weekly newspaper, four monthly magazines, and numerous special interest publications.—**Phyllis Maurer, Lincoln, Neb.**

• I have been reading a friend's recycled issues. You win. I surrender. I have just sent my check for a subscription.—**Anne Wittels, Palos Verdes Estates, Ca.**

• After reading my third issue, I feel jubilant and confident that here is a melting pot for the refinement of ideas, and out of it will come much good . . . America needs HARPER'S WEEKLY. May it continue to grow and be a "Journal of Civilization."—**Marjorie Sutcliffe, Audubon, Ia.**

• HARPER'S WEEKLY brings me closer to my countrymen who really care about how we live and feel and think. There's integrity in every column.—**Dorothy Martin, Hutchinson, Ks.**

• When my last issue was delayed a few days, I discovered how much I depend on HARPER'S WEEKLY. I was a nervous wreck. **Please** don't ever send my copy late again!—**Robert Nash, Fayetteville, NY.**

• Reading HW is like getting a bundle of letters that really put you in touch. It's great to read contributions from enthusiastic non-coterie writers. The pros couldn't match the diversity, let alone the involvement.—**Maureen Cotter, Newton, NJ.**

• In one year, HARPER'S WEEKLY has given me the courage 1) to write a children's book; 2) teach a seminar for government secretaries; 3) take legal steps to use my maiden name instead of my married name. I wonder whether you ever expected to have such influence on your readers —**Mary G. Overfield, Henderson, Ky.**

• It was exciting to see my words printed in a national publication. But the best reward was still to come: nine incredibly varied people (aged 18 to 52) took the time to reply personally.—**Christine Parker, Fulton, NY.**

• This issue tells me two things. HARPER'S WEEKLY has good editors and there are **tons** of people out there just waiting to educate me. Thank you for this wonderful opportunity. HW is a forum I'd find it hard to live without.—**Carol B. Icard, Dalton, Ma.**

• I am truly amazed at your wealth of subjects. I devour the letters and articles from those who have a compulsion like mine—to share their minds and hearts, to expose their vulnerability a little, to sound off explosively. When I agree, I've found a friend. When I disagree, I've found a reason to re-examine my own view.—**Estelle Pfetsch, Niagara Falls, NY.**

• HARPER'S WEEKLY tells me more about this country and the people in it than a dozen Gallup pools. Congratulations.—**Jack McClintock, Indian Rocks Beach, Fla.**

• Send me 20 subscription blanks to hand out.—**Lillian Koslover, Redondo Beach, CA.**

• I'm so pleased with HARPER'S WEEKLY that I sent my renewal check gift-wrapped. Getting HW is like getting a present every week, and I wanted to return the favor.—**Kathleen Marquardt, West Allis, Wisc.**

• By the time my copy arrives on Saturday afternoon, I've read all the other hogwash that came during the week. That makes HARPER'S WEEKLY seem like strawberry shortcake after eating a supper of cold mashed potatoes.—**Darius Petty, Great Barrington, Ma.**

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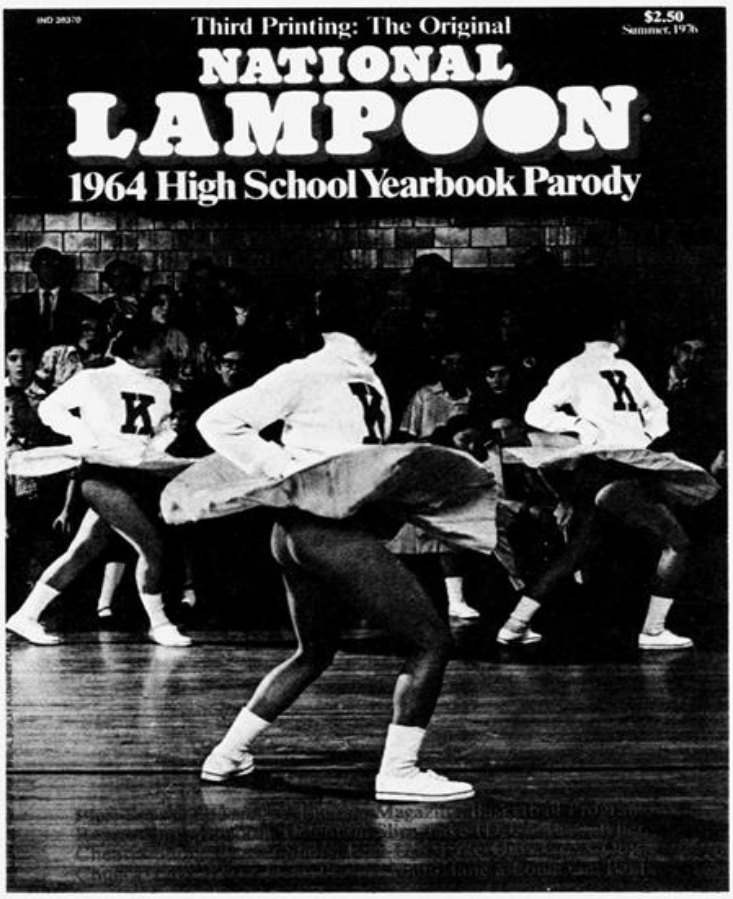
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(continued from page 28)

Hofmann: A decade later when Dr. Leary had escaped from prison and was living in exile in Switzerland. I was eager to meet him personally, having read so much in the press about him during the intervening period. On the third of September, 1971, the father and prophet of LSD met in Lausanne.

I was surprised to meet not a professorial type of scientist, nor a fanatic, but a slender, smiling, boyish man, representing rather a tennis champion than a Harvard professor.

During the course of our conversation, Dr. Leary gave me the impression of an idealistic person who believes in the transforming influence of psychedelic drugs on mankind, is conscious of the complexity of the drug problem and yet was careless of all the difficulties involved in the promotion of his ideas.

High Times: Apart from his personal style, what did you think of Dr. Leary's ideas at the time of the Swiss meeting?

Hofmann: We were in agreement concerning the enormous importance of making a fundamental distinction between drugs. We agreed that the use of addiction-producing drugs, especially heroin with its disastrous somatic and psychic effects, should be avoided by any means possible. We agreed also in the evaluation of the potentially beneficial effects of psychedelic drugs. We disagreed as to the extent that psychedelics should be used and by whom.

Whereas Dr. Leary advocated the use of LSD under appropriate conditions by very young people, by teenagers, I insisted that a ripe, stable personality be a prior condition. Ripe because the drug can release only what is already in the mind. It brings in nothing new—it is like a key that can open a door to our subconscious. Stabilized because it needs spiritual strength for handling and integrating an overwhelming psychedelic experience into the exising *Weltbild*.

High Times: Does LSD possess aphrodisiac qualities?

Hofmann: Only in the sense that LSD adds new dimensions to all experiences, including of course the sexual.

High Times: Have you benefitted financially from your discovery of LSD?

Hofmann: No.

High Times: Sandoz is one of the largest pharmaceutical firms in the world. How did it deal with the manufacture and distribution of so controversial a substance as LSD?

Hofmann: It was clear from the very beginning that LSD, in spite of its extraordinary qualities, would not become a pharmaceutical preparation of commercial value. Notwithstanding this, Sandoz put enormous effort into the scientific investigation of the substance, showing the eminent role LSD could play as an excellent tool in brain research and in psychiatry.

Sandoz therefore made LSD available to qualified experimental and clinical investigators all over the world to promote such research with technical help and in many instances with financial support. Sandoz played a noble role in the scientific development of LSD.

High Times: Did Sandoz stop producing LSD because it was finding its way onto the black market?

Hofmann: At the onset of the LSD hysteria in 1965, Sandoz completely stopped the distribution of LSD for research purposes in order to avoid all possibility and to counteract false rumors that its LSD could find its way onto the black market.

Another reason was to force health authorities of different countries to provide adequate rules and regulations regarding the distribution of LSD. After this was accomplished, they again supplied LSD in America to the FDA [Food and Drug Administration] for distribution, but only to licensed investigators.

"At age 19 I made the decision to become a chemist for both mystical-philosophical reasons and for reasons of curiosity."

High Times: In the United States there has been a recent major investigation of improper LSD experiments carried out by the CIA, Army, Navy and other governmental agencies. Did they get their LSD from Sandoz just as Timothy Leary's psychedelic research project at Harvard got theirs?

Hofmann: Sandoz supplied the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, who then distributed it in America. Probably that is how the CIA and others got it.

High Times: Have you ever been approached by Soviet agents in need of Sandoz LSD or of your expertise?

Hofmann: This has not happened. I have learned from Swedish scientists in Stockholm that the Russians have studied LSD's uses in military and parapsychological investigations, and that they were searching for an antidote. But the pharmaceutical firm of Spofa in Prague probably provided the LSD.

High Times: Are you familiar with the underground chemist, Stanley Owsley, who in the 1960s produced the most widely distributed black-market LSD?

Hofmann: I have heard his name mentioned in this context, but know nothing else about him.

High Times: What has been the purity of the black-market LSD that you've tested?

Hofmann: Some contained the "labeled" amount, some less. It's difficult to make a stable preparation under less than perfect laboratory conditions. You must eliminate every trace of oxygen. Oxidation destroys LSD, as does light.

High Times: Are you familiar with an LSD-like substance called ALD-52 that figured prominently in an acid trial two years ago?

Hofmann: Yes. ALD-52 is Acetyl-LSD, a modification of LSD that proved to be as active, because acetyl is removed in the body and you have the effects of LSD. It has only been used experimentally. We sent it to the Drug Rehabilitation Center in Lexington, Kentucky, for testing some years ago.

High Times: What do you know about ketamine?

Hofmann: Ketamine is a totally synthetic psychedelic, unlike LSD, which is a seminatural product.

High Times: What is now known about the neurological effects of LSD and other psychedelics?

Hofmann: We know LSD concentrates in the hypothalamus, the same region of the brain where serotonin is found. This is the brain's emotional center. But there still exists a big gap between the pharmacology of and the mechanisms underlying consciousness.

The problem is that the thought-function that you investigate is the same instrument you use for investigation.

High Times: For many people LSD provides what they describe as a religious experience. What are your feelings on this?

Hofmann: People for whom LSD provides a religious experience expect to have such an experience when they take it. Expectation—which is identical to autosuggestion—determines to a high degree what will happen in the session, because one of the most important features of the LSD state is its extreme suggestibility.

Another reason for the incidence of religious experiences is the fact that the very core of the human mind is connected with God. This deepest root of our consciousness, which in the normal state is hidden by superficial rational activities of the mind, may become revealed by the action of the psychedelic drug.

High Times: Is LSD an evolutionary agent?

Hofmann: Possibly. In the LSD state we may become conscious, in the words of Teilhard de Chardin, of the "entire complex of interhuman and intercosmic relations with an immediacy, an intimacy and a realism" that otherwise happens

(continued on page 81)

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2. Is Lettuce "Opium" really opium? No. Our product has no connection whatsoever with real poppy opium which is both harmful and illegal.

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Below are excerpts from an article by Bob Rosen, a writer for "The Villager" of New York City. Mr. Rosen was, in effect, conducting a consumer fraud investigation aimed at objectively testing the various claims made by manufacturers of legal highs. Mr. Rosen received no special treatment from the companies he contacted, as he did not disclose the fact that he was a writer. Please read what he has to say because it will have a considerable impact on you, the consumer. We regret that we cannot print Mr. Rosen's article in its entirety, however, should you want a copy of his most informative article, send us a self-addressed stamped envelope and we will gladly forward a copy to you.

In celebration of the Bicentennial, I swindled my editor out of $15 under the pretense of doing a "consumer fraud" story and mailed away for "legal drugs."

For the past eight weeks I have been smoking, drinking, chewing, swallowing and gagging on my legal stash. I have injested one ounce of Kava Kava Root, three-quarters of an ounce of Yohimbe Bark, one tablespoon of Gotu Kola, one tablespoon of Chia Seeds, one-quarter teaspoon of Lila Nut Powder, three bols of "Special Smoking Blend," uncountable joints of American Indian Smoking Herbs, several joints of "Aphrodisia Smoking Blend," and one gram of Lettuce Opium. The Lettuce Opium is the only substance that had any noticeable effect on me.

On the morning of January 19, a plain white envelope appeared in my mailbox. It contained one gram of Lettuce Opium. Bill Olmsted of Natural Enterprises in Gaithersburg, Maryland manufactures and sells the stuff for $4 per gram.

To prepare for my first opium experience, I read Thomas DeQuincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater.* I wanted to know what was in store for me.

I was ready.

January 20, 1 A.M.: I put a small chunk of the sticky black stuff into my pipe.

I want to push this to the limit.

It takes two matches just to dry out the opium. On the third, it catches and gives off a pleasantly sweet odor. I consume the chunk, then smoke two more.

Nothing.

The phone rings. It's a friend. "Opium?" she says.

"That's right."

"It should be just like heroin."

"I can dig it," I say and begin to laugh.

"Yor're laughing too much," she tells me." I can't communicate with you."

She has a point. I hang up the phone and look at the clock. I expect it to be about 1:45 a.m. It is 1:10. Something is happening. I flip on the television and smoke more opium. I can't stop laughing and smoke opium straight through to two o'clock.

I have consumed one-half gram and cannot go on. My tongue feels as though it is vibrating.

I get the urge to walk my dog but can't get the beast on its leash. All my coordination has vanished. I whistle, and he follows. It's very cold out. I can feel the opium coming on strong. My mind drifts. I think of thermonuclear warfare, old age and death. It soon passes.

Have I unearthed something new? Am I in the vanguard of a drug craze that will soon sweep the country, corrupt youth and like LSD finally be outlawed by the government? Possibly. But looking at this objectively, the Lettuce Opium is not "real" opium. I'm sure it was not "like heroin." I did not have the hallucinations of DeQuincey.

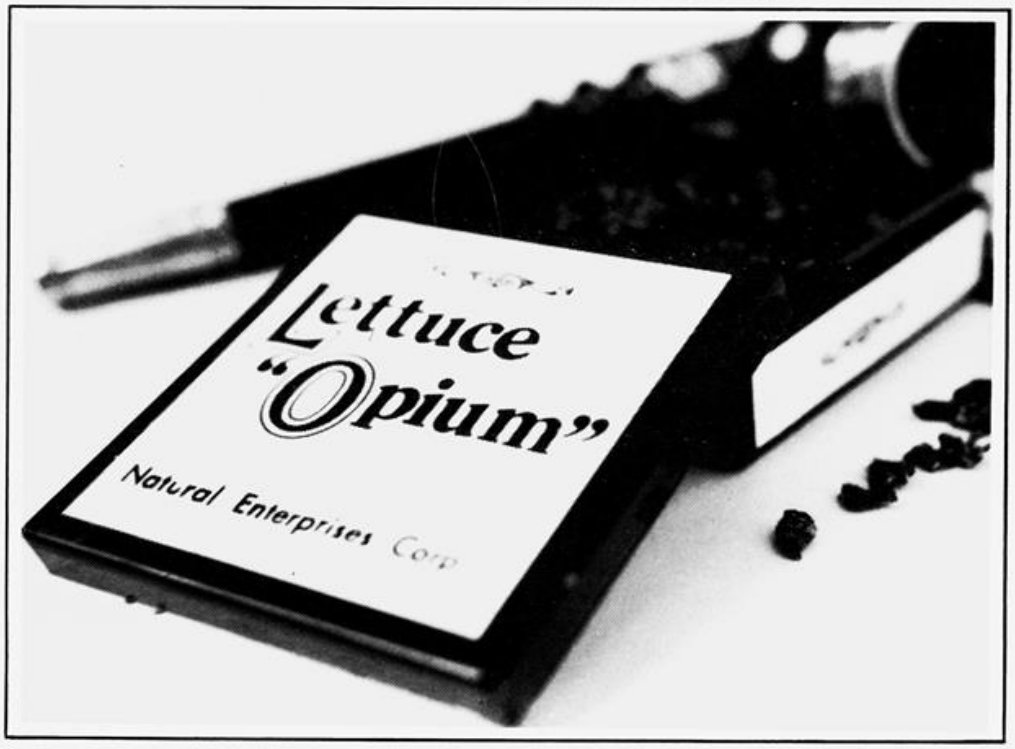
Then things take a turn for the worst. I brace myself, and for the next four days quaff the vile potions and smoke myself blind with the Special Blend. Nothing happens. The Chia Seeds bring me closer to vomiting than anything else.

It is over. I have reached the light at the end of the tunnel.

Still, there is a positive side to my ordeal. The Lettuce Opium *did* work, and I am pleased to report the constant abuse of these "extremely dangerous drugs" has not rendered me dead, diseased or impotent.

by Bob Rosen

The Villager (March 11, 1976)



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HIGH WITNESS NEWS

July 1976 Number 11

Mercenaries Liberate 14 Americans from Mexican Jail –Torture Continues–

While election-year politics continue to buttonhole efforts to release the estimated 532 Americans being illegally held by the Mexican government, three men brandishing heavy firearms and dressed in green costumes with matching ski masks burst into the small Mexican border town of Piedras Negras and freed 14 Americans being held in the local jail.

The escape came before dawn when two of the men stormed the one-story Mexican jail commando-style and ordered the jailers to open the cells that held American prisoners. This occurred 16 months after eight Americans tunneled out of the same jail in November 1974. Three Americans are believed to have died in that attempt.

No one was killed in the recent escape from Piedras Negras prison, but one unidentified woman remained behind because she was scared and unable to swim across the murky current of the Rio Grande with the others. According to Jeffrey Garofola, who spent nearly ten months in the prison, the woman had had an electronic cattle prod shoved up her rectum by Mexican jailers only days before the daring escape. As the escapees fled for the river and the three mysterious *zorros* vanished into the night, the young woman "remained behind as she was afraid of being shot on sight for not giving the Mexicans information about plans to break out of the prison," said Garofola.

According to sources close to the Mexican prison breakout, the three men who masterminded the escape were veteran soldiers hired for at least $80,000 by Dr. Sterling Davis of Dallas, who was fed up with the apathy of the U.S. government in attempting to secure the release of his son.

Besides neglecting to enforce two Mexican-American treaties regarding incarcerated citizens (the Bilateral Consular Agreement and the Vienna Convention), the U.S. government has continually refused to enact U.S. Civil Act Title 22 of the U.S. Code: Section 1732, which states, in effect, that if the president of the



Carrie Boretz

Dawn was breaking over New York Harbor when the Austral Pilgrim, *one of the DEA's most wanted ships, arrived at Pier Five in Brooklyn. Waiting for her were several narcs, whose plan to bust marijuana reported on board was scuttled. For more information, see this month's "Lines," page 10.*

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United States is informed that American citizens imprisoned in foreign jails have had their rights violated, he must take all steps short of war to secure their release as soon as possible.

Two California groups—Freedom Perseverance Incorporated and 1732—have been lobbying in Washington to secure the release of Americans being held illegally in Mexico. However, U.S. authorities have refused to intervene, stating that the U.S. government has no right to involve itself in the internal affairs of a foreign country.

"It was beautiful! Lovely!" whooped one of the escapees moments after he crossed the river. "When I saw those guards with sawed-off shotguns in their faces, it was exquisite." Said Garofola from his home in Fairfax, Virginia, "The Mexican cops were groveling, I mean groveling. They were begging not to be shot. Nine people per cell, people being tortured with electric cattle prods—and the jailers are begging not to be shot."

"I was reading a Spanish dictionary when I heard this noise coming from the office," said Garofola of his great escape. "I thought the cops were bringing drunks in. Then I heard someone shout 'freeze,' the cell was opened and I ran like hell for the river."

Once inside Texas, the 14 Americans were apprehended by U.S. authorities in Maverick County and housed in the Eagle Pass jail until officials could determine if there were any outstanding arrest warrants against them in America. All escapees were released the following morning except for Garofola, who was sent to Fairfax, Virginia, to stand trial on a three-year-old hash charge. To date, Mexican authorities have not asked the U.S. State Department to extradite the 14 escapees.

In the wake of the Piedras Negras jailbreak, accusations that DEA-trained Mexican jailers are torturing American citizens continue to pour across the border. A tape recording smuggled out of a Mexican prison in Mazatlán strongly charges that Americans are systematically tortured and forced to sign false confessions, often with the full knowledge of U.S. State Department and DEA officials. In the tape, one inmate gives an eyewitness description as to how and why a young American named Jack Closse committed suicide in prison rather than face torture for his part in an abortive escape attempt.

"The reason the guy committed suicide," went the tape, "is because he didn't want to be tortured again." Instead, Closse walked into his cell and shot himself in the head with a gun smuggled into the prison by a Mexican. The tape also alleges that DEA agents have been on hand during torture sessions and in a couple of instances, have advised on methods of torture.

Ruth Matthews, a representative of the U.S. Consul in Mazatlán, whose job is to make monthly reports on the conditions of Americans being held in prison, told *High Times* that it was beyond her "competence" to discuss the taped allegations of torture of American prisoners. According to a reliable source in Mexico, Matthews had been assigned to the Monterrey Consul (which serves the Piedras Negras prison) until she became "too emotionally involved" with the situation there and was subsequently transferred to Mazatlán.

Loren Lawrence, the deputy administrator of the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs for the U.S. State Department in Washington, stated that "Miss Matthews was transferred because of her competent knowledge of Mexican consular affairs." He added that Matthews' transfer had nothing to do with her knowledge of torture sessions. However, when asked if the transfer had anything to do with her speaking out against Mexican torture sessions and barbaric prison conditions, Matthews said, "Not as far as I know. I can't tell you any more. I'm not allowed to talk to reporters."

According to sources in Washington, Lawrence has been instructed by Leonard Walentynowicz, chief of the State Department's Administrative Bureau of Security Affairs, to play down the Mexican situation. Walentynowicz's function is the protection of Americans abroad, and he is considered by the State Department to be an assistant secretary of state and Kissinger advisor.

A spokesman for the DEA in Washington said that the agency is investigating allegations that their field agents are participating in Mexican torture sessions. "We don't endorse it and, if true, it will be severely dealt with." DEA agents in Mexico fall under the wing of regional director Robert Eyma, who was unavailable for comment. However, Joseph Jaffe, head of the DEA's Office of Internal Security and Inspection, said, "We are not aware of any agents participating in torture sessions. The agency has adopted a posture where this will not be tolerated." When asked the status of special agent Arthur Sedillo, implicated as a participant in torture sessions by both *High Times* and the Goldwater Hearings into conditions of Americans being held in Mexico, Jaffe said, "Mr. Sedillo is still the subject of an internal investigation and to my knowledge is still employed by the agency." **A.C.C.**

Economists Plan Pot Tax

by Bill Choyke and Doreen Weisenhaus

Washington—Tucked away in the University of Florida offices of Dr. Irving Goffman is a proposal that would raise at least $1 billion annually for the federal government.

The plan, a detailed account of how legalized marijuana could be marketed and taxed, has not attracted any attention since it was developed nearly four years ago. The Internal Revenue Service, for one, wants nothing to do with it.

The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the agency that someday might be called upon to regulate the marijuana industry, wants nothing to do with it either.

Although it looks as if marijuana will be legalized within the next ten years, government agencies do not—or at least, have not—developed any plans to market or to tax it. That's the official government line, and nobody is speaking any differently.

"I checked with planning and research," says IRS spokesman Rod Young. "There's nothing to go on. They have not done any work [in that area], and currently it's not something immediately pending."

Other agencies that someday might be charged with implementing a legalized marijuana system echo the same line. The Department of Agriculture, for instance, administers tobacco subsidies and works with that industry in the fields. It has no plans concerning its role if marijuana were legalized, claims Agriculture spokesman Joseph McDavid. However, the thought makes McDavid reminisce fondly about the days the department promoted the sale of hemp—*Cannabis sativa* fiber—in World War II.

Goffman, an Assistant Secretary of HEW, maintains the government is missing out on a bundle: here is money that could fully cover the controversial federal revenue-sharing program, he reasons. It could even be used to help retire the whopping estimated $70 billion national debt in the 1976 fiscal year.

His research is supported by a study done by William McGlothlin four years ago for the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (the forerunner of the Drug Enforcement Administration). In the course of a larger text examining the use, distribution and control of grass, McGlothlin then projected that by 1976, roughly $2 billion in revenue could be gained through marijuana taxation.



UPI



Black Star/Dennis Brack

A possible $2 billion in tax revenues might put lambsbread on Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz's (left) table instead of whole wheat. Aware of the fact that marijuana tax revenues could liquidate 3.5 percent of the national debt, IRS chief Donald Alexander (right) is reportedly changing his mind about marijuana.

But smokers beware! These studies should not lead one to think that legalization would have any effect other than to remove criminal penalties and to closet use. If federal agencies followed the Goffman-McGlothlin line, there would be no lowering of prices in most cases. Both Goffman and McGlothlin believe that marijuana should be sold at what the market can bear and then taxed heavily.

"Since it is easy to grow and process, the tax percentage could be substantially higher than 30 percent of the total price," says McGlothlin in his report. "Thus, it is reasonable to predict that the tax revenues could be a half-billion or more at present [1971] and possibly as much as $2 billion within five years, or some 40 percent of alcohol revenues."

The alcohol model is commonly used to provide a theoretical basis for the distribution and taxation of marijuana. Goffman envisions that grass will be sold at so-called ABC stores—establishments owned and operated by the state or federal government. A user would simply walk up to the counter and place an order. It would be bought in bulk like pipe tobacco. The government could then tightly control sales, ensure revenues and, to some extent, regulate content and use.

Goffman also scoffs at suggestions that the tobacco industry has grandiose schemes to distribute grass. He observes that part of the ritual of marijuana consumption is rolling "your own joints."

"The thing is, the market works," says Goffman, who is currently on leave from the University of Florida's Department of Economics to work for the federal government. "Right now, it does not take anybody in any city very long to score. In one half-hour, he'll be able to connect and buy an ounce. There is a well-defined market, as if there was a legal market."

Based on government statistics compiled from marijuana busts and other studies, Goffman estimated that in 1971 a minimum of 25 million users consumed 2.5 million crude kilograms. At that time, he figured there was a conservative $1-billion potential in retail sales. At $20 to $25 an ounce today, he projects that total grass sales surpass $2 billion.

At a taxation rate of 50 percent, legalization could raise $1 billion—for either federal or state governments.

But the alcohol model has certain inherent problems. Currently, booze is taxed on the basis of potency: wine at one rate, whiskey at another. The higher the proof, the more the government's share.

"The same model might not be adaptable to marijuana," says Alton Sanderson, chief of information in the management division of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. The THC content of marijuana changes from batch to batch, and a single crop can vary during a season because of differing weather conditions. To be thorough, federal agents would have to test every batch for THC content, which Sanderson says is impossible.

He also knows of no plans—either drafted or in the working stages—to regulate and tax grass.

While pleased with the gains made so far by NORML and others, Goffman believes the real fight is being lost. His voice suggests a little frustration when he discusses the present legal situation. "Decriminalization has be-

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come a national issue," he notes, with a tinge of regretfulness. "It's taken the steam out of the legalization movement."

Goffman, 42, is not the type of man who would be expected to be a leader in the push to legalize marijuana. A Canadian, he first became interested in grass as a research topic in 1967. His initial studies revealed to him the pervasive nature of its use and led to his membership on the board of NORML, which he resigned when he took his federal post.

"It's a victimless crime, that's the issue to me," Goffman emphasizes. "Individuals have the right to do what they want to with their bodies."

Although the government apparently has no intention of even thinking about revenue from marijuana taxation, that doesn't mean it isn't making money off grass. The IRS, which has vigorously prosecuted drug traffickers and financiers for failure to pay taxes, initiated 398 such cases last year. The government says that it obtained 83 convictions and collected $3.8 million in delinquent taxes from marijuana dealers. It also seized or placed a lien on $4.5 million in property.

The previous 12 months netted an even bigger score. In 88 convictions, the IRS assessed $74 million in delinquent taxes. Its total recoup in dollars and property was $8.1 million.

But these revenues fall far short of the money that economists believe could be raised through marijuana taxation. Still, the government is reluctant to adopt any changes.

"For political reasons," McGlothlin says in his report, "the government might find it embarrassing to profit from a behavior which has been strongly condemned for the past 35 years."

Mexico Renews Dope Crackdown

by P. J. Sampson

The United States and Mexico have launched a new major effort to combat the flow of narcotics between their two countries, following another round of charges and allegations by the U.S. that Mexico never does enough to curb trafficking and is riddled by official corruption.



Wide World

A Bell 206 jet ranger helicopter sits in a Mexican dope field. In foreground both marijuana and poppies have been planted.

Congressional subcommittees, the DEA and the White House were in an uproar last year over the impending "heroin epidemic." The French-Turkish connections disrupted, Mexico and Southeast Asia had moved rapidly to fill the vacuum; many Turkish heroin labs relocated in Mexico. The DEA claimed that 90 percent of the heroin in major American cities was of Mexican origin. In his annual narcotics report, Los Angeles County Sheriff Peter Pitchess called L.A. the heroin and marijuana "distribution hub of the nation," adding that heroin and cocaine seizures in 1975 were greater than the combined total of the previous two years.

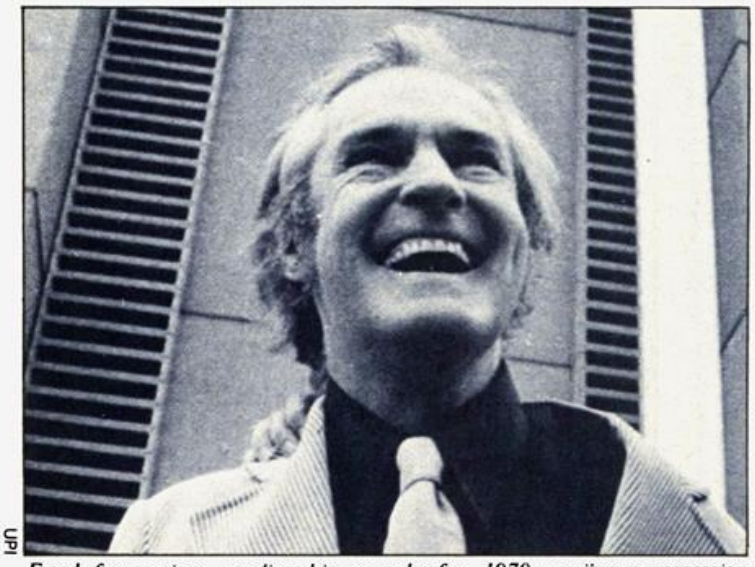
U.S. aid this year now totals $7 million in aircraft, equipment and technical assistance, yet most of the estimated $40-million cost of the campaign is being brunted by Mexico.

Since November of 1975, nearly 18,000 poppy fields have been destroyed by herbicides sprayed from some of the 27 helicopters and 9 of the planes the U.S. has provided Mexico, according to Dr. Gertz, head of Mexico's heroin-eradication program. This was equivalent to removing 4.5 tons of pure heroin from the market.

After savaging the fields in southern Mexico, Army troops were moved up north closer to the border to intensify the efforts against smugglers. Roadblocks were set up along the highways leading into the U.S. Gertz's 250-man narcotics team also seized 125 tons of marijuana, 233 pounds of pure heroin and 255 pounds of South American cocaine in transit, not to mention 20 light planes, 259 vehicles and 2 boats in the same five-month period.

In March, President Ford expressed his pleasure "with the cooperation we are receiving from President Echeverria and members of his administration" and with the impact the increased efforts have had in reducing the narcotics traffic into the U.S.

Dr. Gertz claims to have evidence of a shortage of "brown heroin" now, and he predicts a crisis for traffickers by late summer. Says Gertz, "When the campaign is going well, everything is attributed to U.S. assistance, but when there are problems, no one wants to know, and it's all Mexico's fault."



UPI

Freed from prison pending his appeal of a 1970 marijuana-possession conviction, Timothy Leary departs the Metropolitan Correction Center in San Diego. Leary, 55, has promised parole officials that he will never again advocate the use of LSD.



Wide World

Mexican soldiers burning a large crop of marijuana near Vizcainas, 50 miles south of Culiacán, Sinaloa. Unlike poppies, marijuana is difficult to destroy by aerial spraying and must be pulled out by the roots.

High Crimes

● John Thomas Jova, 24, son of the American ambassador to Mexico, pleaded guilty to smuggling cocaine and was sentenced to 2½ years in an English prison. Jova was the victim of a blackmail plot in which a group of international smugglers took photographs of him in bed with a man at a London party. The pictures were then used to coerce him into smuggling 2.8 pounds of cocaine into Great Britain.

Jova, son of Ambassador Joseph J. Jova, was apprehended last December by Customs officials at Folkstone Harbor as he arrived by car ferry from France. At the time of his arrest, Jova was wearing a special vest with 16 clandestine compartments.

Jova's attorney told the London Crown Court that his client attended a party in London last September, where, under the influence of alcohol and strong sleeping pills, he went to bed with a gay man. A woman and two men entered the bedroom, took photographs and later threatened to send them to Jova's parents in Mexico and to Mexican newspapers if he did not cooperate. Rather than upset his parents, the embarrassed Jova agreed to smuggle the cocaine into Great Britain.

• A Coast Guard cutter seized a Panamanian merchant ship on the high seas and charged its 17-man crew with smuggling marijuana into the U.S.; 5,000 pounds of marijuana were confiscated. The 154-foot merchant ship *Kaki* was stopped about 200 miles off the coast of South Carolina and brought into the port of Charleston under heavy guard. A Coast Guard spokesman said, "Repeated attempts to stop the *Kaki* during hot pursuit failed, and the *Dauntless* (a Coast Guard Cutter) was forced to fire from one of its .50 caliber machine guns across the vessel's bow." No injuries were reported, however. The crew of the *Kaki* included 15 Colombian nationals, one Ecuadorian and one U.S. citizen.

• A long-ignored Prohibition law to combat rumrunning was used to seize the 85-foot Colombian shrimp trawler *Escopesca III* for allegedly smuggling 11 tons of marijuana in to the U.S. Citing the so-called "Hovering Vessels Act" of 1921, U.S. Coast Guard cutters stopped the boat in international waters 50 miles off Vero Beach, Florida, in what may be the first use of the law in 44 years.

The "Hovering Vessels Act" applies to any vessel found or kept on or off the coast of the U.S. that is believed to be attempting to introduce, promote or facilitate the importation of goods into the U.S. in violation of revenue laws. The act authorizes Customs to arrest and seize merchandise well beyond their three-mile limit.

• Narcs recently arrested two men who landed at a resort-community airstrip near Bartow, Florida, in a plane that allegedly carried 1,000 pounds of Colombian weed. Four agents were waiting at the airstrip at River Ranch resort on the Kissimmee River when the rented twin-engine Piper Navaho landed. The front tire of the plane blew out on landing, but the pilot was able to bring the craft to a safe stop. The narcs then seized the plane, finding 13 bales of buds and arresting the pilot and copilot.

The pilot—Joseph Frank Salomone, 32, of Miami—was identified as a much-decorated (Purple Heart, Air Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross) Army helicopter pilot in Vietnam. He was also a former pilot for the Dade and Broward Counties' sheriff's departments and a flight engineer for a commerical airline.

Dan Sullivan, executive assistant to the Broward County Sheriff, said Salomone had been asked to leave his job as helicopter pilot for the sheriff's office because of his style of flying. "You don't go around strafing streets and buzzing civilian areas," Sullivan said. "He's an ace pilot. Those Vietnam helicopter jockeys are a different breed."



David Esquivel

The largest marijuana seizure in the history of San Bernardino County, California, made an enormous pile outside the Barstow sheriff's office before it was hauled away by DEA agents. The white bags contain neatly wrapped bundles of pot like those seen in the cardboard boxes. The weight of the dope was estimated at 4,700 pounds. The shotgun was found in one of three vehicles that carried the marijuana after it was unloaded from a DC-3 airliner on Lost Dry Lake north of Ft. Irwin, California. Three unidentified men were taken into custody in the desert, and the plane was seized by officials in Las Vegas.

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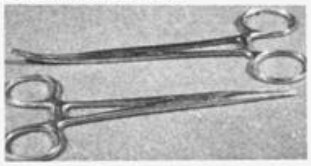
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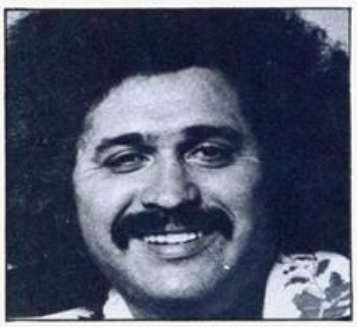
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- Mexican troops have confiscated 39 tons of marijuana destined for the U.S. Heavily armed narcs found 28 tons hidden in oil drums aboard a truck convoy on a country road near the U.S. border, eight tons in a small fishing boat on a beach in the Gulf of California and another three tons on a farm in the Gulf region.
- Ten persons, including a former Vietnam war helicopter pilot, have been named as alleged conspirators in what federal officials have termed the largest marijuana air-smuggling ring on the West Coast. U.S. Attorney Terry Knoepp of San Diego says that he can prove that the ring flew in some 33,000 pounds of marijuana from Mexico in the last two years. A dozen planes were reportedly involved in the airlift, from small, private aircraft to twin-engine DC-3s.

Knoepp said the planes would pick up loads of marijuana from fields in Sonora, Mexico, and then unload the pot at any one of 25 abandoned airstrips in California, flying at night, close to the ground to avoid radar detection.

The veteran chopper pilot, Raymond Gene Fritz, 34, of San Diego, was released on $100,000 bail. Two other defendants—Charles Farril Chisum, 44, of Corona, California, and his 18-year-old son, Charles Robert Chisum, of Orange—had bail set at $75,000 and $10,000 respectively.

- The U.S. Border Patrol arrested three people and seized 1,955 pounds of peyote on the Mexican border. Customs officers watched as four men ferried the peyote across the Rio Grande near Garcena, which is between Laredo and Brownsville, Texas. Only one of the men was left on the Texas side to load the peyote into a pickup truck, while the other three eluded capture by swimming back to Mexico.
- A minister who was caught in his small country church near Blythewood, South Carolina, with more than 150 pounds of marijuana and a set of scales on his pulpit has been sentenced to one year in prison. Eddie Lee Mayes, an American Methodist Episcopal pastor, was arrested by two Rich-



Recording artist Freddy Fender was told by the New Zealand Minister of Labor and Immigration that he would not be allowed into the country to honor his ten-day concert commitment because of his prison record for a 15-year-old marijuana conviction. Aid in the diplomatic dilemma was sought from Governor Edwin Edwards of Louisiana, where Fender spent three years in the state penitentiary for possession of two joints in 1961. The governor sent a telegram stating, in part, that in 1975 he had granted Fender a full pardon for his marijuana conviction and that the Texas resident was a fine, upstanding, contributing citizen. Authorities in New Zealand, unmoved by the governor's reference, reiterated their hard-line stance and Fender returned to America.



L.A. Times

Federal officials in California said that air-pollution control regulations preclude disposing of confiscated pot in what used to be the accepted manner—to pile it in the desert, saturate it with gasoline and set it aflame with a volley of tracer shells. With that in mind, the DEA lit up 20.5 tons of marijuana in a special Drug Enforcement Administration incinerator in Huntington Beach, California. The bulk of the pot roast came from aboard a 68-foot trawler intercepted off Ventura last January. The 16.7-ton stash was the largest in the history of Southern California. John Van Diver, DEA regional chief, and Albert Bergesen, Customs commissioner, supervised the pot roast after moving the dope from a Customs warehouse at Terminal Island. The furnace is equipped with a large gas-flame afterburner. The weed is burned in a chamber where temperatures surpass 2,500 degrees, and the afterburner consumes all smoke and ash.

land County sheriff's deputies, who thought they had seen someone breaking into the Free Hope Church on North U.S. 21.

• A lieutenant in the U.S. Marine Corps has been court-martialed for leading his men on a marijuana-picking expedition in the North Carolina countryside. Kem Vickery, age 28, confessed to a military judge that he instructed five men under his command to follow him on the pot-picking mission because he "felt sorry for enlisted men" and wanted to make them happier. Lieutenant Vickery said that two Marine Corps-issued walkie-talkies were used to coordinate the weed expedition after the platoon was deployed throughout the rolling fields. In response to the search and smoke mission, the Corps dismissed Vickery from duty.

• Belgian police claim that a former World War II RAF pilot flew a quarter-ton of hash from Holland to Belgium aboard a Piper training aircraft rented from a flying club in Elstree, Britain. Jointly charged were retired Wing Commander Jonathan Nunn, 60, from North London and 31-year-old Terence Fillis from South London.

• A man and a woman claim God directed them to import cannabis into Australia. Gregory John Cusak, 22, and Denise Butler, 23, told an Aussie court that they were directed and guided "by our God and Creator to sell it to live on the profits while we spread the word." Denise Butler is alleged to have told the court that "under God's law He gave us the Ten Commandments, and not in one of those Commandments does it state not to import marijuana."

• U.S. Customs at JFK airport in New York seized 710 pounds of hash after it had been detected by a pot-sniffing pooch at the Air India cargo shed. The hash was hidden inside 28 wooden boxes recently arrived from Bombay. Arrested for alleged possession with intent to distribute hash were: Bernard Berman, 56, of Queens, New York; Philip Atlas, 28, of Manhattan, and Barry Jacobs, 29, of Manhattan.

• The Royal Canadian Mounted Police seized one ton of hash in a car traveling the Trans-Canada expressway outside of Montreal. Also seized were a twin-engine Cessna, a truck and two cars.

• Hoping to stem a tide of high crimes, Honolulu police have perched themselves atop a University of Hawaii building. Armed with binoculars, two police officers are on the lookout for illegal kites. Said one of the officers, "There's a regulation against flying kites over 500 feet." It seems that a kite flying over 500 feet presents a hazard to small aircraft.

• Police and sheriff's deputies seized almost $3 million worth of PCP in two raids that netted the arrest of four men and one woman in Compton, California. The police booty consisted of 11 pounds of Angel dust (with enough ingredients to make another 50 pounds), five ounces of heroin, a half-pound of marijuana and $2,000 in cash. Narcs reported that Mitchell McDowell, 23, Palemo Bolin, 19, Vaughn Smith, 25, and Warren Lynch, 24, were arrested. A fifth suspect, 35-year-old Donald Smith of Kansas City, Missouri, was collared four hours after the Compton raid in his room near the University of Southern California campus. All five were booked on suspicion of possession of PCP for sale. Smith was also booked on suspicion of heroin for sale.

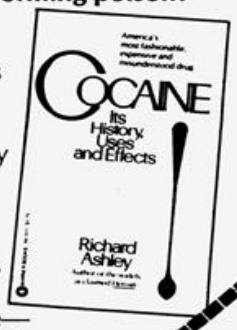


Elberton News

Shocked county sheriffs Adger Moore and Charles Dickerson stumbled across 16 bales of marijuana while walking through a swamp 15 miles east of Elberton, Georgia. The bales contained 1,000 pounds of pot wrapped in paper, packed in Marlboro shipping boxes. After allegedly saving a small amount of the weed for evidence, deputies doused the haul with gasoline and burned it.

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Bowie Busted by Narc Bimbos

Following his pot bust in Rochester, New York, David Bowie has alleged that he was the victim of illegal search and seizure as well as police entrapment. Bowie and two friends who were arrested with him have pleaded not guilty to charges of possessing a half-pound of marijuana.

Bowie, Duane Vaughns and James Ousterberg (a.k.a. Iggy Pop) were arrested after police vice-squad members burst into their hotel rooms, where they allegedly found the weed. Police later admitted that two female undercover narcs had been inside the rooms after being invited by Bowie to a small party. Bowie claims that the two women set up the arrests by being overly friendly to members of the group and encouraging the party.

The police have admitted that they had Bowie's hotel staked out for several hours prior to the arrests and that they received some sort of signal from one of the undercover narcs inside. In addition, no search warrants were produced during the police blitz.



Jed DeKalb



Leni Sinclair

David Bowie and Iggy Pop ham it up after their bust in Rochester, New York. Both say they were victims of police entrapment.



Detroit Sun

Unidentified student sits pretty on a pound of Colombian.

Detroit Student Wins Pound of Colombian

by Martin Porter

On March 31, Michigan politicians in Lansing dealt the death blow to a bill that would have reduced the penalty for possession of 18 grams of cannabis to a $100 fine with no court appearance or jail time required. The bill, sponsored by State Representative William Bryant, had been wavering for months, gradually being watered down and amended into virtual impotence.

But while the legislators were deliberating, dope smokers throughout the state continued business as usual and publicly flaunted the weed's de facto legality. As a political statement and a promotional gimmick to boost circulation, the publishers of the alternative newspaper the Detroit Sun gave away one pound of pure Colombian flower tops.

The winning ticket was pulled from a stuffed burlap bag containing over 7,000 entries. The unnamed winner, a high school student from the Detroit suburbs, later established the authenticity of the prize. "At first I couldn't believe it, but when they shoved that beautiful bag of gold into my face, I knew it was the real stuff. I was totally blown away."

Sun publisher David Fenton explained that the drawing "showed the absurdity of Michigan's marijuana laws." Fenton added that 80 percent of the contestants asked that their names be forwarded to Lansing in support of the Bryant Decriminalization Bill.



Steve Kagan



Steve Kagan

Situated on the University of Michigan Diag, once the scene of fraternity house pranks and antiwar demonstrations, the 1976 Ann Arbor Hash Bash brought together over 5,000 tokers. Braving the cold weather and constant drizzle, the congregation of dope smokers, paraphernalia dealers, musicians, mimers, jugglers, food venders and street performers dubbed this year's bash as "the first dope smokers' convention." Police surveillance was minimal. Ann Arbor Deputy Police Chief Harold Wolfson explained that no arrests were made nor had any $5 fines been levied during the Hash Bash.


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HOW WE GOT OUR DOPE LAWS

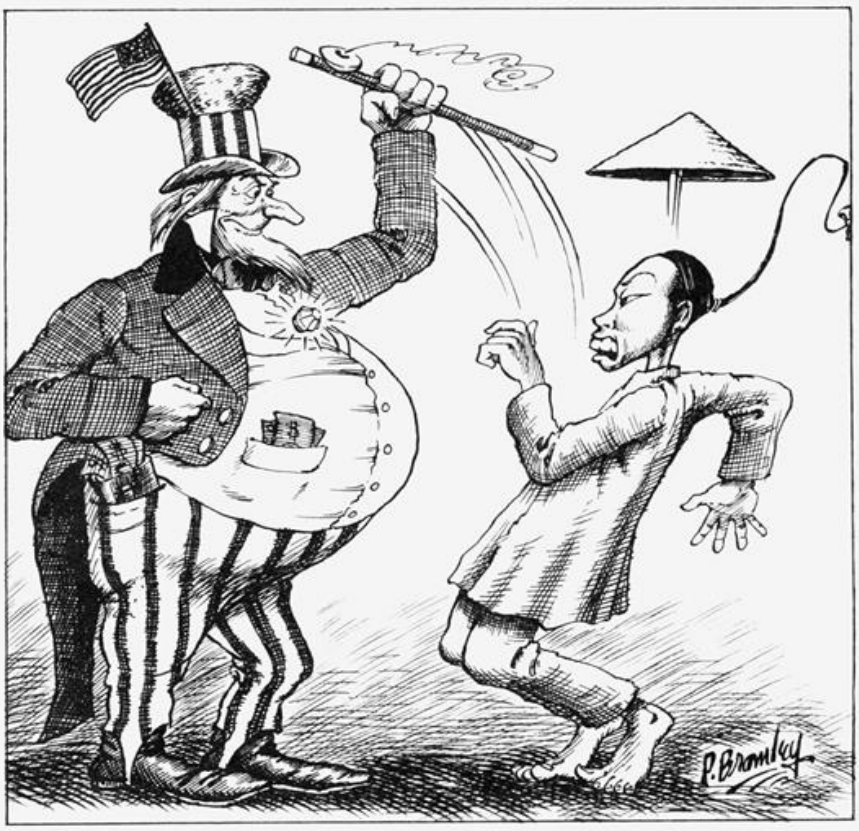
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Snake-Oil Humbug Deposed!



By Richard Ashley

Nowadays, you hardly ever hear one of those frightening San Francisco tales of a forty-niner's daughter shanghaied by a fatal pipeful of opium in a Chinatown hop joint. Must be 50 years, at that, since a Southern belle was fettered to a fare-thee-well by a burly buck blackamoor coked to the gills on horse powders. The wild, wild West has been cleaned up, too—no more spaced-out wetbacks pumping the sheriff and his men full of lead after one toke. And it must be at least a decade since an acidhead went blind staring at the sun for nine hours. So—at least to judge by the stated goals of those who first sought to banish opium, cocaine, marijuana and LSD from popular consumption—the

drug laws we enjoy today must be considered a resounding success.

Of course, equally dire consequences can be traced to unforeseen aftereffects of the drug laws, too. The popularity of all the above-mentioned highs and others, the criminalization of millions of generally harmless and docile citizens, the wasteful public support of a billion-dollar drug law-enforcement industry, the cost of keeping heads in jail, of teaching schoolchildren about the evils of drugs, of rehabilitating addicts (many times what it would cost to maintain their habits), the loss of untold fortunes in federal revenue to the tax-free cavaliers who smuggle and distribute the verboten wares and, above all, the ever-rising cost of dope itself—all these are direct or indirect results of our antidope legislation. Are these social traumas, intellectual chimeras and double-digit deficits worth a few virgins and sheriffs? Hardly—but throwing thousands of narcs on the unemployment line isn't a solution that will get many votes for the person who proposes it. Still, it must be allowed that these vexing circumstances were inconceivable to the people who first flogged our "drug problems" into law. They brought about this alarming state of affairs from a set of goals that were both ruthlessly economical and ardently idealistic in their nineteenth-century origins; goals and ideals typical of the energy Westerners burned up carrying the White Man's Burden of bettering his brothers of other colors. The best that can be said of this hypocritical passion for moral uplift that motivated our forebears is that a lot of them were sincerely stupid enough to believe that it actually would do the savages some good.

The Chinese who were brought to California to build the first transcontinental railroad in the mid-nineteenth century served a traditionally noble purpose in the spread of Christendom by doing jobs too demeaning, too ill-paid and too damn hard for white men to do themselves. Hard labor for coolie wages wasn't a bad bargain, though, for peasant refugees from famine, horrible pestilence and the tyranny of the excremental Dowager Empress. Under those conditions, white man and Celestial got along fairly well until 1875—a year of severe economic depression. It was then that the Chinese became dangerous rivals to the job prospects of native-born workers. John Chinaman became the object of bitter resentment and racial prejudice. It was then, too, that Americans discovered the hideous threat opium presented to our way of life.

Prior to 1875, it was difficult to find any mention of opium's inherent evils. In that year, though, the press discovered the "white slave traffic." Diabolical Chinamen were plying young women with opium, destroying their wills, rav-

High Centonial

How to Make a Fortune After Legalization

By Glenn O Brien

Organized crime found Prohibition a bonanza and reaped millions by bootlegging, rumrunning and operating illegal breweries. But few underworld figures made the transition into the legitimate liquor business after Repeal. Instead, the mob turned to other rackets—gambling, hard narcotics, prostitution and "protection." Some of the speak-easy owners like Toots Shor, and Charles Kriendler of "21," went legitimate after Repeal and established worldwide reputations as respectable restaurateurs.

Repeal did not bring the instant rebirth of the American liquor industry. America's taste in spirits runs to whiskey; gin, vodka and rum did not make significant inroads on sales until recent years. But good whiskey has to be aged anywhere from four to eight years, or even more. Thus the distilleries that started up again after 1933 did not have a product to market for several years. In fact, the rye whiskey industry, centered in Maryland and Pennsylvania, never really revived, which meant that the demand for whiskey had to be filled from the stock on hand.

That's how the really big fortunes in liquor were made—not during Prohibition, but after Repeal. And they were made legitimately—or close to it—by a few with foresight. During Prohibition there had been a demand for illegal spirits, and the mob had filled it. Come Repeal there was an even greater demand for legal spirits, and those who filled it became multimillionaires.

A stark steel-and-glass skyscraper rises majestically from the corner of 53rd Street on Manhattan's Park Avenue. Designed by Mies van der Rohe, the building has been hailed by many critics as the finest example of modern architecture, the Parthenon of the twentieth century. It is also—in fact if not in name—a monument to bootlegging. It is the Seagram Building.

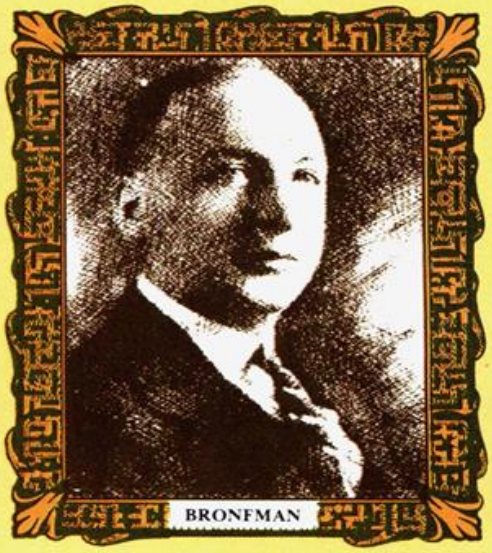
Seagram is the largest distiller in the world, selling more than 100 brands of spirits in 200 different countries, with receipts in 1974 of more than $1.5 billion. The story of Seagram is the story of the Bronfman family. It's an apt name; in Yiddish *bronfen* means "whiskey."

In 1889 Yechiel and Muriel Bronfman left their grist mill in Bessarabia to escape Russian pogroms and persecutions. They settled in western Canada, where Bronfman worked as a horse trader and real-estate broker while fathering four sons. In time he became the owner of three small hotels, which his sons managed; most of the hotels' business was transacted in their bars.

In 1916 several Canadian provinces enacted Prohibition laws, not for moral reasons as later in the United States, but as a grain-conserving measure during World War I. Yechiel's son Samuel discovered a loophole in the law that started him on his way to a fortune in the whiskey business. The prohibition applied only to liquor sales *within* a province; it did not apply to sales *across* provincial lines. So Samuel launched a soon-booming business, selling whiskey by mail order.

In 1925 the Bronfman brothers bought their first distillery—the Joseph E. Seagram Co., Ltd. in Montreal. A few miles to the south, Prohibition was the law of the land, but the border between the U.S. and Canada was 3,000 miles long and often lightly patrolled. The Bronfmans' distillery went full blast turning out liquor for American consumption. As fast as the bottles were corked, Sam Bronfman shipped them to Windsor, Ontario, and sold them to bootleggers who loaded them onto speedboats for the short spin across the Detroit River to the United States. It is estimated that during Prohibition, Bronfman sold a million gallons of whiskey a year to American bootleggers.

By 1930 the Canadian government, bowing to pressure, had banned the ex-


BRONFMAN

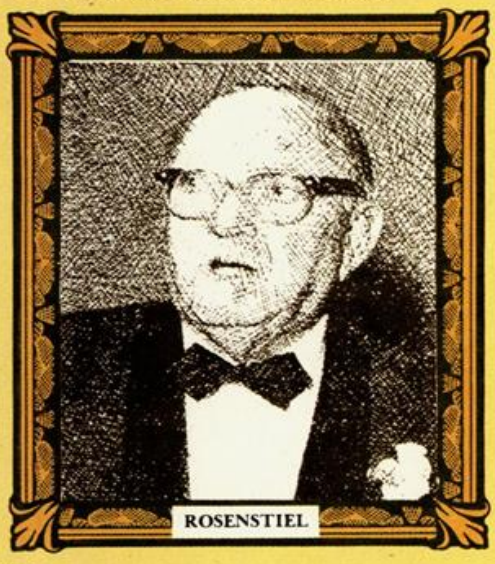
port of Canadian liquor to the States. Once again Sam Bronfman found a loophole in the law. He simply shipped the booze from Montreal to the small islands of Saint Pierre and Miquelon, a French territory off the coast of Nova Scotia, where "rumrunners" picked it up for surreptitious shipment to the U.S.

In later life Bronfman never denied that Prohibition made him rich. As he put it, "I never went on the other side of the border to count the empty Seagram's bottles."

But if Prohibition made him rich, Repeal made him even richer. In 1933 he *did* cross the border to set up the American branch of the business, Joseph E. Seagram Co., Inc., in New York City. With his stock of Canadian whiskey, he was ready to slake America's thirst, and with the American distilleries that he acquired or built, Bronfman was soon ready to cater to local tastes.

During the 1930s Sam Bronfman edged out his brothers and acquired full control of the company. He ensconced his family in baronial estates in Montreal and New York's Westchester County. (Bronfman's grandson and namesake was kidnapped from the Westchester estate last August; he was released unharmed after his family paid a $2.5 million ransom.)

As the years passed, Sam Bronfman tried to erase his image of being a bootlegger and hard-bitten businessman. He contributed generously to charity—especially to Jewish causes—and he became a patron of the arts. Still, when an interviewer asked him to name the greatest achievement of the human mind, he immediately answered, "Interest."


ROSENSTIEL

In 1906 a fifteen-year-old Cincinnati boy named Louis S. Rosenstiel got a job as a $3.50-a-week belt-splicer at the Susquemac Distilling Company in Milton, Kentucky. By the time he retired from the whiskey business a half-century later, Rosenstiel's fortune was estimated at more than $25 million, and his income amounted to more than $1 million a year. He lived a life of what a judge described as "Byzantine luxury"—a 28-room townhouse in Manhattan, an 1,800-acre estate in Connecticut, an 18-room winter home in Florida, trips to Europe and all the other good things that money can buy. Like Samuel Bronfman, Louis Rosenstiel found his opportunity in Prohibition and cashed in on Repeal.

Rosenstiel rose slowly through the ranks of lower management in the whiskey business, but when Prohibition came, he was out of a job. For a while he sold shoes, then bonds. While vacationing on the French Riviera in 1922, he met Winston Churchill, who was temporarily out of office at the time. Churchill's known fondness for a social nip now and then was well known; he also had an astute eye for human frailty. Knowing that America's Prohibition couldn't last long, he advised Rosenstiel to prepare for the eventual return of legal liquor sales.

Rosenstiel heeded his counsel. He returned to the United States and, with his limited assets, bought several boarded-up distilleries plus a functioning one in Schenley, Pennsylvania, that had a license to make medicinal whiskey—one of the few alcoholic beverages exempted during Prohibition. Rosenstiel stretched the license to the limit. He produced as much whiskey as he could. But instead of selling it to bootleggers, as Bronfman did, he aged it. As the Roaring Twenties faded into the Depression Thirties, he accumulated a vast stock of liquor in anticipation of Repeal.

When Repeal finally came, he owned virtually the only available stock of American whiskey. He incorporated his holdings as Schenley Distillers (now Schenley Industries) and with the profits reaped from those first sales, quickly branched out by buying up other distillers, including I. W. Harper, a good Bourbon manufacturer. His profits may have come from other spirits, but true to his Kentucky roots in the whiskey business, Rosenstiel was always partial to Bourbon. "It's the only American folk whiskey," he said.

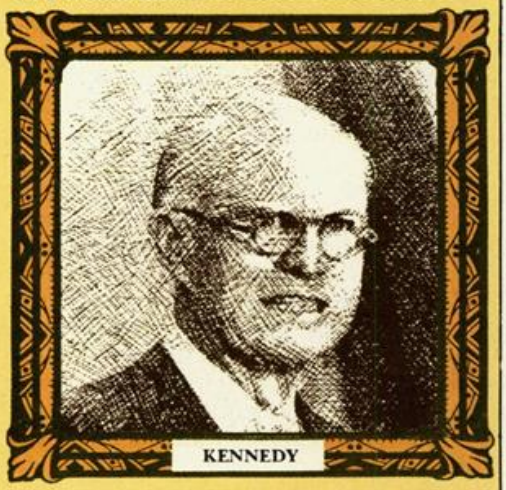
There's an old adage that it takes money to make money. One of the men who profited from both Prohibition and Repeal was Joseph P. Kennedy, who was already fantastically wealthy. By 1933, "the founding father" of the clan that produced an American president and two United States senators had already made millions in Boston banking, New York stock manipulations and Hollywood movies. But he was never one to shun a chance to turn a quick buck.

Kennedy had been an enthusiastic supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt's campaign for president, and later was named the first head of the Securities and Exchange Commission. But in September 1933 when he and his wife Rose sailed for England, he was still a private citizen. Accompanying the Kennedys were James Roosevelt, the president's eldest son, and his wife.

The Volstead Act—which defined an intoxicating beverage as one containing one-half of one percent alcohol—had already been amended to allow the brewing and sale of beer. The amendment repealing Prohibition entirely was making the rounds of the states. Kennedy sought to acquire the right to import British-made spirits. He was not alone. Many others were in the competition, but the presence of the president's son in Kennedy's entourage gave the first Irish Brahmin an entry that the others lacked. Among those who helped him through the labyrinths of British business was the ubiquitous Winston Churchill.

Within a few weeks after his arrival in England, Kennedy was named the exclusive American agent for Haig & Haig, Dewar's Scotch and Gordon's gin. Some weeks later he added Ron Rico rum from the British crown colony of Jamaica to the list. Once again Joe Kennedy had cornered the market, as he had so often on Wall Street.

As one rival complained: "We knew that Repeal was coming, so all of us made a mad dash to Europe.I got over late. Everywhere I went Joe Kennedy had been two weeks ahead of me. He had it all."


KENNEDY

Kennedy was not content to leave the precious bottles in Britain while waiting for the lengthy law-making process. Before he'd sailed, he'd organized Somerset Importers and had acquired a government license to import whiskey for "medicinal" purposes. Like Louis Rosenstiel, he stretched his license to the limit.

Thus, weeks before Prohibition officially was ended on December 5, 1933, Kennedy's warehouses were filled with virtually the only available Scotch whiskey in America. He too cashed in.

But, according to one biographer, "Kennedy never liked the liquor business. He apparently regarded it in some way as morally distasteful." In 1946 (the year his son John made his first race for Congress), Kennedy sold Somerset Importers. The business he'd put together a dozen years before for less than $100,000 fetched $8 million. —*Paul Hoffman*

ishing their bodies and spiriting them away to the hells of harlotry. San Francisco passed the first antiopium ordinance in 1875,[1] and Virginia City, Nevada, followed suit in 1876. Nevada prohibited the sale of opiates for nonmedical purposes the next year. By 1891, opium smoking had been outlawed by most of the western states and territories. Still, the smoky yellow peril lingered on—so that even in 1901, the great Samuel Gompers, founder of the American Federation of Labor and friend of the worker, successfully stumped for the renewal of the Chinese Exclusion Act with lurid accounts of little white boys and girls ruined by opium: "Condemned to spend their days in the backs of laundry rooms, these tiny lost souls would yield up their virgin bodies to their maniacal yellow captors."

Notice that it was only opium prepared for nonmedical uses that was banned in Virginia City and points west. This was the heyday of patent medicine, and millions of Americans were more or less in thrall to opiates blended into elixirs of the type W. C. Fields used to sell in quarts to hayseeds for goiter liniment. Nothing said about them, of course. Indeed, few Americans then believed opium to be a harmful drug, but one and all agreed on the essential evil of the Chinaman. Banning his opium gave whatever grounds anyone needed to harass, arrest, blacklist and generally thwart the Chinaman from becoming a law-abiding, tax-paying citizen.

Of course, millions viewed the abolition of opium smoking as a charitable measure taken to uplift the heathen from his superstitious lot and give him a dose of much-needed civilization. Strictures on opium were seen as one more philanthropic gesture in the schedule of child-labor reform, women's rights, trade unions and other hot topics of the day. Still, even the most optimistic liberals of the period threw their hands up in despair at the unappeasable appetites of the Southern Negro.

One firmly established axiom of the nineteenth century, still cherished by many today, held that there is nothing a black man wants so much as a white woman. Unconfined by constant vigilance, he will force his unwelcome attentions upon her in the most alarming manner. And when in the early 1900s, stories began emanating from the South about white women raped and ravished by cocaine-crazed Negro Lotharios, that drug swiftly surpassed opium as the chief threat to American sovereignty, motherhood, etc.

The coke-crazed nigger raper stories coincided with the end of Reconstruction—the years when the new industrial South was taking over Congress and relegating the Fifteenth Amendment to the woodpiles. The traditional politics of white trash came into play as well, for the translation of the old, independent Dixie backwoodsman into an urban factory hand in those years required the maintenance of a despicable black stereotype whom even the wretched redneck could deplore. The "fact" that blacks were sexual degenerates who fueled their fires with cocaine was a convenient coincidence indeed.

Considering how few white people fall into the hands of white slavers in Chinatown opium dens, are raped by black coke freaks, gunned down by stoned Mexicans or go blind staring at the sun on acid, the laws against O, cocaine, grass and LSD must be seen as a resounding success.

Only a generation before, the strongest argument for banning prepared opium had been that the Chinese used it to seduce young white women into a life of unspeakable depravity. In 1911, though, U.S. Opium Commissioner Dr. Hamilton Wright said that cocaine "more than any other drug, is used by those concerned in the white slave traffic to corrupt young girls." That same year, the New York Times declared: "It is the unanimous opinion of every state and municipal [law enforcement] organization ... that the misuse of cocaine is a direct incentive to crime; that it is perhaps of all factors a singular one in augmenting the criminal ranks." In 1908, the Times had written: "The dull white crystals, which look not unlike fine rock candy, contain the most insidious effects known to man." Although none of these statements was borne out by then (or now) available scientific evidence, 46 states had outlawed cocaine before its abolition was made federal (and uniform with the existing local opium statutes) by the Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914.

Criminal dope fiends ran rampant through the American tabloids from the early years of this century, but none of them smoked marijuana until the 1930s. What finally put grass on the front pages and aroused grave national concern over the killer weed was its popularity in states west of the Mississippi, into which there had been a steady influx of Mexicans beginning with the First World War, and the ensuing shortage of agricultural labor. The fact that the Mexicans smoked weed was in itself enough to foster prohibitory actions, if only on the principle that it never hurts to have a law on the books with which to clout the minorities when they step out of line. So most of the western and southwestern states had passed antimarijuana legislation by the 1930s, but in so casual a manner that the local newspapers rarely took notice of the fact. Not, that is, until the stock market crash of 1929. Then, as with the Chinese before them, an economic depression pitted the Mexicans in dangerous rivalry against white workers for the few jobs still available. Voluntarily or by force, over 200,000 were returned to Mexico between 1931 and 1932. Drug busts were merely one of the pretexts used to deport them, but fear of grass and its users made hostility toward Mexicans respectable. All at once the terrible consequences of smoking grass became clear to everyone who didn't smoke it.

Alarmed police officials rushed out bulletins pinpointing marijuana as the source of current "crime waves." Their statements read as if they had simply dusted off their cocaine files and substituted "marijuana" every place "cocaine" had appeared and "Mexican" for "Negro." A typical example of the state of the art in 1932 came from the Chief Detective of the Los Angeles Police Department: "In the past we have had officers of this department shot and killed by Marihuana addicts and *have traced the act of murder directly to the influence of Marihuana, with no other motive.* Numerous assaults have been made upon officers and citizens with intent to kill by Marihuana addicts which were directly traceable to the influence of Marihuana."

Another is a letter from an Alamosa County, Colorado, newspaper editor, which stunned senators at the hearings on the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937. After describing a sexual assault on a young woman of the area by a Mexican "under the influence of marijuana," the writer went on to plead, "I wish I could show you what a small marijuana cigarette can do to one of our degenerate Spanish-

(continued on page 54)

1. There were exceptions, however, mainly in the form of speeches made in the House of Commons in opposition on humanitarian grounds to the Opium Wars (1840–42) that the British conducted in China to open the Forbidden Kingdom as a market for its Indian opium. Britain's public conscience eventually resolved the matter by adopting the attitude that while opium was a dreadful menace to be sure, it couldn't cause much harm if its smoking was confined to the already debased Chinese.



Your Daddy Was a Weirdo

200 Years of Occult Politics in America

By Glenn O'Brien

"there is no eye—there is only a series of mouths—long live the mouths—your rooftop—if you don't already know—has been demolished . . . eye plasma & you are right about that too—you are lucky—you don't have to think about such things as eyes & rooftops & quazimodo." —*Bob Dylan, liner notes, Highway 61 Revisited*

On Sunset Boulevard, midway between Schwab's Drugstore and Beverly Hills, there is a drive-in organic sidewalk café called The Source. The neon that makes this "The Strip" is invisible till the sun goes down, and nobody walks in L.A., so just about the only sign of life on Sunset, outside the hermetically sealed stream of cars tuned to various radio stations, is The Source. Tan blondes in halter tops lounge in the sun. Record-company types munch rabbit food. Tuesday, Dylan and other new-age celebrities favor the place because the juice is freshly squeezed and you can order a yoga milkshake.

The only drag is that you can't smoke. If you do smoke, one of the hippie-haired

waiters or waitresses will come over and tell you to put it out, very politely and with total eye contact. If contact is prolonged, you are bound to notice a certain aura, shall we say, of mission; an aura not hard to find in postacid California.

Out behind the restaurant, at the back of the parking lot, is The Source's geodesic dome. Parked next to the dome is the Source Commune's VW van. On the spare-tire cover mounted on the front end is a very brightly colored, but otherwise accurate, rendering of the reverse side of the Great Seal of the United States (the side with the eyeball pyramid depicted on each and every dollar bill). This design is also painted considerably larger on The Source's sign, which pulls the cars in off the Strip. Above the incomplete pyramid floats an eye in a radiant dayglo triangle. Of course, the Source Commune added a few things to the standard buck design—like some planetary and elemental shorthand—but everything that's on the bill is reproduced up there on the big sign, including the Latin inscriptions, *Annuit Coeptis* and *Novus Ordo Seclorum*.

If, when the hairy-eyeballed waiter comes over to ask you to put it out, you flash the pyramids on your Camels pack and ask him what the sign means, he may tell you to check your dollar bills. Or if you're lucky, he may tell you about an amazing way to keep your razor blades sharp or about the secret initiation chamber of the Egyptian priesthood. If you put out your cigarette, you might even find out about the Life Force of the Universe. The Source's help has answers to lots of questions. Sixties-anachronistic yet prospering, the place is a kind of vortex of apocalyptic huckstering. The food is healthy, the atmosphere is laid back; then again, Charles Manson ate here.

Best to put out your cigarette and ask for the check. The air of the Strip can make it a little close out there in traffic—the brown rice tastes like lead and your eyes start to sting. Besides, the trademark eye The Source shares with Uncle Sam, staring down and making contact, following you to the restroom, can start to give you enough food for thought to puke yogurt down the Strip from Dino's to the La Brea tar pits.

If you have a buck handy, take it out. Just an ordinary one-dollar bill. Forget about the hidden penises on the portrait of George—on the flip side of the bill is engraved the Great Seal of the United States, its front and its back. The front is the familiar spread eagle as it appears on the president's podium and shot glasses, arrows in one claw, olive branch in the other, a banner proclaiming *E Pluribus Unum* in its beak. The backside is a little odd, though—being an incomplete pyramid with an eye floating in a glowing triangle where the capstone should be. In the sky above the eye is the caption *Annuit Coeptis*, commonly translated as "He has favored our undertaking," and in a banner below is the slogan *Novus Ordo Seclorum*, "A new order of the ages."

A Great Seal of the United States was authorized by Congress in 1792, but no action was taken to design one, so it was authorized again in 1884. In 1892 funds were allocated in the hope that the seal would be completed in time for the Chicago World's Fair. Both sides of the seal were finally executed, but at the last minute it was decided to hang the reverse side of the seal with its face to the wall because the pyramid crowned with the "all-seeing eye" was considered by those in charge of the fair to be "a dull Masonic emblem, prosaic, spiritless and most inappropriate." So, in fact, the backside of the Great Seal, authorized in Congress in 1792, was first viewed by the public in 1935 when the Right Worshipful Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 32°, put it on the back of the bill that became billions, putting a Masonic eyeball into everyone's pocket.

After he was tortured according to the Master Mason's oaths he had sworn, Captain Morgan came to rest on the bottom of the Niagara River wearing the early American equivalent of cement galoshes.

Whatever the seal's artistic merit, scholars agree that both sides are Masonic emblems of occult meaning. Such meanings can be derived by counting things, and the recurrence of such numbers as 13 and 72 will send them into orgies of numerological frenzy. But more portentous meanings are obvious in the choice of the symbols themselves—especially that weirdo staring pyramid.

Masonic commentators claim that this pyramid, which is legal tender for all debts, public and private, is none other than the Great Pyramid of Cheops at Giza—same one occultists now tell us will mummify ham sandwiches and turn Ripple into Château Lafitte. They say that the presence of this wonder of the world on the seal is emblematic of the continuity of the Craft of Freemasonry from the dawn of historical civilization, when this most perfect monument was constructed through the inspiration of the Great Architect of the Universe, right down to the present day when Master Mason Gerald Ford is the protector and guardian of the seal.

It is also, Masonic writers tell us, symbolic of the origin of the Egyptian civilization in Atlantis and of the concept of America as a New Atlantis, as foretold by Francis Bacon, Masonic superstar. It is the emblem of the unspoken intentions of our founding fathers to establish a nation that might reinstitute the lost mysteries of Atlantis and restore humanity to our happy origins in the Golden Age. The seal is the signature of the secrets of 1776.

Now, when you take a look at your local lodge boys, not to mention top initiates, from Jerry Ford to George Wallace, it's hard to see the Masonic fraternity as a secret conspiracy to create "a new race of men." But in *The Reverse Side of the Seal of the U.S. and Its Symbolism*, Celestia Root Lang explains: "The full significance of the Great Seal of the United States will never be fully understood until the secrets of the Great Pyramid are revealed." Nor do we understand why our occultist president falls down stairs all the time.

Maybe if we squint at the Great Seal's eyeball long enough, the secrets will start to come to us. Holy mackerel, Andy! Could dese be da true intentions of our foundin' fathers? Were the Freemasons in possession of a secret game plan to reinstitute the magical state of Atlantis on American soil? Could this story be on the level?

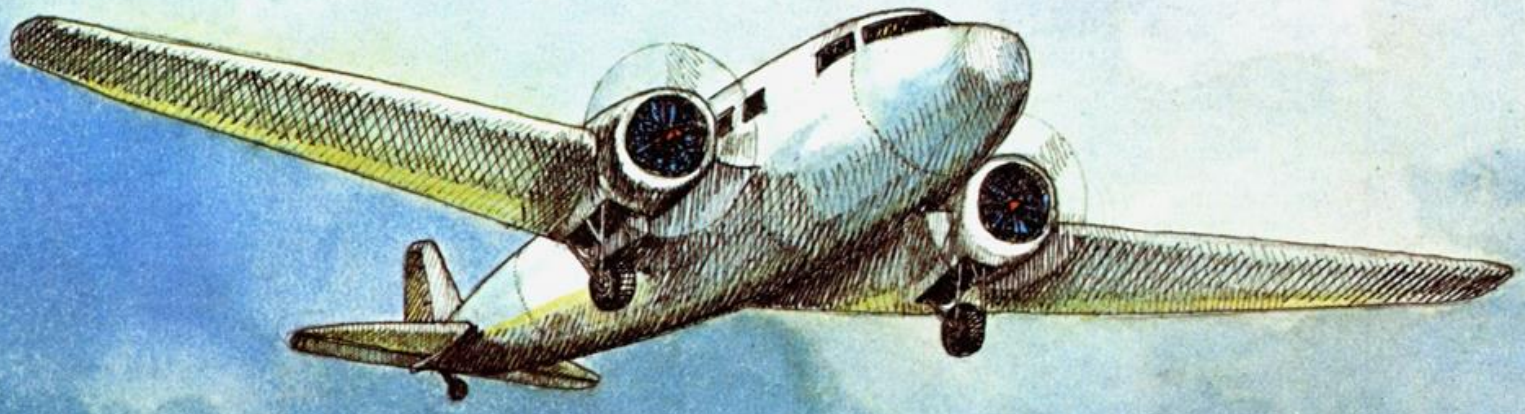
The central mythology of Freemasonry is derived from the story of the building of the Temple of King Solomon. Solomon was aided in this work by the greatest architect in the world, Hiram Abiff, who designed the Temple according to the precepts of the Great Architect of the Universe. Hiram was the master of all the arts of building, including work in stone and metal.

Hiram is mentioned in the Biblical account of the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, but the ritual of Freemasonry goes beyond the Bible and creates a parallel myth, of which Hiram is the central figure. According to the Masons, the builders of the Temple were organized in the same manner as a modern lodge, with various degrees of initiation and their secret signs and grips. The sacred building was erected "without the sound of the hammer, or any tool of iron being heard," according to the plans laid out by Hiram each day at noon.

According to Masonic scholar Manley P. Hall: "Hiram, as Master of the Builders, divided his workmen into three groups, which were termed Entered Apprentices, Fellow Craftsmen, and Master Masons. To each division he gave certain passwords, and signs by which their respective excellence could quickly be determined. While all were classified according to their merits, some were dissatisfied, for they desired a more exalt-

(continued on page 62)

Smuggling Planes



High Times Picks the Top Ten

By Dave Noland

The dope-smuggling pilot has become a kind of modern folk hero. Swashbuckling daredevil and skilled flyer, he can coax an overloaded bush plane off a Band-Aid of a Mexican runway while the *Federales* unload their M-16's at him from the bushes. It takes a special kind of pilot to do that.

And a special kind of airplane: one that can pull you through when the stuff is packed to the roof, the runway is a rutted stretch of back road and the thin, hot air is filled with the scent of danger. Here is a report on ten of the best and an explanation of some technical terms.

Piper Cherokee Six

Payload: 1,050 lbs
Range: 400 miles
Speed: 150 mph
Takeoff roll: 900 ft
Rough-field rating: Poor
Price new: $45,000
Price used: $15,000
Price to rent: $50/hr

The Cherokee Six is one of the most commonly used smuggling planes because it's widely available and has a spacious cabin that is ideal for low-density loads. Payload is slightly less than in the 206, and the Six is not available with a tailwheel. Another disadvantage is the low wing, which is more susceptible to damage from boulders and bushes than the 206's high wing. Large rear cargo door makes loading easy. A new retractable-gear version, introduced this year, is about 20 mph faster and has a slightly longer range.







Piper Super Cub

Payload: 500 lbs
Range: 200 miles
Speed: 100 mph
Takeoff roll: 300 ft
Rough-field rating: Excellent
Price new: $20,000
Price used: $8,000
Price to rent: $25/hr





The Super Cub is a souped-up version of the famous old Piper Cub. Only a two-seater, it is slow and has less range than other aircraft listed here, but it is cheap and will take off and land shorter than almost any of them. With huge, fat tires, it can practically land in a field of boulders. Ideal for small, high-value shipments, like coke, that must be carried out of extremely short runways.



Evangel

Payload: 1,300 lbs
Range: 350 miles
Speed: 160 mph
Takeoff roll: 900 ft
Rough-field rating: Excellent
Price new: $100,000
Price used: $60,000

The boxy, utilitarian Evangel is remarkably well suited to shuttling in tons. It was designed solely to carry heavy loads out of ridiculously short jungle airstrips, and that it does admirably.

Another plus for the Evangel is that when you fly one, God is on your side. This modern, twin-engine plane was designed and built by a missionary pilot who flew the South American jungles—Peru, Bolivia and Colombia—for an outfit called Wycliffe Bible Translators. The designer might not approve of his creation's being used to transport vile substances across borders, but the Evangel remains an almost perfect airplane for carrying enlightenment of another sort. It is powerful, robust and extremely simple to repair; its two engines provide an extra margin of safety.

Only a handful of Evangels were built before the line was taken off the market. Production rights are up for sale, however: this provides a splendid opportunity for an enterprising capitalist/freak to go into business building the dope smuggler's dream airplane.







Lockheed Lodestar



Payload: 3,000 lbs with full fuel, 5,000 lbs with half fuel
Range: 800 miles with full fuel, 400 miles with half fuel
Speed: 230 mph
Takeoff roll: 2,000 ft
Rough-field rating: Good
Price used: $20,000 to $60,000

This is it, the Rolls-Royce, the Peterbilt of dope-smuggling airplanes. The Lodestar is a small, twin-engine airliner built by Lockheed in the Forties, back before they bribed people to buy their airplanes. It's the fastest airplane on our list (under ideal conditions, it will hit 270 mph) and also has the longest range. Payload is enormous, which makes it very popular among high-volume heavy rollers. Convicted smuggler Ken Burnstine, a flamboyant Florida arms dealer and air racing pilot, operated a fleet of Lodestars as the bulwark of his business. (Several of Burnstine's Lodestars crashed, one of them scattering two tons of marijuana along a Florida beach.)

The Lodestar is expensive to operate, but if you're carrying 2,000 kilos, who cares? It also has the distinct disadvantage of being noisy and rare—a real attention-getter—but if you've got the balls and the market for a couple of tons, fly a Lodestar. With a little searching, you might also turn up a Learstar, a higher-powered version of the Lodestar that can hit 300 mph.





Helio Super Courier



Payload: 500 lbs
Range: 650 miles
Speed: 140 mph
Takeoff roll: 150 ft
Rough-field rating: Very good
Price new: $80,000
Price used: $30,000
Price to rent: $75/hr

The huge, stilt-legged Courier is the all-time STOL and slow-flying champion. Its wings have sophisticated aerodynamic gizmos such as full-span, leading-edge slats and slotted flaps and spoilers that allow it virtually to hover at speeds below 30 mph with light loads. Courier is extremely rugged; a steel-tube roll cage makes it the safest and most crashworthy plane in the air, a significant fact for folks who fly at treetop level in mountains at night. The airplane is rather expensive, but for landing in certain mountainous areas there may be no other choice.

Payload figure is misleadingly low because of huge, 120-gallon fuel supply. If, for example, a range of only 300 miles is required, payload can be raised to as high as 800 pounds.



Bede BD-5





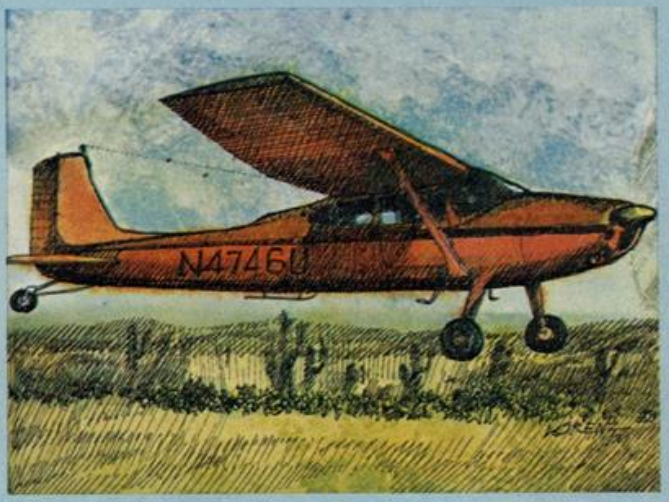
Payload: 10 lbs
Range: 300 miles
Speed: 200 mph
Takeoff roll: 600 ft
Rough-field rating: Pitiful, abominable
Price new: About $10,000 when available

All of our previously listed Top Ten airplanes have one big drawback: they are so well suited for their task that they tend to arouse suspicion among narcs. A Cherokee Six or a Lodestar parked at a small airport in southern New Mexico or Arizona almost cries out, "Search me!" Therefore, it could be argued that the best smuggling planes are those least suited for the task. If this makes sense, you might consider the BD-5, a tiny, one-man rocket ship of an airplane that uses a snowmobile engine and go-kart wheels. Payload is about ten pounds (a bit more if the pilot is skinny), but the BD-5 is so small that it is virtually invisible to radar. Because of payload and space limits, it is suitable only for smuggling packages small enough to hold on your lap. The airplane is very fast—200 mph—and highly maneuverable.

The hitch is, you have to build it yourself, for the BD-5 is available only as a kit for home builders. If you're not in a hurry, the kit manufacturer is promising that the BD-5 will be produced as a complete airplane one of these days.

Cessna 180 and 182

Payload: 550 lbs
Range: 450 miles
Speed: 140 mph
Takeoff roll: 600 ft
Rough-field rating: 180 very good, 182 fair
Price new: $35,000
Price used: $8,000
Price to rent: $40/hr





The Cessna 182 is one of the most popular light planes built today. Thousands of these Chevrolets of the air haul hustling businessmen and clean-cut families all over the place, but there's no reason high society can't take advantage of their load-carrying capabilities, too. The 180 and 182 are basically identical, except that the 180 has a tailwheel and the 182, a nosewheel. The 180, though less popular among upright citizens because of its tailwheel, is far superior for rough-field operations. Both aircraft have high wings for good ground clearance and big flaps for short landings.

The 180 is a common bush plane in Mexico, so Mexican mechanics are more likely to have parts in stock for emergency repairs.

Cessna 185 and 206

Payload: 1,200 lbs
Range: 400 miles
Speed: 150 mph
Takeoff roll: 800 ft
Rough-field rating: 185 very good, 206 fair
Price new: $40,000
Price used: $15,000
Price to rent: $50/hr





The 185 and 206 are higher-powered versions of the 180 and 182. The bigger engine cuts into range, but more than doubles payload. In fact, the 185 will lift more than its own weight in fuel and cargo. A "stretched" version of the 206, called the 207, is available for low-density, high-volume contraband like dry, loosely packed marijuana. The 207 also has a large rear cargo door.

All high-wing Cessnas—180, 182, 185, 206 and 207—offer one nice feature for the dope smuggler. Tie-down hooks are conveniently placed so that smugglers can hang scales from them to weigh dope as it is being loaded aboard.

Glossary

PAYLOAD The payload figure represents the weight of cargo the airplane is designed to carry *in addition to* a pilot and a full tank of fuel; it also permits a 25 percent overload factor. It seems axiomatic that bush planes in general and dope-smuggling planes in particular are regularly loaded above legal maximums.

The payload can be increased by carrying less fuel, but this sacrifices range, a vital factor in most cases.

RANGE A range figure of 500 miles in our table means that the airplane can fly to a pickup point 500 miles away *and return* without refueling. Since any fuel promised at the pickup point may never appear, experienced smugglers count on using only the fuel they have in their tanks.

The range figure does not include a safety reserve. Smugglers habitually operate too close to the edge to allow for untallied surplus; there is no room for miscalculation.

Range is extended by carrying extra fuel in five-gallon cans stashed in the empty cargo compartment during the run to the pickup point. On arrival, the extra fuel is poured into the regular fuel tanks, the empty cans left behind.

SPEED Listed speed is conservative, being well below what the airplane's builders claim. Cessna and Piper measure the speed of shiny new airplanes with perfectly tuned engines at optimum altitude. Our figures reflect the real-world speed achieved by a run-of-the-mill, overloaded, overworked plane that's most likely had the shit beat out of it in bush-flying operations.

TAKEOFF ROLL This figure is the takeoff distance needed by a normally loaded airplane on a dirt strip using expert STOL (Short TakeOff and Landing) technique. Listed distance is for a mild day at sea level—takeoff roll is much longer at high altitude or in hot weather. Overload condition also lengthens takeoff distance.







Douglas DC-3

Payload: 4,000 lbs with full fuel, 6,500 lbs with half fuel
Range: 700 miles with full fuel, 350 miles with half fuel
Speed: 170 mph
Takeoff roll: 1,500 ft
Rough-field rating: Good
Price used: $10,000 to $75,000

The DC-3 was the mainstay of the world's airlines for 30 years, and thousands are still flying all over the world. Most are worn out and weary, and some can be picked up for less than the price of a new single-engine Cessna. (Imagine that: an honest-to-God airliner!) It isn't very fast and won't fly as far as a Lodestar, but it's the best bargain you'll find in terms of payload per dollar. Coming up with a pilot shouldn't be difficult, and if you want to fly it yourself, there are still plenty of flight schools that offer DC-3 training.

Beyond the DC-3, there is a host of old prop-driven transports lying around rotting. Other retired airliners that can be bought cheap and used for smuggling include the DC-4, DC-6 and DC-7, Martin 404, Convair 340 and 440 and Lockheed Constellation. The World War II B-25 bomber also falls into this category.

Incidentally, some enterprising chaps crash-landed a fully loaded, four-engine DC-6 on a mountaintop last year; the narcs caught them before they could unload the monster.

The purchase and use of these aircraft is a specialized business well beyond the scope of this article. Any smuggler interested in a Super Connie or a B-25 will be well advised to know a great deal more about airplanes than appears here.

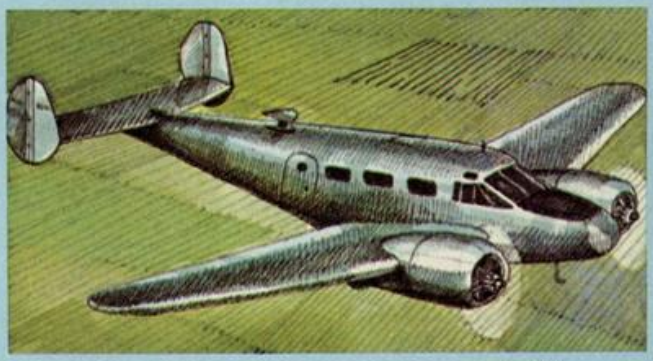
Beech 18

Payload: 2,500 lbs
Range: 450 miles
Speed: 180 mph
Takeoff roll: 1,500 ft
Rough-field rating: Very good
Price used: $8,000 to $40,000
Price to rent: $100/hr

Popularly known as the Twin Beech, the Model 18 was first built in the Thirties and has been out of production for years. It is nevertheless one of the most widely used twin-engine bush planes ever, with a reputation as one tough sumbitch with wings. More than a thousand are still flying. The large payload makes it ideal for high-volume operators.

One caution; many Twin Beeches have been flying so long and hard that they have developed metal fatigue cracks in the wing spars. In one recent case, a wing simply fell off while a Twin Beech was approaching to land. All aboard were killed. If you do choose a Twin Beech for your smuggling operation, make absolutely sure that the spar has been strengthened or checked by X-rays for cracks.

A Twin Beech can be bought for a song, but maintenance and fuel costs are high owing to its old-fashioned radial engines. Most 18's have been modified to some extent; many have had the conventional landing gear replaced with a tricycle-type gear. But for smuggling operations, however, the original, conventional gear is superior.





ROUGH-FIELD RATING A subjective evaluation based on ruggedness, ground clearance, tire size and type of landing gear. An airplane with "conventional" landing gear has a tailwheel and is better able to handle rough ground than a "tricycle" gear airplane, which has a nosewheel.

PRICE NEW This is the manufacturer's suggested retail price plus options necessary for smuggling—long-range fuel tanks, cargo tie-downs, radios and blind flying instruments, for example.

PRICE USED The minimum price for an old, airworthy craft. Price used varies with the age and condition of the plane and market demand for that model.

A word about renting: out of our Ten Best list, only two planes are widely available for rent, the Cherokee Six and the Cessna 182. The rest are usually chartered or leased individually.

Airport operators in such border areas as southern New Mexico, Arizona and Florida are becoming increasingly suspicious of strangers wanting to rent these types of planes—they know novice smugglers stand a good chance of crashing or getting caught in Mexico. Either way, the owner loses his plane. In some areas, in fact, it is virtually impossible to rent a Cherokee Six or a Cessna 182.

So there you have it, the cream of dope-smuggling airplanes. The one you should choose, of course, depends upon your own situation. To haul a couple of tons out of a reasonable runway, fly a Lodestar, by all means. To fly a few pounds off a dirt road in the mountains, the Super Cub is the best bet. To make a rendezvous where even a Super Cub can't get in, the Helio is the only answer. Happy landings. ◘

How We Got Our Dope Laws

(continued from page 46)

speaking residents. That's why our problem is so great; the greatest percentage of our population is composed of Spanish-speaking persons, most of whom are low mentally, because of social and racial conditions." (Whatever they were, they weren't a majority: the Spanish-speaking residents of Alamosa constituted six per cent of the population.)

Like opium and cocaine, marijuana was outlawed without the benefit of any scientific evidence against it. Congressional testimony consisted chiefly of "expert" witnesses reading aloud from tabloid horror stories. Dr. William Woodward, the sole physician whose testimony contradicted the hysterical attacks being made on pot, was warned by a subcommittee chairman, "If you want to advise us on legislation, you ought to come here with some constructive proposals, rather than criticism, rather than trying to throw obstacles in the way of something that the Federal Government is trying to do." And the federal government did it—by passing the Marihuana Tax Act of 1937.

Some 30 years later, in the case of *U.S. v. Timothy Leary*, the Supreme Court declared the Marijuana Tax Act unconstitutional. Leary's real crime, however, had been to introduce America to an entirely new drug, LSD, and this time the dreaded dope fiends were not foreign devils, but the kids next door.

It is difficult to identify a specific economic motive as the source of the anti-LSD campaign. If, for instance, we view the opium, cocaine and marijuana statutes as measures fostered by the white majority of the working class to protect its privileges and wages from the rivalry of a cut-rate labor pool, we also might argue that this time Wall Street abolished LSD to bring the unproductive, economically redundant war babies back into taxable brackets: the hippies were eventually forced to create a capitalist system of their own. So what? What *does* seem to indicate a historical pattern was the way white, middle-class youth were vilified, precisely as their low-caste predecessors had been, as incorrigible dope fiends. LSD was outlawed at the height of a national antihippie hysteria that made previous racist propaganda look like a UNICEF Christmas card. Undoubtably, most of the narcs, squares and other parent types were only trying to do what was best for their kids when they hollered that LSD users were characterized by political affiliations, sexual perversions, French-fried chromosomes and mental handicaps that made them unfit for decent society, but it didn't help matters when the acidheads allowed as how everything people said about them was true, and even worse. The hippie lifestyle had thoroughly asserted itself as an un-American activity when LSD was banned by an act of Congress in 1966.

Opium, cocaine, marijuana and LSD statutes—currently united in the Comprehensive Drug Abuse and Control Act of 1970—all embody a series of holding actions taken by dominant economic interests in the United States against minority groups that threatened them, or seemed to, at various times in the past century. Usually the laws were passed on the coattails of an outbreak of spontaneous racism, even though often tempered by the white man's taste for missionary work. Actually, what seems like one of our relatively more enlightened drug laws—the Congressionally granted right of Native American Church Indians to practice their traditional peyote ritual—smacks of the same bias. To wit: peyote isn't fit for white folk, but your basic redskin is so debased to begin with that a mouthful of cactus juice can't do him any harm—might sober him up a bit, at that.[2]

In virtually every instance, this pattern was endorsed by the majority of the physicians of the day, despite the virtual vacuum of scientific facts in every case. Organized medicine never challenged the criminal dope-addict myth, either, although until the 1930s, most physicians had extensive experience with drug users and knew perfectly well that they were not the fiends depicted in the tabloids. Yet for every doctor who spoke from his own experience, hundreds went along with the prevailing hysteria. The reasons lie in the economically and scientifically turbulent history of medicine in the nineteenth century.

Few Americans believed opium to be a harmful drug, but one and all agreed on the essential evil of the Chinaman.

Western medicine took the big step up from the leech when F. W. Serturner isolated morphine from opium in 1803, sparking a wave of research that led to the isolation of all the important plant alkaloids—mescaline and cocaine among them. Serturner's feat made it possible to prescribe a measured drug dose and to do accurate research on the differences between specific doses. With herbs and berries, this had been impossible. The morphine content of opium, for example, varied from batch to batch. While a physician might know that deadly nightshade and henbane had their uses, he couldn't consult a textbook to find out how much could be given to a patient without killing him until atropine had been isolated. Seventy years later, the germ theory of disease gave doctors specific biological entities to combat. Thus the art of healing became a science, and the doctors became professionals. Proud of their new knowledge, the medical establishment decreed that illness could only be treated properly by qualified physicians and set out to consolidate a monopoly on drugs and healing.

But in late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century America, the prevailing practice of self-medication and the patent medicine industry that catered to it were formidable obstacles in the doctors' path. Whatever the state of the new medical science, the average American had little faith in doctors. Many of them had no training worth mentioning, and countless others had obtained their credentials from diploma mills. As late as 1870 the dean of the Harvard Medical School explained his omission of written examinations in the curriculum by saying, "a majority of our students cannot write well enough." Self-medication was the sensible and traditional alternative. The patent medicine industry increased its sales twentyfold between 1859 and 1903.[3] But while a minority of doctors and pharmacists tried to expose patent medicines for what they were—colorful bottles of grain alcohol, inert placebos, plus the cocaine and opiates that could be purchased cheaper in pure form—the majority did not look beyond their immediate self-interest. Patent medicines accounted for a substantial part of any pharmacist's income, and the most potent voice of the doctors, their medical journals, received the greater part of their income directly from patent-medicine advertisements.

A few physicians worried publicly about the dangers of patent medicines—especially the likelihood of addiction to opium in such a pretty bottle. That peril did not have much effect on the public: by 1900 there were some 600 opiate-based patent medicines on the market, and all were selling briskly. Addiction simply didn't seem so awful when all drugs were legal and inexpensive and you weren't ostracized by your neighbors

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2. For the record, Mexican peyote has been banned longer than any other drug in the Western Hemisphere, having gone on the Index of the Spanish Inquisition in 1604.

3. Largely due to its precocious use of advertising; for a full account of the primitive but effective campaigns that openly marketed opium, cocaine and hemp extracts to our forefathers, see James Harvey Young's entertaining history of patent medicines, *Toadstool Millionaires* (Princeton, 1975).



Sinsemilla

Sex-Starved Seedless Supersmoke that Anyone Can Grow

By Warren Dearden
Photo Essay by
Jerry Corlew

Dope fiends who've just been turned on to their first joint of sinsemilla are liable to suspect that a trick's been played on them, that their benefactor has sprinkled a taste of hash oil on the stuff or cured it in a psychedelic. Not because there's anything peculiar about its taste or weird about its buzz, but simply because it's so outrageously stony. Stonier by a big jump than any reefer they've ever smoked, even Thai weed. As potent, toke for toke, as fine Afghani hashish.

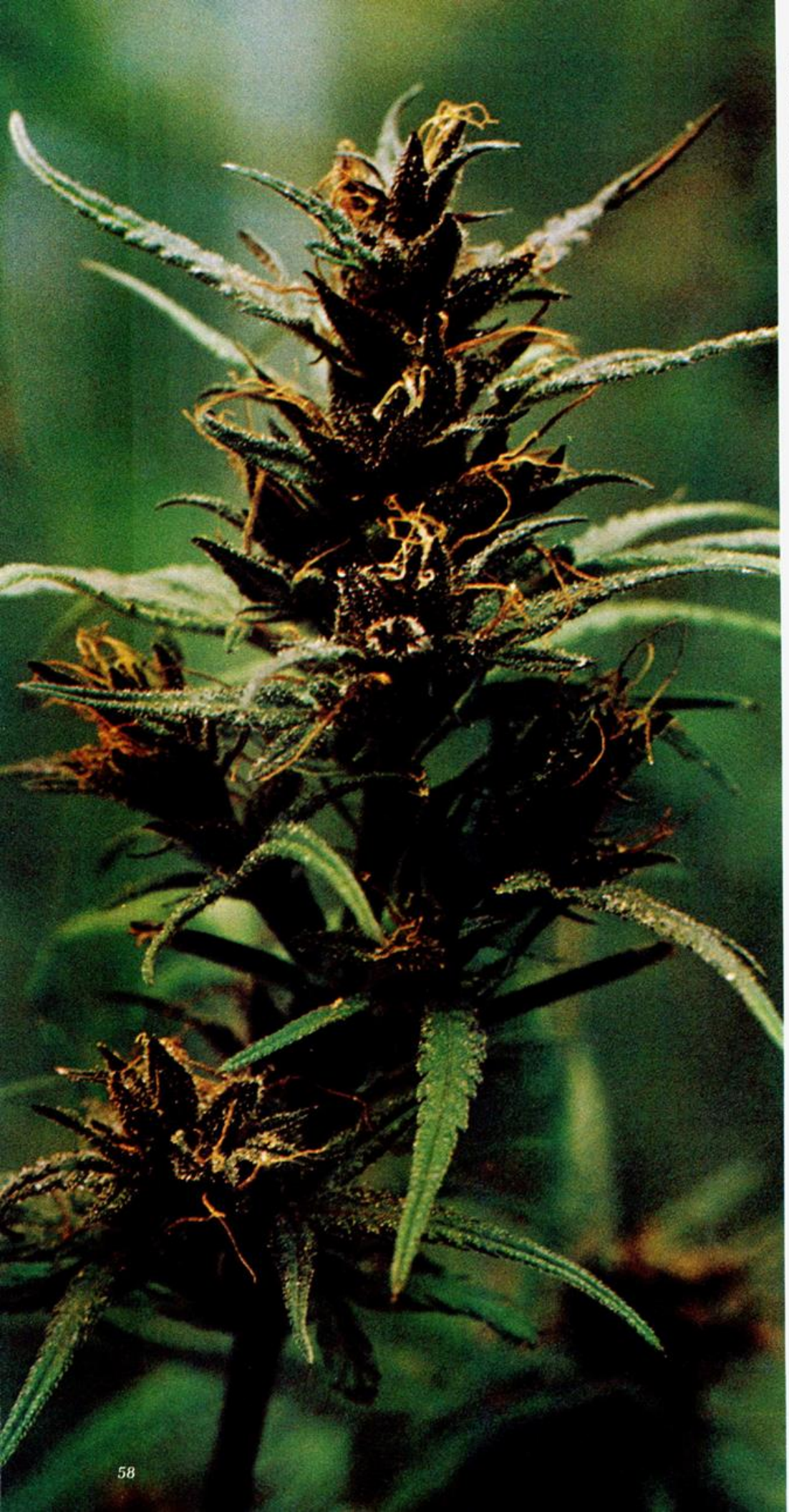
Sinsemilla is atrociously expensive: even in Hawaii and California where it's most available, it fetches up to $200 per ounce. Three joints worth tied around a lollipop stick retails to Bay Area connoisseurs as a "Thai stick" for $20 or $25.

Sin semilla (sin-se-mē-ya), a Spanish term meaning "without seeds," describes the most obvious

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physical characteristic of this wonderful dope. Now that doesn't mean that the seeds have been removed by some toothless peasant laborer. It's dope that never had seeds, that grew without seeds. The buyer should look for a well-developed flowering top, frosted all over with a glittery dust, like a cinnamon doughnut. When examined closely, its bracts (seed pods) should be completely formed but empty, or they might contain a tiny white infertile seed.

Seedlessness is no novelty in the plant world. Oranges, grapes and bananas are obvious examples of plants that have had their natural reproductive methods bred out of their genetic scheme entirely and that are nowadays propagated by other methods. Seedlessness is a characteristic widely sought by plant breeders, since it is often associated with richer foliage, juicier fruit, larger flowers and more of them. But seedlessness in *Cannabis sativa* has not been developed through genetic or hormonal manipulation. Sinsemilla can be grown by anybody, anywhere in the world, with any marijuana seeds. Phenomenal stoniness is already programmed into the genes of every dope seed in the world. The secret of sinsemilla is nothing more than good old-fashioned horniness.

A horny marijuana plant—sounds farfetched. Though we know that cannabis reproduces dioeciously (male and female flowers on different plants), we tend to imagine its intercourse as a dull and passionless business. But we have been misled by our biology teachers, who never mentioned hot throbbing stamens and quivering hungry carpels. In fact, dope plants enjoy intense love lives, beside which our own seem limp and pallid. Their sexual organs number in the hundreds and thousands; they can (and do) get it on with dozens of partners simultaneously. They are, male and female each in their own way, absolutely monomaniacal in their horniness.

The male plant's love life is one of literally suicidal intensity. Up until the ninth or tenth week of his life, he is largely undistinguishable from his sisters. But then during an abrupt three or four days of puberty, he develops sexual organs—tiny, pendulant, scrotumlike flowers. When these flowers open, in the course of a single orgiastic day, he scatters enough pollen to the wind from his hundreds of flowers to impregnate thousands of females, immediately after which he droops over and dies.

The love life of a female is not so spectacular, but she is every bit as voracious in her horniness. From the time she begins producing flowers, normally about the tenth week of her life, she has little energy for anything else: she grows little in height; she makes tiny one- and three-pointed leaves instead of the larger five-, seven- and nine-pointed ones she produced as a girl. By her twelfth week,

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Sexpot

By John Carlisle



News Item: Dr. Milton Siegel, noted psychopharmacologist and the nation's foremost authority on effects of the hemp plant, *Cannabis sativa*, predicts that by the turn of the century sexuality will have undergone its most face-lifting metamorphosis. "Fucking is not as popular as it once was," explains Dr. Siegel. "Every day more and more people are turning to marijuana for sexual enhancement, and as this psychotropic aphrodisiac becomes the center of their lives, it will inevitably replace all other pleasures, including sexual pleasure, as it has already for countless millions." Although his colleagues have unanimously refuted the hypothesis, Dr. Siegel insistently forewarns that the transformation of sex is imminent.

"How 'bout it, Stubble? Ya gonna get the ol' joint blown tonight?"

The halfback wriggled out of his kinky supporter, revealing the source of his nickname, and kicked the elastic across the locker-room floor. "Yeah, I suppose," he answered coolly. "Gotta date with Stroker."

"Oooh, nice goin', Stub. Stroker's the best goddamn head in school."

"Dildoshit!" grunted Kobylinski, clapping the mud from his cleats as he ambled toward us. "Dat bitch plays around with da fuckin' thing too much. Gloria Godown's da best head in dis school. She jus' sticks it right in her mouf and blows."

This was the sort of toxic, locker-room badinage that followed every game and usually offered more of a challenge than any opposition afield. I couldn't resist.

"Godown's good, all right," I offered, "and so is Stroker, but neither of those chicks can suck on it like Melissa Berstoff."

"Wha?" Kobylinski blurted dumbly. "Who da fuck is Melissa Berstoff?"

"Say," remembered Stubble, "isn't Berstoff that transfer from Wannugit High? The chick with the big hits everybody's been talking about?"

"Yeah," I said, "but it's not just her big hits, man. A friend o' mine over at Wannugit tells me she's blown just about every kind of joint there is: Jamaican, Mexican, Colombian, McDonald's . . . you name it. And what's more," I added, "she's sittin' out in the car waiting for me right now." The locker room was hushed with envy as I stretched into my blazer and headed for the door.

When approaching the cutoff that would lead us to Pubic Point, I firmed my grip on Melissa's thigh and veered sharply from the highway. The road we followed was an abrasive gamut of brambled density, an obese bridal path that seemed better suited to horseplay than any equestrian art. Our conversation had taken a similar route.

"Don't be ridiculous, Harold," Melissa was saying. "The size of the joint doesn't matter one bit."

"You mean . . .?"

"I mean all that crap about big, fat joints being more pleasing is just bullshit. It's quality girls are really looking for, Harold, not quantity. Why some of the best joints I've blown weren't even *this* big." Melissa arched a thumb and index finger just above the steering wheel in front of me, indicating a size that approximated a large insect, a roach perhaps. "Besides," she continued, "that size-of-the-joint blurp is just a sham perpetrated by women to show you men what it's like to feel inadequate."

"Inadequate!" I barked. "What the . . ."

"Oh, c'moff of it, Harold. You know what I'm talking about. Hits, man. Nice, full hits. Big, breath-taking hits. Little hits, fake hits, hits, hits, hits. That's all you guys ever think about. All you ever talk about. I mean, this *is* America, and you *are* a red-blooded, American male, so you *do* get off on big hits, right?"

"Well . . . yeah . . . I suppose you're right, Melissa."

Just then my headlights found the clearing, and noticing a well-hung willow at the far end of the glade, I eased through the waterfall of flaccid branches. "This okay?" I asked. Melissa nodded her approval, so I took a small box of capsules from my coat pocket, struggled out of my blazer and tossed it in the back seat.

"What's in the box, Harold?" she queried.

I lowered my head to Melissa's knees and lifted her skirt simultaneously. "I dunno," I said, "It's dark down here. I can't see."

"You know what I meant, Harold. The box in your hand. What's in it?"

"Oh, *that* box. Just some uppers," I said matter-of-factly.

"Uppers!" she screamed. "For Christsakes, Harold, what're you doing with a box of uppers?"

"Quite obviously I was planning on using one of them," I told her.

"In me?!" she yelped, genuinely astonished at the prospect. "You actually want to stick one of those repulsive-looking things inside *my* body?"

"Jesus Christ, Melissa! You do know what uppers are used for, don't you?"

"Of course I know what they're used for, Harold, but they're so . . . so . . . phallic looking, and besides, it's like you're not really doing it when you use something artificial like that."

"Dammit, Melissa, I don't like using uppers any more than you do, but this joint I've got is really potent. Suppose we don't use an upper, and you get knocked out? Then what?"

"What if I did get knocked out, Harold," she shot back. "You tell me."

Without thinking, I blurted out the answer. The one thing no woman can bear to hear. "I guess I'd have to carry you," I said.

"Have to?!" she wailed. "So that's the way you feel about it. That you'd *have* to! Do you really think I'd *let* you carry me, Harold, and spend the rest of my life knowing that you only carried me because you *had* to?"

"C'mon now, Melissa, you know I didn't mean it like that. If you got knocked out, I'd *want* to carry you. You know that. But what about your parents? It's your parents I was thinking about. How would they feel if you got knocked out and had to get carried? And you know that's what they'd think. That you *had* to."

"I don't care how they'd feel, Harold. All I care about is you. How *you'd* feel. And I know you didn't mean what you said about *having* to carry me. I just had to hear you say it. But please, Harold, please let's not use the uppers, okay?"

"All right," I surrendered, tossing the tiny receptacle out the window.

With that appeasing gesture Melissa fell back in the seat, mollified and relaxed.

Without answering, Melissa's hands moved hungrily for my joint. She pulled it out and fondled it with gentle strokes, alternately licking its sticky crease. I shifted impatiently as she twisted it, tighter and tighter. "Mmmmm," she murmured. "It's so firm." Omigod! I was half-mad when she finally pulled it to her mouth and embraced it with her lips. I'd almost forgotten about the discarded uppers, and any thoughts I was nursing of pulling the joint out grew more and more faint as she wielded it in and out and then back in again. Melissa simply couldn't get enough, and I wondered if I was witnessing my first hempomaniac. No matter. My eyes shifted slightly to her incredible hits, and I watched the creamy clouds of smoke spurt from her puckered orifice. Suddenly, Melissa pulled the shriveled joint from her mouth and tossed her head back dreamily. "I . . . I . . . can't take any more, Harold," she cooed. A satisfied haze clouded her eyes, and I was sure she'd gotten off.

"Wow, I've never met anyone who can blow like that," I told her.

"Thanks," she sighed, "and I've never had a better J." ◘

(continued from page 48)

ed position than they were capable of filling. At last three Fellow Craftsmen, more daring than their companions, determined to force Hiram to reveal to them the password of the Master's degree. Knowing that Hiram always went into the unfinished 'holy of holies' at high noon to pray, these ruffians—whose names were Jubela, Jubelo and Jubelum—lay in wait for him, one at each of the main gates of the Temple. Hiram, about to leave the Temple by the south gate, was suddenly confronted by Jubela armed with a 24-inch gauge. Upon Hiram's refusal to reveal the password, the ruffian struck him on the throat with his rule, and the wounded master then hastened to the west gate, where Jubelo, armed with a square, awaited him and made a similar demand. Again Hiram was silent, and the second assassin struck him on the breast with the square. Hiram thereupon staggered to the east gate, only to be met there by Jubelum armed with a maul. When Hiram refused him the Master's word, Jubelum struck the Master between the eyes with the mallet and Hiram fell dead."

Following the apprehension and execution of the killers, the Entered Apprentices and Fellow Craftsmen tried but failed to resurrect their Master from the dead. Hiram was finally raised by a Master Mason with the "strong grip of a Lion's paw."

According to the actual ritual of initiation for the Master Mason, or Third Degree of Freemasonry, however, Hiram was not actually resurrected, but was merely raised from the ground for burial in the Holy of Holies of the Temple. This raising was accomplished by the Master's grip and the pronunciation of the Master's word. Yet the Grand Master's word consisted of three syllables: one possessed by Hiram, one by Solomon and one by King Hiram of Tyre, who lent Hiram the builder to Solomon in the first place. Hence, only two parts of the secret word remain. A substitute word was used by King Solomon, and a substitute word is used today in the Master Mason's initiation. That word is *Mah-hah-bone*, and it is said that King Solomon and King Hiram determined that that word should be used until future generations rediscovered the true word.

In the third-degree initiation, the highest degree received by most Masons, the initiate plays the part of Hiram and is symbolically murdered and raised by the use of the secret word and the Master's grip. The subsequent degrees of Masonry represent the search for the true Master's word—"that which has been lost."

According to Malcolm C. Duncan's *Ritual of Freemasonry* (circa 1875), "The missing word was found, after four hundred and seventy years, and was then, and still is, used in the Royal Arch Degree. . . ." Duncan says the word is "Jah-Buh-Lun . . . Je-Ho-Hah . . . G-O-D."

The origin of the Hiram myth is uncertain. It has been suggested that its author was Elias Ashmole, Rosicrucian and first Speculative Mason of historical record, who intended to mythologize the death of the deposed King Charles I in 1649. It is also said to allude to the death of Jacques de Molay, the last Grand Master of the Knights Templar, who was burned as a result of the Pope's suppression of that Order on charges of neopaganism in 1315. But most scholars agree that the myth of Hiram is related to all death and resurrection myths, from Osiris, mythical Egyptian sun god, to Jesus Christ.

The Republican ideal fell, like most things, by suicide. . . . At the start The Republic simply meant The Public Thing. At the finish, The Republic simply meant The Secret Society.
—G. K. Chesterton, Rome

The Masons are Laurel and Hardy heading for the Shriners' Conventions to escape their wives and booze it up . . . Fred Flintstone greeting Barney Rubble with the secret word of the Water Buffalo, "Ak-ak-a-dak."

I have just about every degree they give out and I'll be damned if I know any secret.—Harry Truman, 33°, Past Grand Master Missouri Grand Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons.

Everybody today knows a Mason, because there are more than 4 million of them in the United States, or about one out of every 12 adult males. Nobody knows anything about the Masons because, for one thing, they are a secret society. For another, to the average non-Mason (and even to the average Mason) the secrets of the order seem to be little more enviable knowledge than the secret high sign of the local beer-swilling college fraternity or the secret animal noises of the Elks or the Moose.

The Masons are Laurel and Hardy heading for the Shriner's Conventions to escape their wives and booze it up; Ralph Kramden and Ed Norton shaking their tails at the Raccoon lodge; Amos 'n' Andy at the Mystic Knights of the Sea; Fred Flintstone greeting Barney Rubble with the secret word of the Water Buffalo, "Ak-ak-a-dak."

The American Lodge is the institutionalization of the Boys' Night Out—with a little mystical or pseudoreligious mumbo jumbo thrown in, apparently to veil heavy partying with a veneer of socially redeeming, morally edifying dogma and ritual. All right, Brothers, to the tune of "Comin' Through the Rye":

"If a Shriner meet a Shriner
When that Shriner's dry;
If a Shriner treat a Shriner
To some rock and rye,
And the fellow should get mellow
Then to fill him try;
For if you meet a thirsty Shriner,
Never pass him by.

"If a Shriner should be snoozing
On some cellar door,
And the zem zem should be oozing
Out of every pore,
Do not leave him to the mercy
Of some cop so fly,
But help the fellow find his keyhole,
Never pass him by."
(from "Never Pass Him By,"
by Nelson Williams)

In the twentieth century, America went lodge crazy. Besides the Masonic millions and their affiliated lodges—the Shriners, Knights Templar de Molay (for boys), Eastern Star (for women) and Rainbow Girls—there were the imitators: Elks, Moose, Eagles, Knights of Pythias, Woodsmen of the World, Oddfellows and the Catholic Knights of Columbus.

Despite their claims of accepting members of all faiths, the Masons remain rather rigidly Protestant, if not WASP, in membership. And notwithstanding hundreds of humble lodges with modest middle-class membership, Freemasonry is still a secret society close to the core of American aristocracy. Among its members can be found captains of industry, bankers, professional men, the cream of the military and, most visible of all, nearly a majority of America's politicians, statesmen, judges and government officials: thousands of congressmen, at least 16 vice-presidents and 20 presidents of the United States, from the very first to the very latest.

But lodges today aren't what they used to be. Young men don't need that "night out" the way they used to. The Masons' days may be numbered. Still, there's the other side of things—the seal on the dollar, the hints of conspiracy that accumulate about anything labeled secret. So what's behind this boys' night out that makes it a secret society with mystical pretensions, whose secrets 4 million members, from America's more advantaged neighborhoods, are sworn to protect at the risk of having their tongues cut out by the roots and their bodies buried in the rough sands of the sea at low water mark, where the tide ebbs and flows twice in 24 hours?

We know that the Masons build hospitals and the Shriners take care of children and put on circuses and ride minicars in parades. But then again, in their actual ritual one finds references arcane and occult enough to rival *Helter Skelter*. Weird questions occur to the uninitiated. What possible secrets could George McGovern, 33°, share with George Wallace, 33°? Who is the occult Gerald Ford?

Heavy Masonic theorists will tell you that the first lodge was established at Creation, and You Know Who was the first Grand Master. For practical purposes, however, things are more complicated.

Lodges of "operative masons," that is, active stone masons and practitioners of the building trade, grew out of the medieval guild movement, so their organizations were steeped in the symbolic tradition of religious architecture. They possessed trade secrets; signs and grips were a part of their union organization.

It is claimed that the "operative" masons possessed scientific, philosophic and religious secrets passed down to them from the cathedral builders of the Renaissance—other theories suggest their secrets were derived during the Crusades from the Islamic Order of Builders.

During the early seventeenth century, numerous manifestoes appeared announcing the secret doctrines of Rosicrucianism (no relation the San Jose, California, group that advertises Secrets of the Universe in the National Enquirer), or the Fraternity of the Rosy Cross, and relating the story of the order's founder, the mythical Christian Rosencrutz, alchemical adept. The actual history of this movement is shrouded in legend, but it would seem that "speculative" masonry began when "operative" lodges admitted Rosicrucian philosophers such as Elias Ashmole, Sir Christopher Wren and possibly Sir Francis Bacon to their company in the early seventeenth century, culminating in the foundation of the first "speculative" lodge of modern Freemasonry in England in 1717.

Another principal ancestor of Freemasonry is the Order of Knights Templar, which has given its name to one of the branches of modern Masonry. The Knights Templar was founded by French knights in 1118 on a charter from the Pope, for the purposes of defending Jerusalem from the infidels and protecting poor Christian pilgrims on their journey to the Holy Land.

Although the Templars vowed poverty, chastity and obedience, their range and strength soon made them the first Brink's drivers/money traders/bankers in Europe, and they accumulated enormous wealth. It has been said that the Templars' chastity was a victim of both their sympathetic contact with sophisticated Moslems and their papal guarantee of freedom from excommunication. Their obedience was called into question in 1238 when Pope Gregory IX first accused the order of heresy.

In 1291 the Biblical city of Acre fell to the Moslems, and most of the Templars were killed. The survivors retired to their estates, but the order still possessed enormous wealth. In 1307, Phillip IV of France, who had already gone so far as to arrest a Pope (Boniface VIII), began to persecute wealthy Jews and the Templars in order to replenish his treasury. Phillip was able to successfully try the Templars on charges principally of heresy, but including such interesting particulars as buggery and the use of "the anal kiss" in initiation, spitting on the crucifix in initiation and worship of a panlike idol named Baphomet.

Whether or not the charges were true (there seems to be considerable evidence to suggest that they were), the punishment suffered by the Templars was horrible. All their property was confiscated, and most of the Knights were tortured into confession and then put to the stake. The death of the order was complete in 1315 with the burning of its Grand Master, Jacques de Molay. According to legend, de Molay's last words were a curse on the French king and on the Pope, both of whom died within a month of de Molay, one killed by a boar, the other screaming, "I'm burning up!"

Four million members, from America's more advantaged neighborhoods, are sworn in at the risk of having their tongues cut out by the roots and their bodies buried in the rough sands of the sea at low water mark, where the tide ebbs and flows twice in 24 hours.

It is a common belief that the Order of the Templars—which was headquartered next to the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem, and which surely attempted to incorporate the "old religion," or paganism, into Christianity—did not die in 1315, but went underground, eventually to emerge as the Freemasons.

Finally, there is the theory of Tom Paine, of *Common Sense* fame, who wrote an essay called *Origin of Freemasonry* in 1805. He explained Masonry as a survival of the religion of the Druids and went on to prove this thesis by pointing out the sunworshiping aspects of Freemasonic ritual. But of course, Druidism isn't the only sun cult in town.

Whatever its actual origin, modern Freemasonry has certainly been influenced by all these sources. Masonry asserts that it is not a religion and, in theory, members of all religions are permitted to join. All that is required is that a brother express a belief in God. Masonry is not *a* religion, they say. What they mean is that Masonry *is* religion.

In fact, Masonry considers itself to be the secret doctrine behind all religions—the great movement to restore humanity to our original paradise, to our condition before the Fall, to erect order from chaos.

Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis*, published incomplete after his death in 1627, outlined a mystical utopian state based on a ruling group of philosophers and scientists, similar to that postulated in the Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross and later Freemasonry: a secret society, devoted to the betterment of humanity. In the same work, Bacon suggests that the American continent was, in fact, the location of the Old Atlantis, which was wiped out by the Deluge. According to Bacon, this catastrophe accounted for the small Indian population found on the vast continent by European explorers.

From 1717, speculative Masonry incorporated much of the philosophy that culminated in the Enlightenment. Deism, which rejected a personal, miracle-working, meddling God who was supernaturally revealed, seemed to be the essential message of the Masons' characterization of the Great Architect of the Universe. As such, God could be known by His designs, and therefore, through scientific examination of nature. God never suspended the laws of nature. So at first Freemasonry was an organization of freethinkers determined to create a new order through the use of enlightened reason—and the enemy of the personal God and His vicar in Rome. Eighteenth-century Masons were political liberals or radicals, and their political ideas are evident not only in the American Revolution, but throughout the works of the Enlightenment and Brothers Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, etc.

The American Colonies, being to the eighteenth century what California is to the twentieth, were a natural for the leftish occultism of Freemasonry. The first American Grand Lodge was founded in Massachusetts in 1733, and there is evidence that an earlier lodge was founded in Philadelphia. By 1765 there were 13 Grand Lodges, one for each colony, and thousands of active brothers, including many of the wealthiest and most powerful men in America. The secret tradition, purpose and ritual these lodges shared became a central organizing factor in the

Colonies because it was the only thing held in common by large numbers of colonials.

Union of the American Colonies was first proposed by Daniel Coxe, first Provincial Grand Master, as a means of common defense against the Indians. This idea was revived by Brother Benjamin Franklin at the Albany Conference in 1750 when the French and Indian War seemed imminent. It was none other than the St. Andrew's Lodge, better known as The Green Dragon, after the tavern in which it met, that pulled off the Boston Tea Party in Indian drag. Brother James Otis, of the same lodge, had called for the first general congress of the Colonies in 1761 in order to resist the Stamp Act, and Green Dragons burned the British man-o'-war *Gaspée*. Master Mason Joseph Warren of the Green Dragon Lodge drafted the Suffolk Resolves, urging the Continental Congress to employ forcible resistance to Great Britain, and dispatched Master Mason Paul Revere (of both St. Andrews and Rising States Lodges) on his midnight ride. At Bunker Hill, it was Master Mason John Sullivan who said, "If they mean to have war, let it begin here."

George Washington was an initiate of the best and worst type. Initiated into the Craft on November 4, 1752, Brother Washington was "healed" as an "Ancient Mason" in the Lodge of Social and Military Virtue No. 227 on the Register of the Grand Lodge of Ireland during his visit to Philadelphia in the winter of 1756. The Right Worshipful Benjamin Franklin was then Grand Master of the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge (he was also a Brother of the Rosy Cross), and he may have personally presided over the Masonic "healing" of Washington. A year later Washington was in France, where he is said to have received a higher initiation from Voltaire. It is also said that he received an initiation from Lafayette.

Washington's devotion to the Craft is well known. The Continental Army he commanded was dominated by Masons, and according to Lafayette, Washington "never willingly gave independent command to officers who were not Freemasons." This is borne out by documented proof that nearly all the instigators and war heroes of the Revolution were Masons—such men as Ethan Allan, David Wooster, Henry Knox, Alexander Hamilton, John Paul Jones, Aaron Burr, Thomas Paine, Benedict Arnold, Baron Steuben, Lafayette, Anthony Wayne and John Hancock. Frederick the Great, a Mason, refused Hessian mercenaries passage across his territories en route to America.

And there were incidents of lives spared when brothers recognized each other by secret signs at sword or musket point. Colonel John McKensty was captured by a troop of Mohawk Indians fighting with the British under one Joseph Brant, a full-blooded Mohawk Six Nations War Chief who had been initiated into Masonry by his American comrades-in-arms during the French and Indian War. McKensty was tied to a tree and about to be bayonetted when he recognized Brother Brant and gave a Masonic sign. He was unbound and allowed to escape. What sign McKensty gave, if he was well bound, is the subject of speculation (the Master Mason's Distress Sign is precisely the same as the National Football League's for a touchdown or a field goal), but this story is an excellent illustration of why Washington believed in the military lodges.

The American Revolution is not the only evidence of Masonic conspiracy for revolution. The French Revolution, up to and including Napoleon, was Masonically inspired, as was the Italian Revolution of Giuseppe Garibaldi, 33°. As early as 1738, Masonry was condemned by the papacy as contemptuous of orthodoxy and dangerous to the state. The Bavarian Illuminati, a highly political Masonic sect founded on May 1, 1776, openly preached "peace with the cottage, war with the palace" and were promptly dealt with by the authorities.

Besides our Great Seal, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are both profoundly Masonic documents, although the precise role played by Masonry in the organization of the United States government is vague. Masons Washington, Randolph, Hamilton, Rufus King, James Wilson, Franklin and Jefferson all influenced the Constitution. And the Constitution does express Masonic principles, particularly "meeting on the level," a ritual expression that all men are created equal. There would seem to be no doubt that members of the Masonic Fraternity were the Architects of our Constitution and that they saw their building of this Republic as the construction of a temple to receive the Golden Age. On September 18, 1793, the Most Worshipful George Washington laid the cornerstone of the Capitol Building of the United States in a full Masonic ceremony.

When Harry Truman said he knew no secrets, he really said that the only secret is secrecy, see?

And Washington begat Madison, and Madison begat Monroe, and Monroe begat Stonewall Jackson, and Stonewall begat Tyler, and Tyler begat Polk (a Royal Arch Mason), and Polk begat Taylor, and Taylor begat Fillmore (who dropped out during the Anti-Masonic furor), and Fillmore begat Buchanan, and Buchanan begat Johnson (a Scottish Rite Mason), and Johnson begat U. S. Grant, and U. S. begat Garfield (Royal Arch, Knight Templar), and Garfield begat McKinley, and McKinley begat Teddy Roosevelt, and Old Bullmoose begat Taft, and Taft begat Warren Gamaliel Harding (33°, First Shriner President, Kallipolis Grotto Mystic Order Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm), and Harding begat Coolidge, and Coolidge begat Franklin D. Roosevelt, and FDR begat Harry S Truman (33°, Past Grand Master of Missouri), and Truman begat Dwight David Eisenhower, 33°, and Ike begat Gerald Ford, 33°. All with a few gaps, you understand.

And so we find that our country was founded 200 years ago by a secret, paramystical, paramilitary society, whose goal is nothing less than establishing a new race in a new Atlantis, and the reinstitution of the Golden Age and the reawakening of the third eye. Yet it would seem that even the most far-fetched theories of conspiracy would be precluded by such a broad sweep of the political spectrum within Masonry. It would seem that modern Masonry must be free of the sort of political intrigue that was as much a part of the early American Masonic secrets as were its philosophical and religious doctrines. In fact, it would seem that the only ideology shared by modern Masons is belief in the rule of law and avowed belief in the American Constitution.

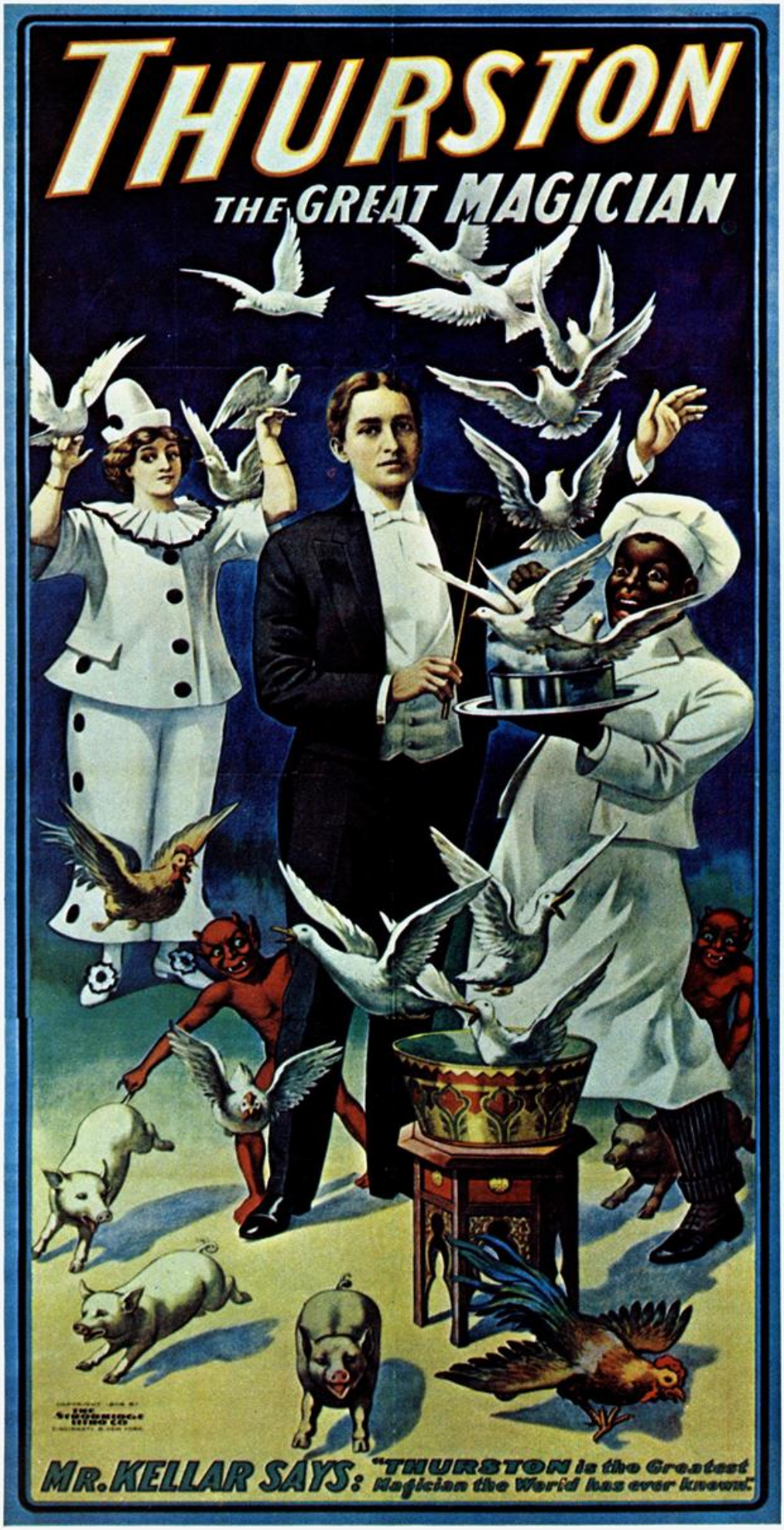
Might our president, the Most Worshipful Gerald Ford, 33°, be in possession of some secret information that makes the architecture of suburbia fit into the plan of the Great Architect of the Universe? Or could it be that the noble, revolutionary order of Freemasons has lost a few things besides the secret word that would raise Hiram Abiff? You can't stonewall the Great Architect of the Universe, after all, can you? What conspiracy could be alive in Masonry today?

The Anti-Masonic Party, the first third party in American history, gained its impetus from the crest of outrage that followed the murder of one Captain Morgan in 1826 and the subsequent cover-up of the crime.

Morgan, a disenchanted Mason who planned to publish the secrets of the Craft, was arrested in September 1826. After he was tortured according to the Master Mason's oaths he had sworn, Captain Morgan came to rest on the bottom of the Niagara River wearing the early American equivalent of cement galoshes.

In 1832, former president and scourge of the Masons John Quincy Adams wrote: "The Master Mason's penalty is to have his body severed in two in the midst and divided to the North and South, his bowels burnt to ashes in the center and the ashes scattered before the four winds of heaven, that there might not the least

(continued on page 88)



Posters from the collection of Classic Put-ons/Photos by Bill Green

Do You Believe?

Then Let Go of the Magazine...

See how quickly it fell to the ground? We know the force that pulled it down as gravity, something like the stuff that comes out of magnets. An ignorant Trobriand Islander barely out of the Stone Age might well think that such a fall was the result of magic. That person, no less than you, would be right. Anthropologists and bug studiers tell us that *magic* is a term so imprecisely defined as to be applicable to almost any occurrence from the sprouting of a summer flower in winter to the birth of a baby to a virginal Hebrew carpenter's wife. We can only trace these things so far before they become inexplicable. or we give up and go away.

Common conjuring has always held a great fascination for humanity. Around the turn of the century we were flocking to see "magicians" in much the same fashion as we flock to see Linda Lovelace today. Thurston, Kellar, Blackstone, Houdini and a host of others thrilled audiences with spectacular illusions like Houdini's famous "disappearing elephant" and Leon Mandrake's shocking, messy "exploding chickens." Notice of a magician's performance was spread by posters like the ones you see reproduced here. Colorful, garish and packed with lurid mysteries, they will

probably wind up reproduced on T-shirts one of these days.

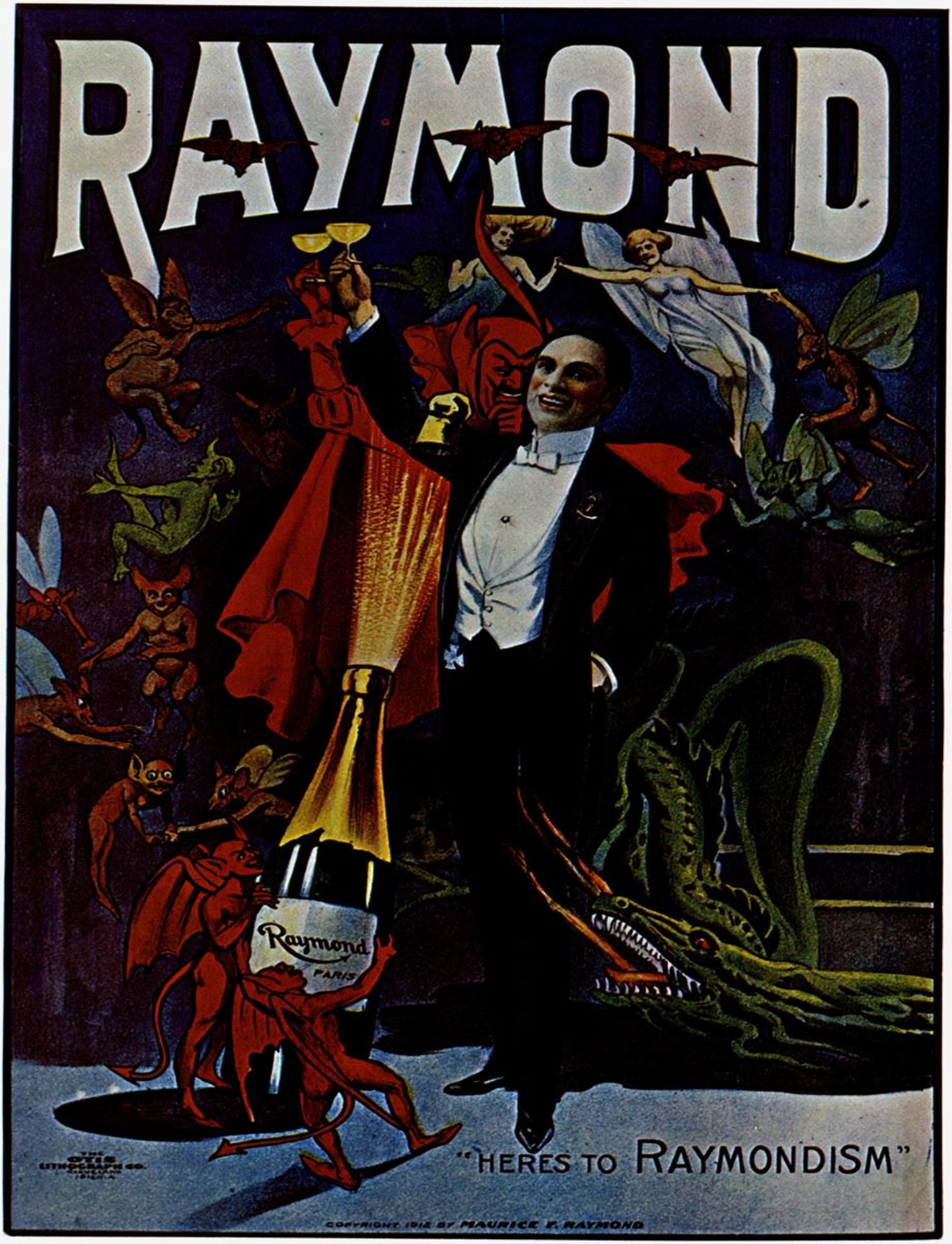
The Great Howard Thurston had an interesting history. Successor to the Great Harry Kellar, he invented a no-snore nose clip, married five times and lost a fortune in real estate. In 1936 he performed his last and greatest illusion of all—he vanished completely and forever.

The Great Harry Kellar, perhaps the most popular of American magicians, worked long and hard to produce elaborate and beautifully timed illusions. Houdini watched him closely, but never found out the secret of Kellar's greatest illusion and neither shall you. In one of his posters Kellar is shown having a drink with the devil after the continental fashion. No one knows who picked up the tab.

The Great Raymond toured the world doing card tricks of the amazing variety. Raymond was fawned upon by European royalty and is depicted in his poster making his troubles disappear with a bottle of bubbly. Judging from the looks of those waiters...

Kar Mi was the adopted name of Joseph B. Hallworth. Little is known of this magician, but histo-

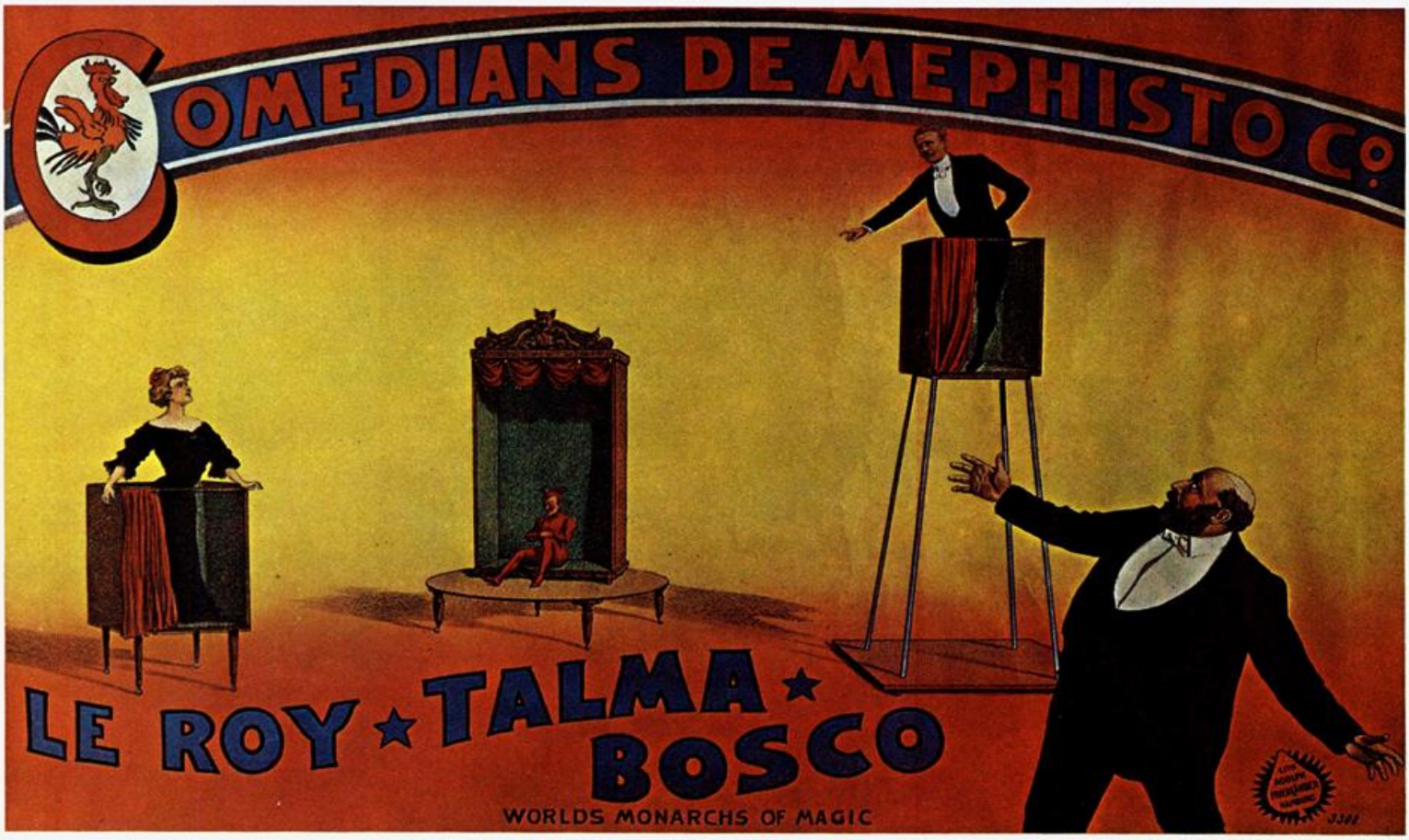



RAYMOND
Raymond
PARIS
"HERES TO RAYMONDISM"
THE OTIS LITHOGRAPH CO.
COPYRIGHT 1912 BY MAURICE F. RAYMOND

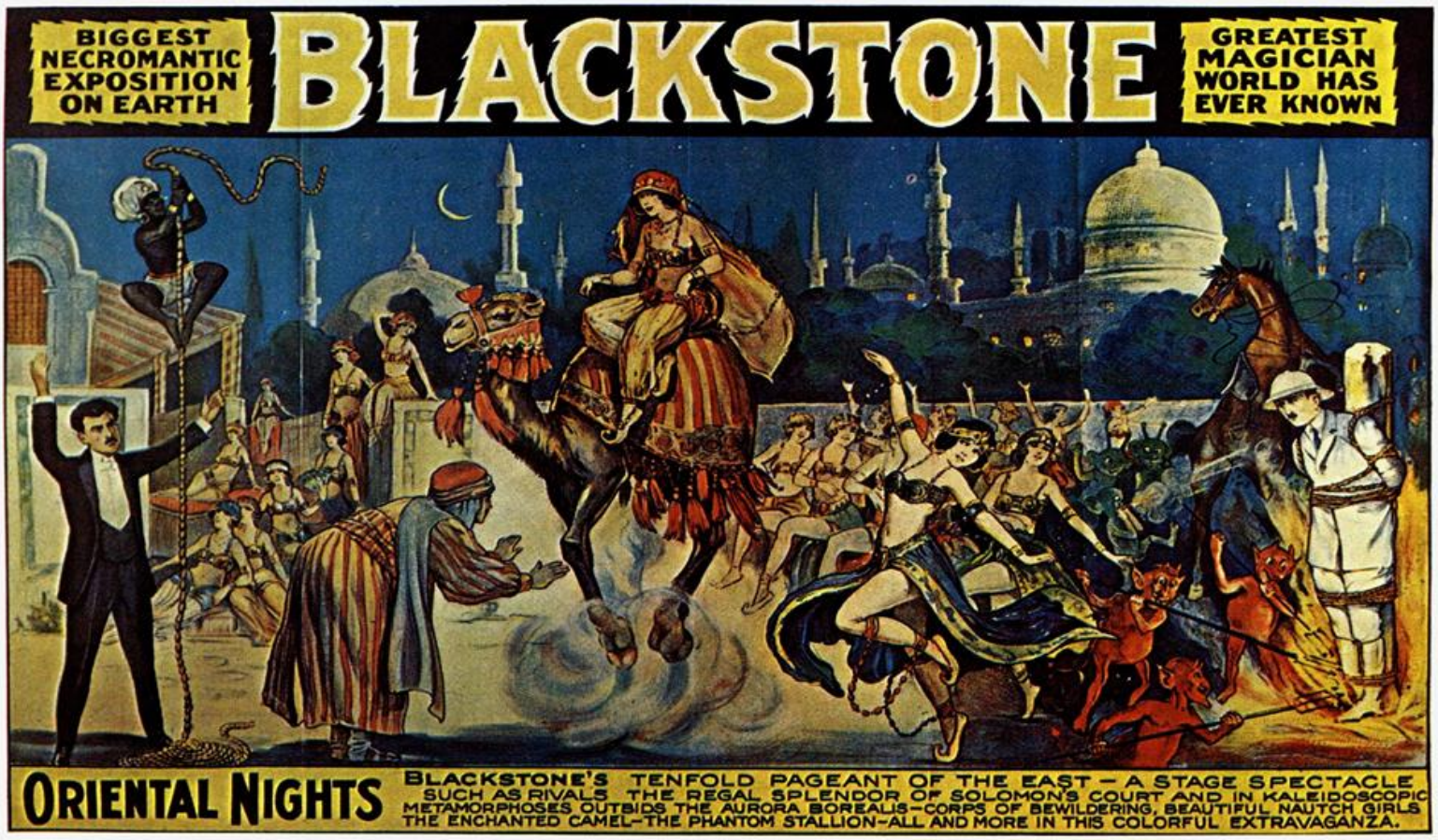


rians tell us that Hallworth died of stomach cancer as a result of performing a certain illusion that involved (presumably) swallowing. Le Roy, Talma and Bosco—theirs is a tragic story; the less said the better. Harry Blackstone

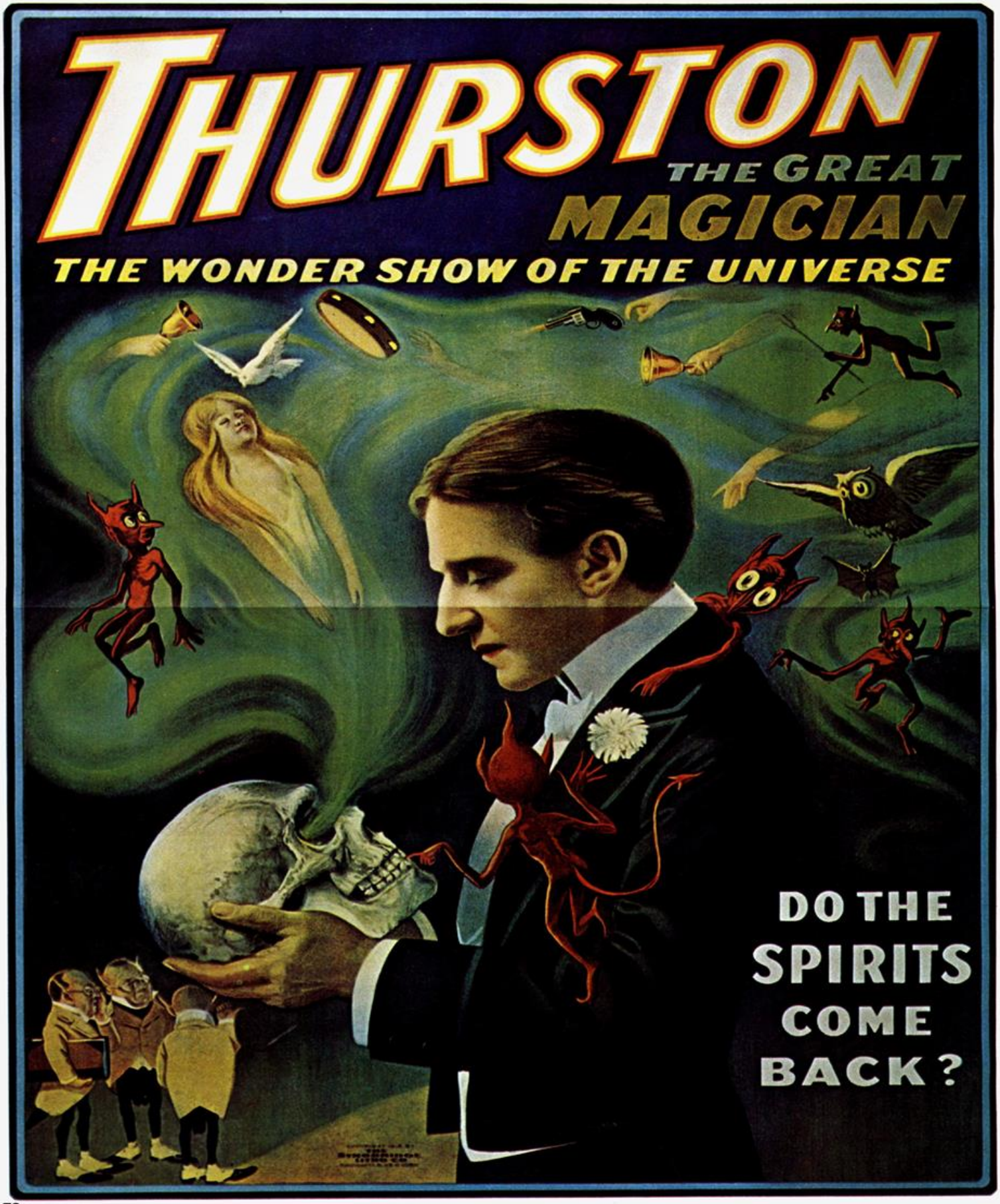


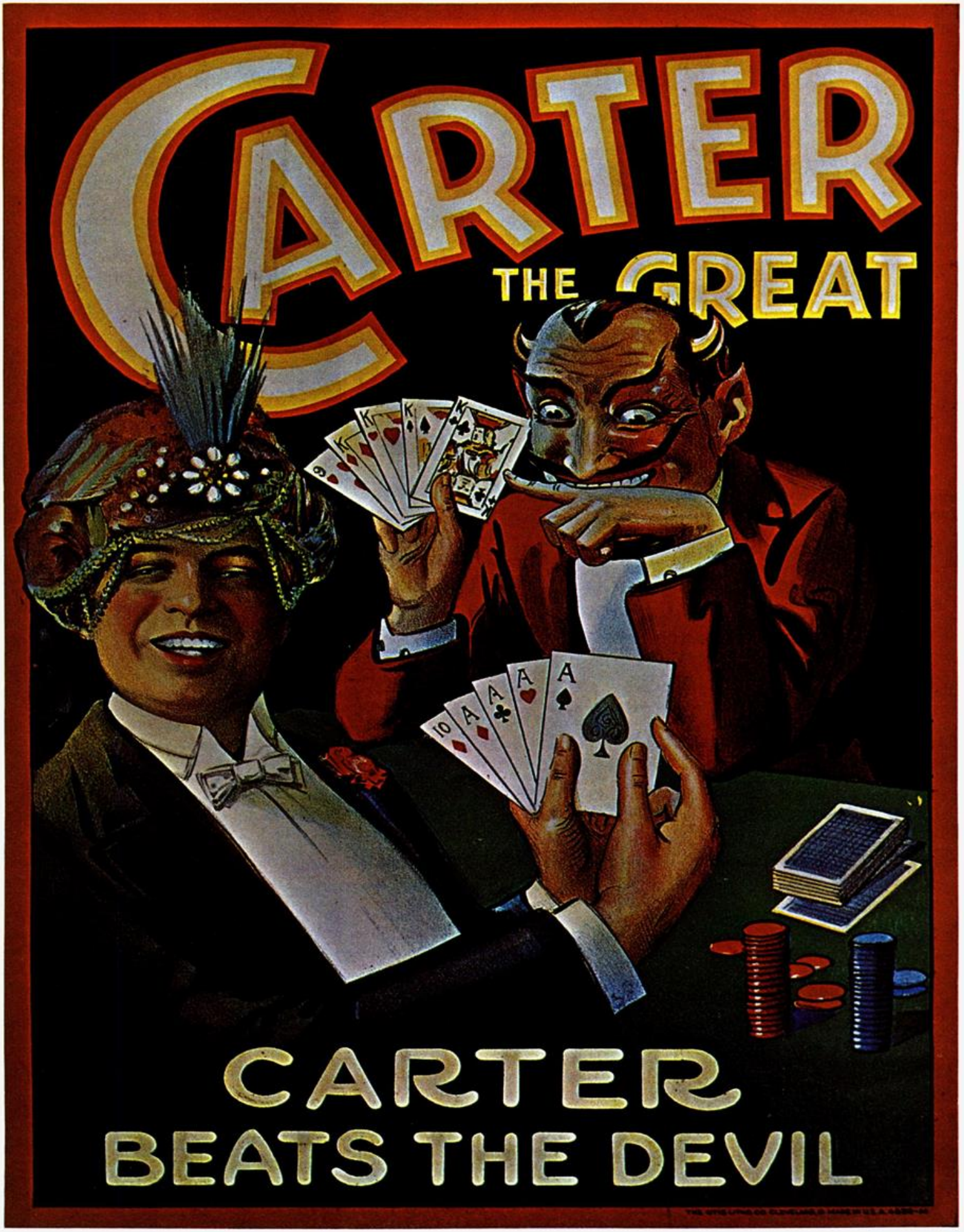


has a nicer story. He was known as "the Ziegfield of magic," due to the number of near-naked women who appeared during his performances. Rumor has it that the Great Harry Blackstone could make his own pink wand grow longer



than most. As for Carter the Great, he beat the devil but never told how. As baffling as the illusions they advertised, these mute, crumbling posters remind us once again that the power to cloud our minds is not limited to the type of smoke that clouds our lungs. Superstitious baloney? As Madame Blavatsky once said: "Superstitious? Perhaps. Baloney? Perhaps not." ◘




CARTER
THE GREAT
CARTER
BEATS THE DEVIL

How We Got Our Dope Laws

(continued from page 54)

if you happened to have a taste for morphine, as you would have been if you were a heavy drinker. But heavy drug habits were getting a bad press from the alleged antics of Chinamen and Afro-Americans, which encouraged physicians to incorporate the great new fear of addiction into their attacks on the snake-oil merchants. Finally, by this date the doctors had pretty openly identified their hostility to the patent medicines with their own financial interests and those of the druggists. "Do we not recognize," said a speaker at the 1893 convention of the American Pharmaceutical Association, "that this industry is one of our greatest enemies, and that there are millions of dollars worth sold all over the country, thus diverting money which rightly belongs to the retail drug trade in the way of prescriptions and regular drugs?"

Self-interest prompted physicians to discover the "dangers" of addiction. By the turn of the century the atmosphere was filled with the battle cries of doctors and patent-medicine companies at each other's throats. Finally, in the orgy of national nausea brought on by a wave of muckraking exposés of unhygienic adulteration and packaging in the food and drug industries, Congress passed the Pure Food and Drug Act in 1906. Its provision requiring clear labelling of ingredients effectively ended the indiscriminate use of opiates and cocaine in patent medicines.

Self-medication didn't absolutely require patent medicines, but it did require drugs. Opiates and cocaine were still legal (and cheaper, at that) in their pure forms and were liberally recommended by physicians to patients as a matter of medical course. Economically, the chief beneficiaries of the Pure Food and Drug Act were the pharmacists. To establish their monopoly on healing, therefore, it was necessary for the physicians to corner the market through the exclusive prerogative to *prescribe*.

Once again, no conscious conspiracy was needed to reach this end. A number of attitudes and beliefs shared by almost all doctors led them to support the Harrison Act's ban on the nonmedical use of opium, morphine, heroin and cocaine. One was their hatred of self-medication, a practice which, though as old as the human race, did nothing to enhance their prestige and profits. Another was the hope that by fabricating the mythology of addiction and by damning those pharmacists and doctors who fostered it through dispensing drugs too freely, they could make the public forget that the medical profession as a whole always *had* encouraged drug use (still does, in fact). Finally, there was the belief that the medical use of drugs was the only legitimate use, a belief much fortified by their growing self-esteem as professionals and scientists.

And as in a political campaign in which one candidate is exposed as a taker of bribes and his rival is automatically credited with an honesty he frequently doesn't deserve, the muckraking exposures of the fraudulent patent-medicine industry automatically enhanced the medical profession's credibility on drug questions. The public was now much more inclined to accept what doctors said about the evils of drugs and the urgent need for a comprehensive federal drug law that would place drugs under the control of physicians. The Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914 gave physicians complete control of drugs—that is to say, to do what they always had done: dispense drugs to anyone who could pay his bills. The only difference was that as sole legal suppliers, doctors and pharmacists fixed the prices and ran the only wheel in town.

From the point of view of the doctors who desired it, the chief drawback to the Harrison Act was the juggernaut of "addiction" mythology set in motion by the original patent-medicine reformers. Their zeal landed the medical establishment in a debate on "addict cures" that is raging to this day. Now, the metaphysics of "addiction" postulated a state of drug-dependence so final and irrevocable that the addict wholly ceases to function as a "useful citizen." Plainly this is the case in a society that forces the addict to spend all his time and effort supporting his habit with criminal enterprise. This is not the case in England, where heroin addiction is legal and considered no more than a medical problem. That was the diagnosis made of thousands of nice, white, squeaky-clean "addicts," by the physicians who routinely prescribed their fixes even before 1914. Many of those doctors considered the Harrison Act no more than their now exclusive license to continue maintaining users.

When Prohibition floundered, T-men signed on for narcotics enforcement the way vaudeville comics flocked to talkies after the silents died.

The prevailing wind, however, blew from another quarter. Universal addiction cures were in fashion and were favored by the medical establishment—most notably the one developed by Charles Towns, consisting of belladonna, fluid extracts of prickly ash and hyoscyamus injections administered every few hours for five or six days, after which the addict was declared cured. The relapse rate indicated that Towns's cure cured no one, but it found friends anyway, including Dr. Alexander Lambert, president of the American Medical Association and Theodore Roosevelt's medical advisor. In 1919, the Supreme Court ruled that under the Harrison Act, it wasn't permissible to maintain an addict, and corollary rulings in 1920 and 1922 made it illegal for a doctor to prescribe drugs to an addict even in the course of attempting a cure. Many doctors defied the court, and between 1921 and 1938 some 3,000 of them were jailed for violating the Harrison Act.

Even Dr. Lambert wasn't entirely optimistic about the prospects for saving every sinner who fell prey to addiction. "The heroin addict is of an inferior personality compared with the morphinist," he told the A.M.A. narcotics committee in 1921. "The social and public health problems of the narcotic drug question are practically confined to the addicts of heroin and cocaine.... The problems of the morphine addicts are more easily solved and show no tendency to become a social menace." After eight years of the Harrison Act, Lambert was describing a usage pattern that was formed back when morphine, heroin and cocaine were all available over the counter at your friendly neighborhood druggist's. The chief distinction among their purchasers was that morphine customers tended to be patients carrying out doctors' orders to stick to an old, reliable standby; smack and coke clients tended to be lower-class impulse buyers. Indeed, the latter market represented the millions whose self-medication had been interrupted but not really thwarted by the end of patent medicines; they still avoided doctors out of habit, superstition or just lack of funds. Thus the "addicts" Lambert considered curable and incurable were divided, in his mind and in the mind of the medical establishment, along class lines into the moneyed and respectable and the poor, working-class or simply nonwhite.

The class distinctions among drugs and drug users, between those who constitute a social menace, or appear to, and those who constitute society remains as strongly in force today. Heroin and cocaine users are jailed whenever possible, for all the good it does them, while those who can pay their doctor bills may score Percodan and Desbutal in complete safety. And the doctors are in a stronger position than they ever were. To the public they are the sole priests of healing, and only mavericks challenge their authority as "drug experts." While the government enforces the laws against their

(continued on page 82)

HIGH WITNESS NEWS

LAND OF 10,000 LAKES SAYS YES TO DECRIM

by Monty Norris

Dropping an empty cigarette pack on the sidewalk in Minnesota now carries a stiffer penalty than being busted for carrying an ounce and a half of grass.

Within two hours on March 5, the Minnesota Senate voted to lower the penalty for marijuana possession and to raise the legal drinking age from 18 to 19. Both bills were signed into law by Governor Wendell Anderson one week later, making Minnesota the seventh state in America to liberalize its pot laws and the first in recent memory to tighten booze ordinances.

The reaction in this predominantly Scandinavian state was typically blasé. In fact, the liquor law—designed to curb boozing on high-school campuses—stirred up more disgruntled comments than the pot law.



Black Star/Fred Anderson

Governor Wendell Anderson recently signed a bill into law making Minnesota the seventh state to endorse the decriminalization of marijuana. Possession of no more than 1½ ounces is now a petty misdemeanor.

The legislation marked the second time in five years that Minnesota lawmakers have voted to lower the penalty for possessing a small amount of grass. Until 1971, possession was a felony, technically punishable by five years in prison.

In 1971, however, a bill was passed reducing the penalty for possession of an ounce and a half of grass to a misdemeanor punishable by up to 90 days in jail and a maximum fine of $300.

Governor Anderson described the latest pot legislation as "a very conservative bill" and added, "We are in no way blessing this substance. The real change is that there is counseling involved, and there is no record [for a first offense]. If someone is involved a second time, then it's trouble."

The one hitch in the new pot regulations, which annoys most dopers, is the provision allowing judges to order a drug education program for a first offender. Drug treatment programs can be imposed on those convicted twice. A second bust—within two years—can be listed as a misdemeanor worth 90 days and $300.

Anderson said that he has never smoked dope, but doesn't believe the penalties should be quite so severe. "I'm too old for experimentation," he said. "But I don't think we should be turning a lot of people into criminals for using it."

South Dakota Softens Pot Penalties

by Ken Erickson



Wide World

The Wheat Corps may soon be converting to another cash crop as South Dakota becomes the eighth state to endorse decriminalization.

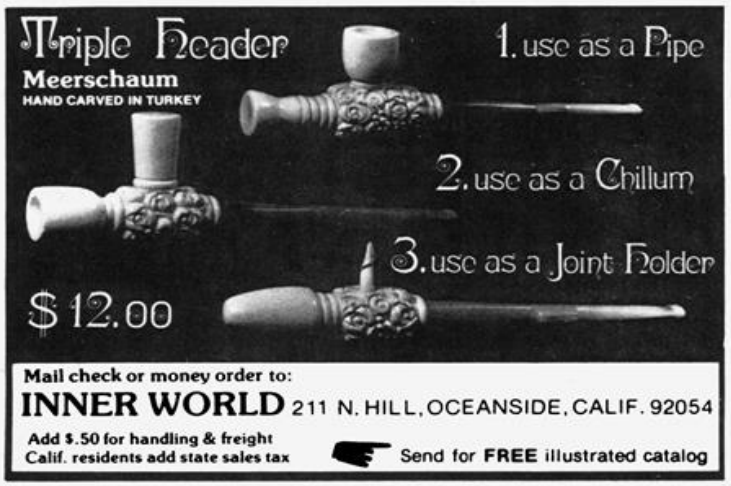
South Dakota's new marijuana decriminalization law was included in the biggest bill of the 1976 legislature—a 122-page revised criminal code containing 19 pages of the Senate Journal, to begin to enumerate. Although the new pot law has a lag period until April 1, 1977, law enforcement officials are stating privately that as far as they are concerned, in most cases, possession of less than one ounce of marijuana will be discreetly overlooked. Beginning April 1, 1977, the penalty for being caught with an ounce of grass will be a $20 civil fine.

When the South Dakota pot bill faced action on the Senate floor to agree on House changes, Senate Majority Leader Homer Kandaras told other senators, "I'm not going to pretend that I understand these changes. I trust the House Judiciary Committee's judgment."

Some legislators were surprised that the marijuana penalty slid through the two Houses so easily, since by comparison, the penalty for possession of small amounts of marijuana in California is a $100 fine.

Only last year, South Dakota Attorney General Bill Janklow told the legislature, "I can't put myself in the position of ignoring large-scale violations just because a large segment of the population does. I don't know if we can remedy the problem. All I know is that we can try." However, Janklow, who gained notoriety for prosecuting the Indians at Wounded Knee, has now come out in favor of the reduced penalty for marijuana possession. Said Janklow, "Nobody can tell you that there is a comparison between marijuana and chemical drugs. Chemical drug dealers or users still should be locked up."





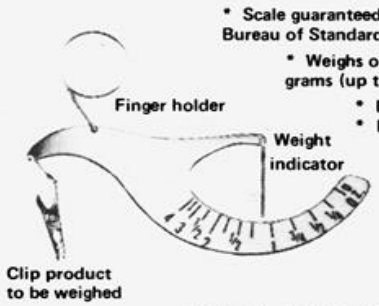
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Cocaine Confidential

A four-year program designed to help Bolivia find a profitable substitute for the coca plant, the source of cocaine, is being developed at the University of Florida. The program is being sponsored by the U.S. Agency for International Development, long a cover for CIA operations. Under this plan, the University's Center for Tropical Agriculture will receive $175,000 the first year alone, with the cost of the four-year program estimated at $1.2 million. And while the Florida scientists attempt to come up with an economic surrogate for Bolivia's highest crop, busts on the real thing continue to come down.

• Two persons were arrested and more than two pounds of cocaine were confiscated by sheriff's deputies and narcotics agents in West Covina, California. Arrested and booked on suspicion of the sale of cocaine were Ernest Vega, 31, of New York City, and Luis Mendez, 36, of Los Angeles. A sheriff's department spokesman said undercover narcs received information that a New York man had just arrived in Los Angeles from South America with three kilos of uncut Colombian cocaine. The information allegedly indicated that the man had sent two kilos to New York, but that he had remained in Los Angeles in hopes of selling a third kilo there before returning


Richard Jaccoma

On his way back to the States from Mexico, wanting to make some extra money, Harold Casale, 25, of Hatboro, New Jersey, allegedly stuffed four grams of cocaine inside some small, colored balloons. He reportedly then put the balloons inside a prophylactic, swallowed it and proceeded across the border. For ten days Harold waited for his bodily functions to function . . . but nothing happened. He called Dr. Melvin Berezin, who suggested an operation, noting that stomach juices would dissolve the rubber and turn loose a lethal OD. But Harold vowed to die before anybody put a razor to his stomach.

Dr. Berezin suggested another technique in which a device known as a "gastroscope" would be slipped down Harold's throat to pull the coke back up. Harold liked that idea better.

But the good Doctor Berezin turned out to be an informer and called in Detective Chief William Cole to watch the operation. "We saw it come right out of his mouth," Cole said later, still impressed. "We never seized evidence like this before."

And Harold? He thanked the doctor and was arrested.

home. Undercover narcs made arrangements through an intermediary to meet the man in a parking lot at Eastland Shopping Center and purchase the remaining kilo of cocaine. In the early afternoon, the narcs met two men, later identified as Vega and Mendez, and negotiated the transaction. At that time the men were arrested. The sheriff's department spokesman said they did not know how the cocaine was smuggled into the country and were still investigating the alleged shipment of the first two kilos to New York.

• The world's finest natural cocaine harbor, the Florida Keys, served as the scene of a cooperative law enforcement squeeze known as "Operation Conch." Agents from Florida's Department of Criminal Law Enforcement stationed themselves at the Key Wester Motel and proceeded to lay cocaine conspiracy charges on everybody from the city attorney to Fire Chief "Bum" Farto. Firefighter Bum was allegedly caught dealing coke out of his lime-green fire-chief's car.

• Melba Wong, 34, and Oscar London Quiroz, 27, both of New York City, were arrested at JFK airport on charges of smuggling four and a half pounds of cocaine from Venezuela. After clearing Customs, the alleged smugglers were bagged as they returned to the airport to claim their luggage.

• A federal grand jury in Phoenix, Arizona, has indicted 24 persons in connection with an alleged cocaine smuggling ring based in Colombia. Reportedly headed by a group of Italian businessmen, the ring was one of the largest operating in the country in 1974–75 and allegedly smuggled as much as 250 pounds of cocaine into the U.S. each month.

• Five Colombians have been arrested on charges of smuggling about 40 pounds of pure cocaine into the States aboard a Honduran cargo ship. Some of the cocaine was seized at a Miami Beach hotel and some aboard the *Morazan*, which had docked at Dodge Island. Narcs staked out a room in the hotel and arrested a member of the ship's crew and another man who had allegedly made two cocaine deliveries to the room. After those arrests, agents went to the ship and seized the rest of the cocaine, which was found sealed in a light fixture in a rest room.

• Sixteen people, including three South Americans and the U.S. government's most-wanted fugitive, have been charged in a cocaine smuggling conspiracy that operated in three domestic states, Haiti and the Dominican Republic. The indictment was handed down by a Miami federal grand jury. Among those charged in the alleged coke conspiracy was Frank Larry Matthews of Brooklyn, 32. Matthews has been sought by law enforcement officers since July 1973 when he jumped a $325,000 bond in New York to escape prosecution on charges of trafficking in heroin and cocaine.

In March 1974 the DEA offered a $20,000 reward for Matthews' capture. The federal reward was the largest posted since the FBI hunted down John Dillinger. Matthews and the other co-conspirators allegedly brought 75 pounds of cocaine into the United States.

• Mexican federal police confiscated 108 kilograms of cocaine in three related busts in Dorado State, Mexico. The investigation began when police arrested suspect José Olmos Villalon with 20 grams of cocaine he allegedly intended to sell in Mexico City's swank *Zona Rosa*. Information given by Villalon led narcs to a private home in Dorado, where they found 80 kilos of coke, and to the later arrests of three Colombians in the Gillow Hotel. The Colombians had allegedly delivered the coke into Mexico via a clandestine airport in Tapachula, Chiapas. The blow was reportedly destined for the United States, principally Los Angeles and San Diego. Arrests that netted another 28 keys were made in Cabo San Lucas and Tijuana.

• Six people were arresed in New Orleans for allegedly transporting two pounds of cocaine in coat hangers from Costa Rica on a SAHSA airline's flight. Airport Customs inspectors noticed that the metal rings that held the coat hangers together looked as though they had been reinforced.



U.S. Customs officials refused comment when asked if Thomas ("Timmy and Lassie") Rettig had been busted by a coke-sniffing dog. Rettig was recently convicted for a 1975 smuggling scam.



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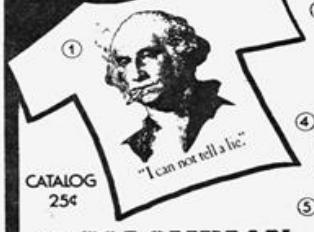
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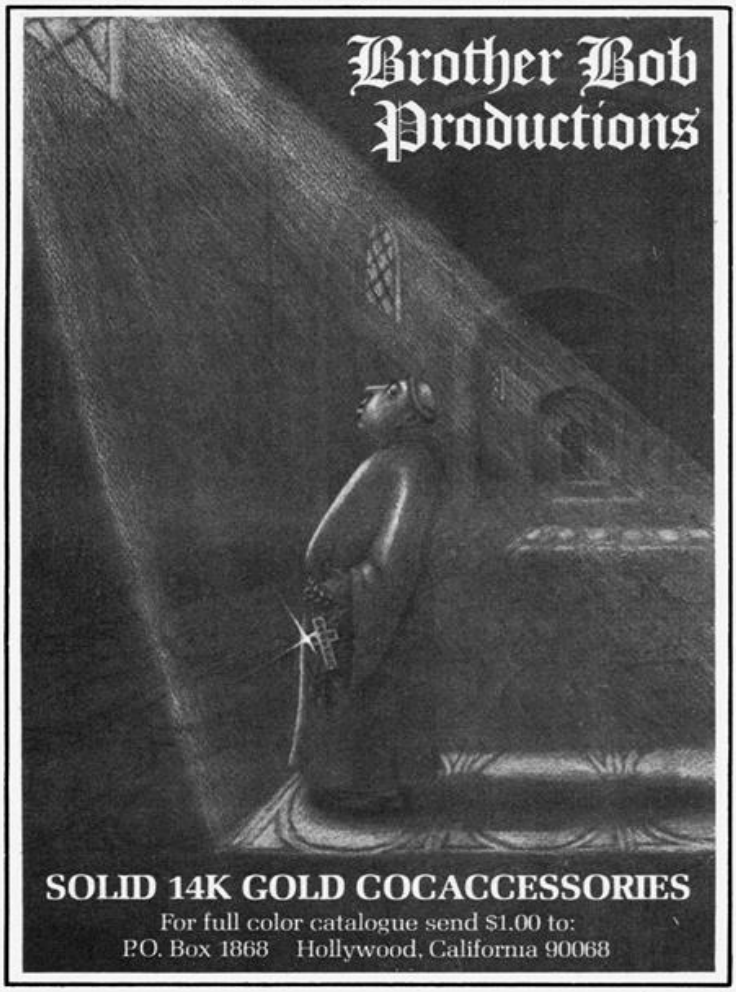
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Detox Rumpus Stirs "Experts" Convention

Claiming that the United States government is responsible for the rising toll of heroin-related deaths in low-income areas throughout the country, Frank DeSilva of the New York City Urban Coalition accused the fourth annual convention of the National Drug Abuse Council of "forgetting the nation's 400,000 addicts" and following "bullshit policies in present treatment and rehabilitation."

The National Drug Abuse Council, founded in 1972, is funded by generous grants from the Ford Foundation, the Carnegie Corporation of New York, the Commonwealth Fund and the Henry J. Kaiser Family Foundation. In their annual report presented at the convention, the funding organizations stated that nearly two years of planning and discussion had gone into developing guidelines on how a group of private foundations could have a positive effect on the still-rising national use of drugs.

However, DeSilva and a vocal contingent of heroin treatment counselors from low-income areas throughout the country thought different, and threatened to bring down the addicts from Harlem to "educate these experts on the ugly truth of Mexican smack."

"These guys know nothing," said DeSilva, referring to a panel that included Dr. Norman Zinberg of the NORML Advisory Committee, Dr. Mitch Rosenthall of Phoenix House and Dr. Vernon Patch of Harvard University. "These guys talk about treating 700 addicts in a few months," said DeSilva; "hell . . . I see that many in one day."

DeSilva and his group proceeded to take over the press conference in New York's Hotel Americana and explained how present methadone programs prolong addiction and waste money. Placing himself in front of reporters, DeSilva pointed to the panel and charged that "the men who sit behind these desks make no distinction between methadone and heroin. It's just not done. These doctors know that methadone treatment leads to methadone addiction and that most of the addicts . . . are hooked on meth."

The shocked panel of experts cringed as the conference turned into a forum on heroin politics. "A great deal of DeSilva's criticisms are valid," conceded Rosenthall after the meeting, "but most of what he says is nothing but rhetoric."

Rhetoric or not, three weeks after the NDA Convention, New York City's detox money cutbacks prompted a nine-day encampment by local rehabilitation programs outside Gracie Mansion, the home of Mayor Abe Beame. Dubbing their encampment "The City of the Forgotten Village," representatives and patients from Phoenix House, Odyssey House and Daytop vowed to continue their protest of budget cutbacks in detox programs until city fathers promised to initiate action that would keep their programs financially solvent.

The encampment attracted as many as 2,500 people at its height and other sleep-ins were planned for the future in Albany and Washington, D.C.

A variety of volunteers, including restaurateurs bearing food, carpet dealers offering carpet remnants for mattresses and trucks carrying food, kept the protestors supplied. After the mayor's departure, the group broke out into song as the sidewalks were swept clean and the trucks loaded. As the last truck carrying the protestors headed up East End Avenue, a voice echoed from the cab, "On to Washington, this party is over."

A.C.C.



Wide World

Low-flying American contract pilot sprays defoliants over poppy fields in the Mexican Sierra Madre.

To Our Readers

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Pittsburgh Fats' Coke Bust

by Randall Rococo

It was a scene right out of a Lone Ranger movie, only this time the man who left behind the silver bullet was a bearded stranger. And because the mysterious bullet contained 250 milligrams of cocaine, Ernie Holmes, the mammoth, 270-pound defensive tackle for the Pittsburgh Steelers is in trouble with the law again.



Andy Starnes

Pittsburgh Steeler defensive lineman Ernie Holmes, shown here, was arrested for accepting a silver bullet containing cocaine from a mysterious stranger in Texas.

As Holmes, nicknamed "Fats," tells it, he was recently attending a former teammate's wedding reception in an Amarillo, Texas, motel, when he left to go to the bathroom. There he met the bearded stranger.

"This kid asked me if I wanted to buy a silver bullet as a souvenir," explained Holmes. "So I paid him $20 and he left." The 27-year-old defensive star said that soon after he began inspecting the bullet, three men, who later identified themselves as city narcotics agents, entered the restroom.

Holmes claims that one of them said, "Let me see the joint in your hand." Instead of arresting him on the spot, Holmes said that the agents gave him a business card with instructions to call them the following Monday. He complied and was taken before a justice of the peace, who charged him with possession of cocaine. Amarillo police claim the agents accidentally stumbled on Holmes and the silver bullet when they went in to use the restroom.

"It was the fickle finger of fate, I suppose you'd say," remarked Dan Carter, an Amarillo law enforcement spokesman. The narcs contend Holmes threw the silver container toward a toilet bowl when they entered, but the container fell short. They said the arrest was delayed until tests determined that the substance inside the bullet was cocaine. The bearded stranger, however, was never arrested.

Holmes was freed on $1,000 bond, although Amarillo Judge Roy E. Byrd suggested, "It should have been $100,000. I'm gonna see this case gets plenty of publicity," he said after Holmes's hearing.

The trial is expected to begin in the near future. The cocaine possession charge, a second-degree felony in Texas, carries a sentence of 2 to 20 years.

"I can't see why he can't get a fair trial here," said Potter County District Attorney Tom Curtis. "I'm sure he'd rather be tried in Amarillo than some small Texas towns that I know of. There will be no discrimination shown toward him because he's a celebrity, nor will there be any favors given," Curtis added.

Holmes, who left to attend a conference of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes in Phoenix after his hearing, said he didn't want to speculate publicly on whether he was framed.

"I don't know, man. I don't know what to make of it," Holmes said. "I just hope everything comes out clean."

But his attorney, Richard McGlaughlin, of Youngstown, Ohio, told reporters that after the incident, Holmes called him and repeated over and over, "I've been framed, Mr. McGlaughlin, I've been framed."

And Chicago Bears wide receiver Ron Shanklin, who was at the reception with Holmes and Steeler tackle "Mean" Joe Greene, said that he thought Holmes was "dumbfounded" by it all. "Ernie doesn't take dope. He might have already drunk a fifth of cognac at the reception, but he doesn't play around with dope," Shanklin noted.

Holmes's previous brush with the law occurred in March 1973, when he was arrested for taking pot shots at trucks on the Ohio Turnpike. In the process, he wounded an Ohio state trooper in the ankle. His version of the

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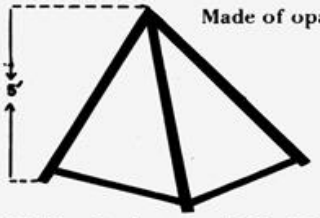
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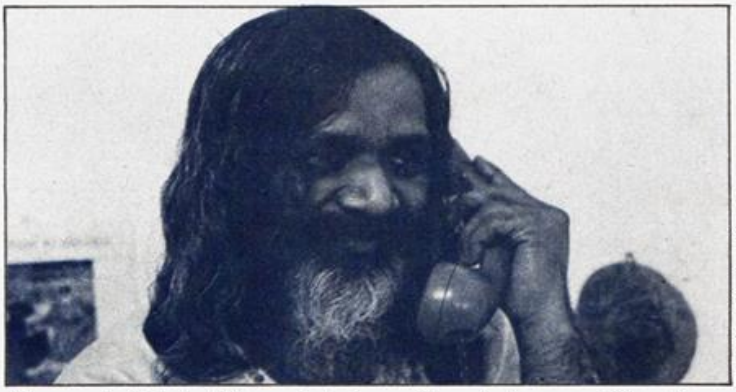
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shootings is that he "flipped out" when some tractor-trailers cut him off as he was driving to Pittsburgh. Holmes had left his home in Texas where an attempted reconciliation with his wife, Geraldine, had failed. "I was driving along the freeway. I had a lot of troubles on my mind. I just snapped," he said.

Steeler President Dan Rooney and Coach Chuck Noll appeared as character witnesses at his trial. A psychiatrist, meanwhile, said that at the time of the shooting, Holmes was suffering from "acute paranoid psychosis." He was placed on five years probation and spent the next four months in a mental institution. Then he was ordered to pay the injured cop $22,500 in damages.

"Yeah, I was pretty crazy that whole season, all the way up to the Super Bowl [the Steelers' first, in 1975]," he laughed. Then, turning serious, he added, "I've been under pressure so long. I don't know why these problems keep following me around. Pretty soon, I'm going to be known as Courtroom Ernie."



Black Star/Stephan Moses

The man behind the dial tone is having problems in the state of New Jersey, where the courts are threatening to bar TM from public schools.

TM Battle Rocks New Jersey Schools

by Peter Pattison

A consortium of parents, clergy and civil libertarians has filed suit to halt an experimental program of Transcendental Meditation (TM) in four New Jersey schools.

Opponents of the program, which is being funded for a one-year trial period by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and is called "Transcendental Meditation/the Science of Creative Intelligence," have assailed it as a "subtle form of Hinduism" that violates the constitutional guarantee of separation of church and state.

Students and a teacher of TM at Memorial High School in West New York, New Jersey, defend the ten-minute, daily meditation sessions as a means of relaxation and enhanced awareness, devoid of any religious influence.

"After meditation, I feel my spirit is lifted; I feel happier," said Tom Jenkins, a 19-year-old senior.

A classmate, Virginia Ramos, 17, agreed. "It relieves stress. When I meditate after a hard day, it seems like it wasn't that hard after all." Both students meditate at home as well as in school, as do most of the other 14 members of the class. They deny that "Hinduism" has figured at all in their TM experience.

John Patton, attorney for the nine plaintiffs in the lawsuit-including the Coalition for Religious Integrity and Americans United for Separation of Church and State—said a hearing on the plaintiffs' motion for summary judgment and a preliminary injunction halting the classes was expected on April 26. The lawyer confirmed that his clients consider the initiation ceremony Hindu in nature, the mantras to be "names of Hindu deities" and the activity to be religious, thereby subverting the First Amendment.

Nonsense, responded Ellen Metropole, 24, who teaches the TM/SCI course at Memorial. Of the mantra, she explained: "It's a meaningless sound; it has a specific quality that allows the mind to settle down. The kids are never indoctrinated with a Hindu way of looking at things. The initiation ceremony is a thanks to the people

who kept transcendental meditation alive through the ages. TM comes from the Vedic tradition, which existed for several thousand years prior to the Hindu religion. Research indicates that TM has brought people closer to the religious traditions into which they were born."

She added: "I can see how, from a limited perspective, someone could misconstrue these things."

Joseph Coviello, principal at Memorial, said the pilot program had been introduced to assess whether TM improved students' academic performances. He, along with students and the school superintendent, forged the decision to take part in the experiment, for which the state disburses the HEW funds to the participant school districts. The other schools involved are in the communities of Paterson, Glen Ridge and Union City.

"We didn't do anything out of the ordinary regarding the TM course," said Coviello. "If there weren't any interest, we wouldn't have it."

As designed at Memorial High School, the TM course admitted 20 students. If the course survives through the end of the school year, the TM students will be tested and their scores compared with those registered by two other groups of pupils: 20 who sought to take the course but were excluded for lack of space, and another 20 students who did not seek admission to the TM class.

Meanwhile, the lawsuit lodged by the opponents awaits hearing by a panel of the U.S. District Court in Newark, New Jersey. Action has been delayed pending an order by the chief justice of the Court of Appeals, according to a court official.

What may prove nettlesome to opponents of the TM course is the fact that, to enroll in the class, each student had to obtain written parental consent. Both Jenkins and Ramos reported that their parents' reactions to their meditation had been favorable.

Said Ramos: "My mother was a little upset at first. She didn't know exactly what it was, whether it was hypnosis or what. She was dead set against my taking the TM course, but I talked her into it. But she started to realize that it didn't have anything to do with religion and wasn't dangerous. Now she thinks my father should learn it."

Jenkins voiced a similar account. "My parents were open to any idea. My mother said it was all right. She didn't know anything about it—now she wants to take the course herself."

The students share Metropole's view of the controversy surrounding the mantra and initiation ritual, agreeing that the mantra is a "meaningless syllable" and the ceremony is of a nonreligious nature. Of the people against the TM course, Ramos asserted: "I can't understand how they think it is a religion. They're jumping to conclusions."

So, in West New York, a handful of students close their eyes for ten minutes each day and say that it makes them happier. The decision on whether or not their federally funded moments of reflection will be denied them now rests with three federal judges.

Mary Hophead

Mary Hophead



UPI

Louise Lasser, star of TV's "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," was arrested in Beverly Hills, California, for alleged possession of cocaine. Lasser, 37, former wife of comedian Woody Allen, was picked up by police after creating a disturbance at a posh Beverly Hills shop. Police investigating the Rainbow Boutique's complaint discovered that Lasser was wanted on a 1974 Los Angeles traffic warrant. After she was booked on the traffic charge, a routine search of her handbag reportedly turned up a vial of cocaine. "We had to search her," said a police spokesman. "We couldn't put anybody in a cell if we didn't search her."

High Times Classified

Due to an overwhelming demand,
High Times is starting a classified advertising supplement beginning with our Sept. 1976 issue. Special rates for the first issue are $3.50 per word (minimum 20 words); classified display rates are $100 per column inch. Payment in full must accompany all copy. Deadline is July 8, 1976, and the 8th of each month thereafter. All copy is subject to the approval of the publisher. All display advertising must be camera ready. Send your order and remittance to High Times Classified, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

HighWitness Interview: Rep. Barry M. Goldwater, Jr.

Goldwater, Jr.–Ford Must Help U.S. Prisoners in Mexico

Representative Barry M. Goldwater, Jr., of California has managed to shake forever the spectre of his conservative Republican namesake as he probes the delicate politics of releasing the estimated 532 Americans being illegally held by the Mexican government. A Congressman since 1971, the 38-year-old Goldwater is a sharp young veteran who is not known to duck unsavory issues just because of party politics.



UPI

Rep. Barry M. Goldwater Jr.

In fact, many politicians felt that Goldwater opened a can of worms last January when he began formal hearings on the state of Americans inside Mexican prisons. Goldwater's only present visible allies on the hill are Congressmen Pete Stark of California and Dante Fascell of Florida; their opponents include the White House, the State Department and the Mexican government. Yet in *High Times's* conversation with Goldwater, it was evident that while others strain voice and mind on middling issues, the congressman from California has the energy and wherewithal to pressure Washington into securing the release of the 532 Americans that America has forgotten.

High Times: What prompted the Goldwater Hearings?

Goldwater: I was initially responding to the problems some of my constituents from the Los Angeles area were having in Mexican jails. One thing led to another, and it was soon apparent that the Mexican situation was more serious than had been previously thought. The problem in Mexico is something that affects everyone across the country. What is going on is more serious than people think.

High Times: Why has Congress failed to enforce U.S. Civil Code 22: Title 1732, the Bilateral Consular Agreement and the Geneva Convention, which would free the Americans now being held in Mexican jails?

Goldwater: There has been some action in the current foreign aid bill, which is pending in the Conference Committee. The bill has a provision in it that would require President Ford to intervene on this matter with President Echiverria of Mexico and report back to the Congress. I think that's pretty good language, and it will require a response by the president.

High Times: Is President Ford aware of the torture and barbaric conditions being inflicted on American's in Mexican jails?

Goldwater: We've had a difficult time getting the president's ear, let alone Dr. Kissinger's. I met with Kissinger in March; unfortunately, I couldn't get a lengthy answer from him. But I got the feeling that Dr. Kissinger is preoccupied with the Middle East and other global problems that he considers to be of higher priority than the Mexican situation.

High Times: When you spoke with Dr. Kissinger, did he offer any suggestions to alleviate the Mexican situation?

Goldwater: He really didn't. However, I had a lengthy conversation with Leonard Walentynowicz, who is in charge of Mexican affairs at the State Department, and he tells me that the State Department is very sensitive to all this publicity. Evidently the State Department intends to put younger people in consular positions in Mexico, civil service people who are more aware of what is going on down in Mexico. This should help the situation.

High Times: That might help. But what is to be done about the Americans still being held in the Mexican prisons?

Goldwater: I have yet to gain an opportunity to approach President Ford on this. In this case, the buck stops in the Executive Branch and the Congress, and from all I can gather, the Mexican situation is not the administration's highest priority. A handful of people in Mexico evidently are not the priority that some people think they ought to be.

High Times: Have you initiated any investigations into allegations that DEA agents are assisting Mexican jailers to torture American prisoners?

Goldwater: I spoke with DEA director Peter Bensinger about this. I brought out specific allegations, and he said that the agency is investigating them. Bensinger seems convinced that DEA agents have not participated in torture sessions, that the agents walked away when the torture began. That's evidently their instructions—to walk away if torture sessions start to happen.

High Times: Do you foresee any Congressional action during this session that will secure the release of American prisoners?

Goldwater: I think not.

High Times: What is behind the administration's decision?

Goldwater: On the one hand, Congress is attempting to get Mexico's cooperation in curbing heroin traffic. Yet on the other hand, we are pushing for basic civil rights for drug offenders.

High Times: While speaking of the Mexican drug crackdown during a campaign speech at the Alamo, President Ford lumped marijuana together with heroin when using the term *drug traffic*. This term creates a false impression, which many legislators seem to accept when speaking about marijuana. Why is this done?

Goldwater: I think it's basically out of ignorance and lack of thought. Obviously there is a great deal of difference between heroin and marijuana. Unfortunately, they are both treated in the same category. I have a hunch that if we tightened up our laws, we would stop having these problems.

High Times: How long do you think it will be before marijuana is legalized?

Goldwater: It gets down to acceptability of society. No one seems to be thoroughly agreed on marijuana. It is my impression that if you legalized marijuana but didn't legalize any hard drugs, that might be the answer.

"My son went through the usual treatment: beatings, his clothes forcibly removed, buckets of water poured over his head, and then the famous cattle prods applied to the tender parts of his body."

Juanita Carter (mother of prisoner)

"They held me for 21 days, until the marks on my body disappeared, and then they presented me to a judge, but by that time, when I stripped my shirt and tried to show the judge the marks, they were gone. Twenty-one days, about enough time for that."

Alberto Carion (former prisoner)

"Later on, after we still refused to talk, an American agent came, and he did witness Jim being shocked, and I believe he saw me being slapped around a few times by the Mexicans. This agent is Arthur Sedillo."

Karen Harrison (former prisoner)

"They chose Rose, who is petite and weighs 98 pounds and is in frail health. She was hit in the face and tortured mentally for hours. She was told that if she did not sign, she would spend the rest of her life in prison. She fainted repeatedly. She begged them to leave her alone, but they continued. They took her to a cell where they had 15 insane, wild-looking, drunken street bums and told her they were going to leave her with them if she did not sign a confession. She signed."

Irene Romo (mother of prisoner)

These statements are excerpted from the Goldwater Hearings on American Citizens in Mexican Prisons conducted in January of 1976 in Los Angeles, California. The witnesses included law enforcement officials, ex-prisoners, journalists and parents of Americans still being held in Mexico.

Albert Hofmann

(continued from page 31)

only in spontaneous ecstatic states and to a very few blessed people.

Agreement exists among spiritual leaders that the continuation of the present development, characterized by increasing industrialization and overpopulation, will result in the exhaustion of natural resources and destroy the ecological basis for mankind's existence on this planet. This trend to self-annihilation is reinforced by international politics based on "power trips" and the preparation of weapons of apocalyptic potential.

This development can be stopped only by a change in the materialistic attitude that has caused this development. This change can result only from insight into the deepest spiritual roots of life and existence, from comprehensive use of all forces of our intelligence and all resources of our knowledge.

This intellectual approach, supplemented by visionary experience, could produce an alteration of the consciousness of truth and reality that could be of evolutionary significance. LSD selectively and wisely used could be one means of supplementing intellectual with visionary insight and helping the prepared mind become conscious of a deeper reality.

High Times: Did your LSD experiences change your personal life and tastes?

Hofmann: It increased my sensitivity to classical music—especially Mozart. My life habits did not change.

High Times: Has your wife also experimented with psychedelics?

Hofmann: Yes. Once in Mexico in the session with *Salvia divinorum* when I had some gastric trouble and could not ingest the juice, she took my place. She also took some of the psilocybin pills during the historic session when Maria Sabina confirmed their potency.

High Times: What general medical uses might LSD be marketed for in the future?

Hofmann: Very small doses, perhaps 25 micrograms, could be useful as a euphoriant or antidepressant.

High Times: Which of your works are available in English?

Hofmann: Several years ago Dr. Richard Evans Schultes of Harvard and I coauthored a book called *The Botany and Chemistry of Hallucinogens*. It is intended primarily to provide specialized students with basic knowledge of the botany and chemistry of hallucinogenic plants. I am currently writing my memoirs, but these will first be published in German.

High Times: What have you been doing since your retirement from Sandoz?

Hofmann: I retired in 1971 after 42 years with Sandoz. Since then I have been writing and lecturing on psychoactive drugs. Here at home I work in the orchard and run in the woods for exercise. It's wonderful to be able to spend a great deal of time in unspoiled nature after decades of work in laboratories.

High Times: In his book *Gravity's Rainbow*, the American author Thomas Pynchon has described a stained-glass window in your office at the otherwise dull Sandoz labs. Is this true?

Hofmann: That is true. It is now here in my house. Actually, it's a modern glass in the old style depicting Asclepius and his mentor, the centaur Chiron.

High Times: Are the Swiss proud of your discovery of LSD and the synthesis of psilocybin and *ololiuqui*, or has the controversy surrounding these drugs dispelled that?

Hofmann: My discoveries have proved very controversial. Some consider these drugs to be *diabolique*, and a few clergymen asked me to confess mea culpa in public, but in professional circles my work has been appreciated. I've been honored by the National Polytechnic Institute here in Switzerland; by honorary degrees in natural science and in pharmacy from the Swedish Royal Pharmaceutical Institute, and in the United States by an honorary membership in the American Society of Pharmacognosy.

High Times: What made you decide to become a chemist?

Hofmann: I was interested in knowing what our world is made of. Chemistry is the science of the constituents of the world, so at age 19 I made the decision to become a chemist for both mystical-philosophical reasons and for reasons of curiosity.

High Times: Has LSD affected your philosophical outlook?

Hofmann: From my LSD experiments, including the very first terrifying one, I have received knowledge of not only one, but of an infinite number of realities. Depending upon the condition of our senses and psychic receptors we experience a different reality.

I realized that the depth and richness of the inner and outer universe are immeasurable and inexhaustible, but that we have to return from these strange worlds to our homeland and live here in the reality that is provided by our normal, healthy senses. It's like astronauts returning from outer space flights: they must readjust to this planet.

In some of my psychedelic experiences I had a feeling of ecstatic love and unity with all creatures in the universe. To have had such an experience of absolute beatitude means an enrichment of our life.

High Times: How would you like the future ages to remember you and your discovery?

Hofmann: Perhaps the image of a chemist riding along on a bicycle on the very first LSD trip will change to the Old Man of the Mountain. ☐

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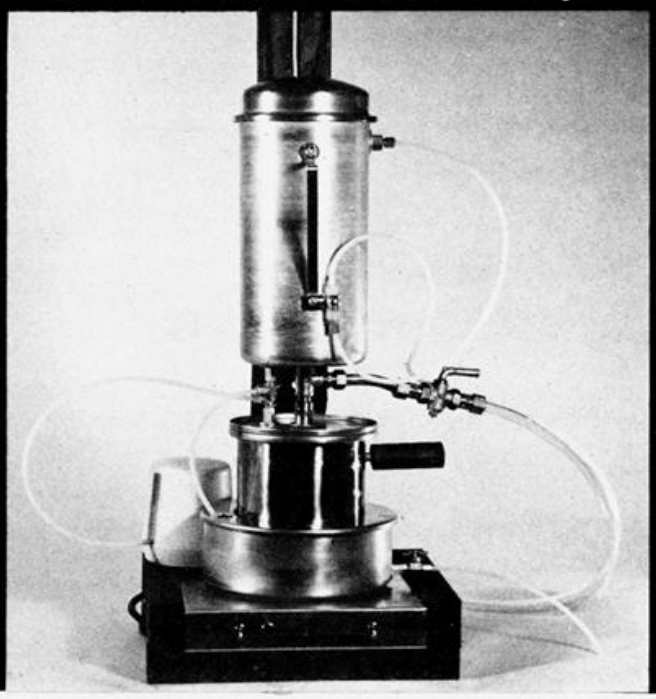
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How We Got Our Dope Laws

(continued from page 72)

competitors, they dispense mood-altering drugs to whoever can afford them. They control the lucrative drug research and treatment programs, and almost to a man back the drug laws of America.

Which, of course, do not work. Drug law enforcement became a growth industry; grass, coke and the rest have come back by popular demand. After the abolition of alcohol failed, you'd think the government would learn the impracticability of legislating against the pursuit of happiness, but when Prohibition floundered, T-men signed on for narcotics enforcement the way vaudeville comics flocked into talkies after the silents died. Our drug problem today is worse than ever—or better, depending on how you look at it.

History has no specific lesson to teach. Racism, xenophobia and brutal economic competition helped bring about our drug laws, but so did high-minded reformers with a vision of a prosperous, healthy American way of life. Most doctors today would deplore the crude racist tactics used to ban drugs, while maintaining a hard line on the drugs themselves. The prestigious psychologist and radical critic of the psychiatric establishment, Dr. Thomas Szasz, has identified America's obsession with drugs and "addicts" with man's ancient herd instinct to find a scapegoat for all his troubles. Other sources of antidope propaganda have been sought in the liquor and tobacco industries—and even in the DuPont chemical family, whose development of wood pulp paper in the 1930s benefitted from specific legislation against marijuana, cornering the market supplied by more durable hemp paper. And powers like the Pope, the Kremlin and Disneyland doubtless had their own motives for banishing dope.

As for the future, present trends suggest that marijuana may be legal and relatively inexpensive again within a decade, and there is increasing pressure in medical circles to re-examine the myths that surround cocaine. The history of American drug laws is a nightmare from which we are beginning to awaken after a loss of billions of dollars, the ruin of millions of lives and the costly neglect by science of the virtues of a few valuable herbs.

But then we'll probably get Prohibition back on the books. After all, when Mohammed set the juice of the grape off limits for true believers in A.D. 651, he didn't say anything about hashish—and for 1,500 years you couldn't buy a drink through the whole length and breadth of Islam. Now, with this Shah of Iran guy running things, you really can't tell.

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Sinsemilla

(continued from page 59)

she has hundreds of sticky stigma filtering every breeze, ready for whomever chances by. Possessed by a kind of virginal frenzy, she continues developing additional sexual organs daily until the day when a lucky breeze blows her way. Intercourse is not immediately fatal to her as it is to her consort, but she is much sobered by it. She ceases developing flowers and allows her old ones to curl up and turn brown. For the rest of her life—two or three weeks—she gives all her energy to her babies.

The sex life of a female dope plant has particular import to the human being destined to smoke her, since her production of cannabinol (the stony principle) is regulated by her sexual development. As a girl, she produces no more, and perhaps less, of this precious resin than her brothers. And she ceases to produce it altogether once she is impregnated. She produces it in significant quantities only during her virginal frenzy, dusting the leaves and stems with it, coating her flowers with sticky layers of it. It is at the height of her horniness, in the moment before impregnation, that she is most attractive to her human consumer. The hornier she gets, the higher he gets.

In the wild and under the usual methods of cultivation, the female remains in her virginal frenzy for only two or three weeks before she encounters a likely fellow, usually a brother, a male plant of her own age from the same dope patch. Two or three weeks, though, is but a pale shadow of her horny potential. For she is capable of sustaining her chaste ardor for months, even years under ideal conditions, for however long she's deprived of male companionship. A frustrated old maid of 20 to 25 weeks looks more like a Christmas tree than a dope plant. Her flowering tops are three or four times larger than a fertilized female's, seedless and dusted with resin, like the aforementioned cinnamon doughnut. An ounce of her has twice the bulk of an ordinary female ounce (since flowers are lighter than seeds). Each joint of her is two or three times as stony. She is sinsemilla.

The formula for cultivating sinsemilla is simple: death to all males. The formula's no secret, at least among dope growers. Just about everywhere in the world, in every culture with a dope-farming heritage, the growers dabble in the sinsemilla method—uprooting pubescent males so as to delay the impregnation of the females and thus enhance their potency. (This practice, misunderstood by observers, is the probable source of the widespread misconception that male plants are useless as dope.) So it is difficult to explain why sinsemilla is such an exotic product—so exotic that

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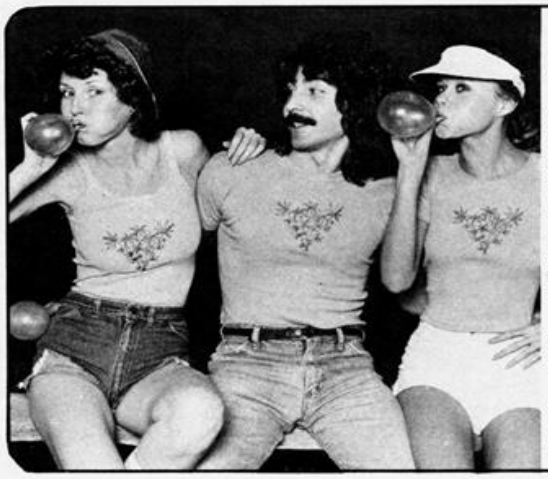
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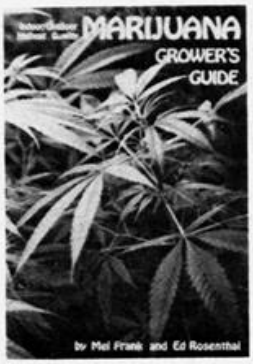
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most American dope fiends have never heard of it, let alone smoked it. If growers understand the principle, one asks, why do they merely dabble in it?

The best explanation lies in the inapplicability of the full sinsemilla method to commercial cultivation. Uprooting budding males is a simple matter, which offers not only the long-term advantage of enhancing the female's potency, but the immediate gratification of smoking the males at their stoniest. So it is practical even for a grower who has other things to do than tend his dope crop, or who simply doesn't care to visit his patch too frequently. The full sinsemilla method, though, since it is aiming for unblemished virginity, requires death to *all* males, not merely those that bud on schedule in one's patch, but those sneaky males who flower late, *and* all males downwind for a mile or more, *and* one's own hermaphrodites. The method requires perfection that is, if achievable at all, achievable only on a horticultural scale. Like in your garden.

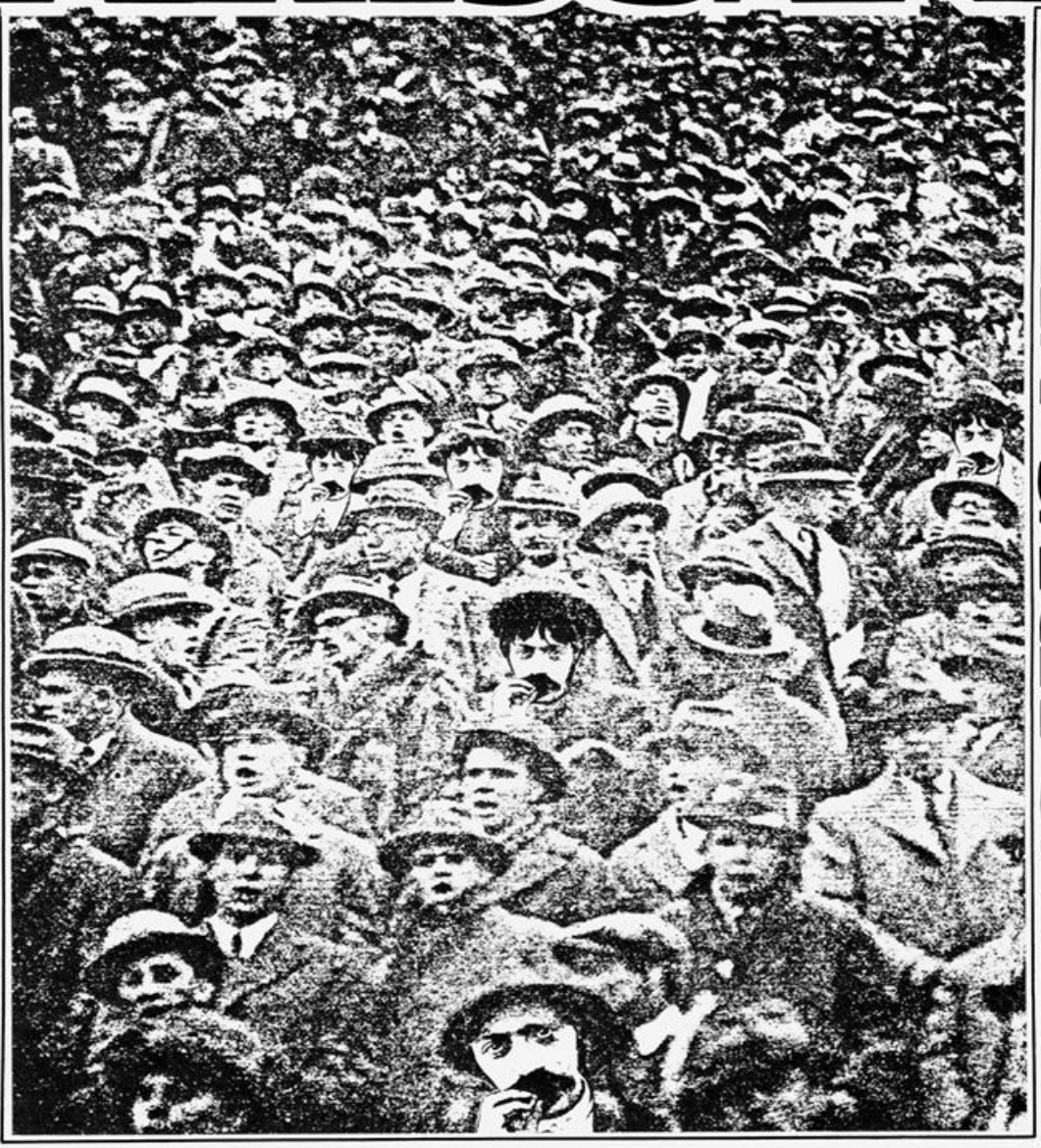
The flight of a pollen grain is governed entirely by the strength and direction of the wind that whisks it on its amorous way from a pistillate flower. So there is no absolute limit on the distance from which a male can fertilize a female. And no such thing as absolute security for a sinsemilla grower from extrinsic (beyond the limits of his patch) males, except within a pollen-proof greenhouse. But a single pollen grain can impregnate only a single flower and kill off only a single branch of a sinsemilla plant. It takes a cloud of pollen, or several clouds, to knock up a whole dope patch—a quantity which is unlikely to be showered on that patch by even the unluckiest wind from a distance greater than a few hundred yards. Luck is luck, of course. But you can improve your luck, obviously, by educating your neighbors, especially the ones upwind.

Greenhouses are wonderful places to grow sinsemilla, and indeed may be the only means by which growers in severe climates can enjoy a long enough growing season. But they can be treacherous allies for the grower who counts too heavily on their excluding extrinsic pollen. For his smugness may lead him to ignore the sinsemilla grower's peskiest enemy—the hermaphrodite.

The hermaphrodite is an exception to the rule of dioeciousness—a virgin who suddenly ceases to make carpels and begins to develop pistils. Her metamorphosis is absolutely unpredictable (hermaphrodism can strike any plant at any age), frighteningly abrupt (the change can be detected within three days) and can be disastrous in its consequences. She/he is far more dangerous than any extrinsic male, being right there in the middle of the patch, and far more dangerous than a young male, being so much more difficult to detect (a sin-

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semilla plant, remember, looks like a Christmas tree, and a male flower is smaller than a match head). On Tuesday afternoon a plant may look like a perfectly juicy lady, but Saturday morning may well find her knocking herself up, along with all the other juicy ladies in the patch.

Because hermaphrodism is, in essence, a survival mechanism, the likelihood of it can be reduced by environmental manipulation. That is to say, there will be a lesser risk in a dope crop that is adequately watered, adequately nourished and subject to a normal photoperiod (10 to 14 hours of sunlight per day); an environment in which the plants have little reason to feel threatened. But since the sinsemilla method itself is, of course, a systematic frustration of the plant's natural functioning, this threat will be perceived even under the most benign cultivation by approximately 10 percent of the crop—the hard-core horny. The sinsemilla grower has no defense against this hermaphroditic minority except his constant vigilance, his shadow falling on each of his plants two or three times weekly as he scrutinizes them minutely for signs of maleness. The only way to avert that Saturday-morning disaster is to detect and uproot the hermaphrodite on Thursday or Friday, before he can scatter his pollen.

Okay, you're ready to try your hand at sinsemilla. First, get some good seeds and plant them in good soil; water them like any vegetable seed. Transplant or thin the shoots after they develop their first serrated leaves, giving each one a couple of square feet (or a five-gallon can) to mature in. Give them names—girls' names. At about three weeks, you can start watching your plants for signs that the practiced eye can detect. But you don't have to do any real detecting until after the sixth week, after you've become familiar with each of your plants. About then you'll want to start watching for male flowers, particularly on the top third of the plant. If you have more than a half-dozen plants growing, you'll probably see one or more of them develop these clusters of male flowers before their tenth week. There will be anywhere from three to a dozen clustered together, little bunches of scrota. Uproot the male immediately. Smoke it, burn it, flush it— do whatever is necessary to get it the hell out of that henhouse.

Around the time you off your first male, you should start finding female flowers on some of your plants—clusters of fine white filaments at the tips of the branches. Watch them develop with the most scrupulous attention. But don't be lulled by these signs of femininity, for hermaphrodism is most common in the early stages of sexual development. Now is the time to begin trimming your plants of their large plate leaves, so that you can see the developing flowers clearly. It is

also a good time to top your plants, to train them into the less conspicuous bush shape. Select the healthiest females and give them a three- or four-foot circle to grow in. The dried cullings can be smoked.

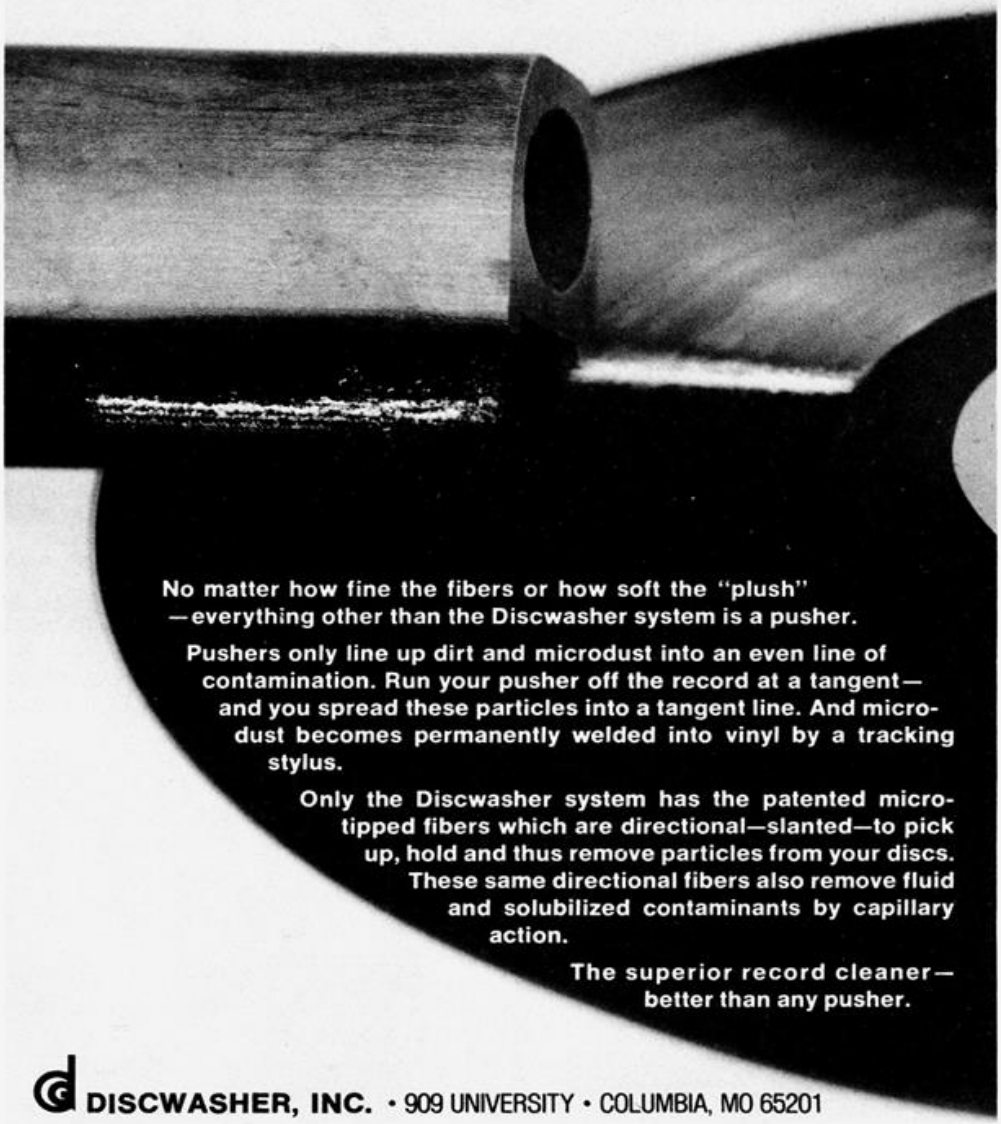
If you are growing your plants during the regular season, or are lighting them artificially 12 to 14 hours per day, you should be able to start harvesting flowers around the tenth week. But don't get carried away. Take a joint or two at a time one day from one plant, the next day from another. Removing some of the young buds will give extra juice to those left behind, but for God's sake don't rape your babies. Trim the one- and three-pointed leaves that grow from the flower clusters as soon as they protrude enough for you to get at them with scissors. They should keep you good and stoned while you watch your *colas* develop.

Colas de zorro is a Spanish term meaning "foxtail." Evergreen-colored, satiny with resin, pale at its tips where flowers are still developing, cinnamon-colored in its density where the resin has been accumulating. But wait! Put down that sickle! A word before you harvest.

If you are growing outdoors in a climate where you get frosts, go ahead and uproot your plants at the end of the growing season. If, however, your plants are indoors or outdoors in a balmy climate, you'd be a fool to uproot them. What you want to do instead is to harvest them. Cut the main stem back to a foot or less above ground level, above the lowermost branch. Leave enough greenery on the plant to enable it to carry on some photosynthesis. Within a week or two it should sprout a nimble young branch with bright-green foliage. Remove old foliage when the new growth is well on its way. The new growth will develop and mature into sinsemilla more rapidly thanks to its already established root system. Watch your new growth carefully, for it is particularly susceptible to hermaphrodism. Californians and Texans with growing seasons of 30 or 40 weeks should easily get two crops from a single plant. Hawaiians can get three crops per year from a plant in their greenhouse climate.

In this brief outline, I have only attempted to discuss the mechanics of sinsemilla, glossing over other aspects of marijuana culture. Seed selection, nutrition, soil and air temperatures, water and light requirements are important considerations that have been discussed at great length elsewhere. If you don't already know the basic horticulture, look it up in any reliable dope-growers' manual. Sinsemilla growers will debate forever the right way to trim young virgins, how to promote heavier resin, how to detect incipient hermaphrodism and so forth. So I'll leave the experimenting to you. If you hit on something good, be sure to tell your friends.

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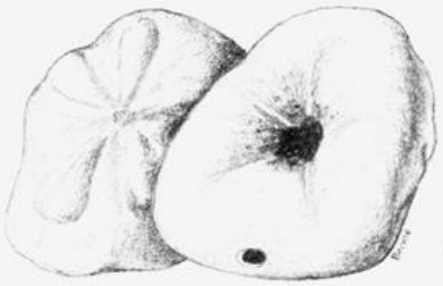
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Your Daddy Was a Weirdo

(continued from page 64)

trace of remembrance remain among men or Masons of so vile and perjured a wretch as I should be!" Certainly a cruel and unusual punishment, and an oath that Adams felt was incompatible with the Bill of Rights, and especially abhorrent when sworn to by military or government officials, *especially* the president, sworn to faithfully execute the Constitution.

The Morgan case dragged on from 1827 to 1830 and alerted the public to the fact that most government officials in the state of New York were members of the same secret society as Andrew Jackson, elected president in 1829. Adams, Jackson's predecessor, was elected to the House of Representatives on the Anti-Masonic Platform in 1830. In 1830 the Anti-Masonic Party met in Baltimore, with 116 delegates representing 13 states, for the purpose of nominating candidates for president and vice-president. The Anti-Masonic ticket garnered only seven electoral votes, but a considerable number of congressional seats were won by Anti-Masons, including J. Q. Adams.

Popular feeling against secret societies ran high for a number of years, and in the election of 1836, William Henry Harrison, running as an Anti-Masonic Whig, won 73 electoral votes, coming in second in a field of four candidates. However, the Anti-Masons realized that their appeal was rather narrow and so integrated themselves into the Whig party. The party is best remembered for adopting the three-quarters majority rule and for being the first party to adopt a platform.

The Morgan case proved the possibility of the Masonic cover-ups of crimes against the law and people of the United States. The "secrets" Captain Morgan planned to publish corroborate what Harry Truman said 120 years later: the great secrets of the Masons are nothing more than rituals, ciphers, signs and grips with *no value other than the preservation of secrecy.* As Adams said, "Judge this system *a priori*, without references to any of the consequences which it has produced, and say if human ingenuity could invent *an engine better suited to conspiracy of any kind.*"

A perfect engine of conspiracy?

In 1831, of a U.S. population of 13 million men, women, children and slaves, there were by Adams's estimate 200,000 Masons, free, white and 21, all working and voting. They possessed a staggering proportion of the money, power and leadership of the country, with a common secret code and means of identification, dedicated to helping one another and, no doubt they felt, humanity. In effect, 200,000 secret agents,



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enough to wield controlling interest in the national corporate entity or temple. And so it grew.

By 1934 when Right Worshipful Franklin D. Roosevelt, 32°, took office, there was a body of Masons 3 million strong, and despite hard times, most of them were still working and paying dues. The treasury helped needy brothers out and Masonic agencies helped unemployed Masons to find fraternal employers. Everybody was a brother, from New Dealer FDR to America-Firster Charles Lindbergh, from J. Edgar Hoover to Will Rogers, Irving Berlin and the Seven Ringling Brothers.

But how could over 3 million Masons keep a secret? Albert Pike, recognized by modern Masonry as its greatest scholar, wrote: "How can any intelligent Mason fail to see that the Blue Degrees (the highest held by the millions of Masons) are but preparatory, intended to enlist and bind together the rank and file of the Masonic army for purposes undisclosed to them?"

Far, far from the agency of democracy one might associate with the plotting of revolutions in America, France and Italy, Freemasonry's elite degrees have always been restricted to men of position, power and wealth, despite its philosophy of meeting on the level. Certain eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English grand lodges admitted only knights and peers of the realm to the higher degrees, and all English and American lodges were dominated by men of success in the worldly realms.

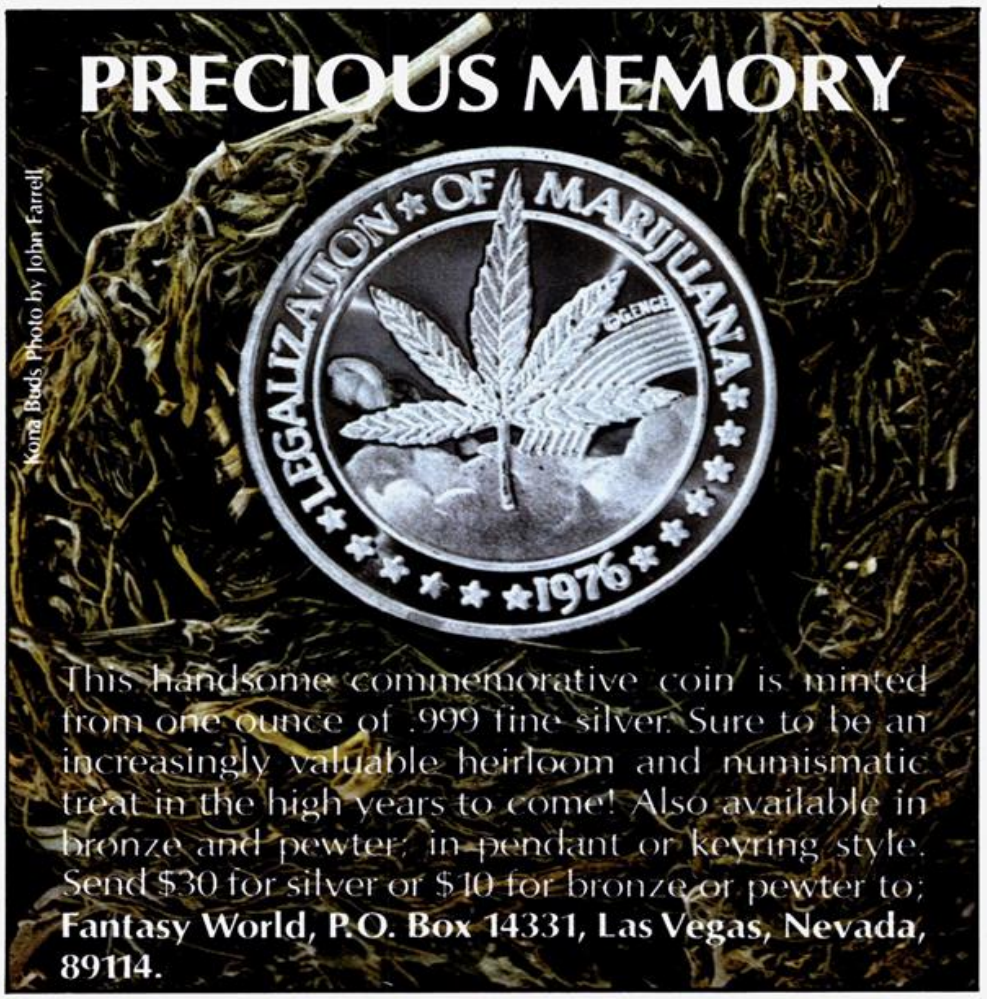
Freemasonry's symbols come from the building trade, out of the traditions of the master architects of the sacred Wonders of the World. At the lowest level of modern American Craft, however, there is little more than craftiness—a Mason rises by being adept in the social graces. To rise to high degrees it is necessary to pay dues. And paying dues in Masonry is not as metaphoric as it is in rock 'n' roll. It means paying large sums of money. A man actively engaged in the trade of stone masonry today might have trouble meeting the payments on 32 degrees.

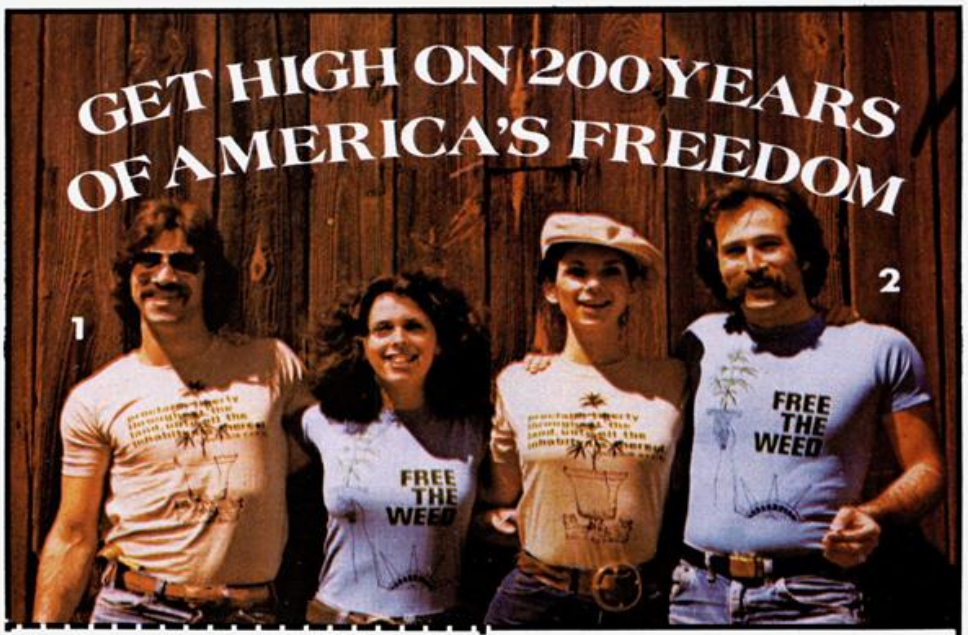
Twentieth-century Masons rise by degrees in a group that increases by degrees into the wisdom of politics and business, rather than metaphysics. The blackball comes down today according to color, creed, social status and city hall considerations. Black Masons were forced to go to England for a charter in 1775 and are still unrecognized by their white brothers. And women are admitted only to auxiliary orders.

Revolution is no longer a part of the Craft; law-abiding is. Today's Masons may smoke dope only in Alaska.

Modern Masonry is a restricted men's club with a room full of antiques inexplicable to their custodians. It is a system

(continued on page 97)





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Records

THE WHITE KNIGHT, by Cledus Maggard and the Citizen's Band (Mercury SRM-1-1072). By the time you read this, CB radio will have clogged the airwaves so badly you'll only be able to pick it up clearly if you drive into an electrified fence at 180 mph. You'll have to have a dentist replace your fillings with Woolite or Kroil just to get some quiet. So when you put this disc on your turntable and hear the gab of the CB originals—truckers, cops and madams running whorehouses disguised as hippie buses—you'll probably figure your needle is picking up old CB waves drifting back to earth from outer space. But don't scrap your quad yet. It's only good old Cledus Maggard and his Citizen's Band, pickin' and strummin' their way down the road, over the air and up your leg with their soul-searching CB ballads.



When good old Cledus got into Country and Western, it was a great loss to both rock and roll. His lyrics, licks and infidel chatter are as much of the times as the newest new Bob Dylan and twice as cheap—$1.98, to be precise, at your local discount record rack. Admittedly, Mercury's marketing strategy in thus underselling what ought to be the year's surefire sleeper C & W and novelty album evades reason, but then so do many of the fragrant roadapply slang expressions to be heard in "Kentucky Moonrunner," "C.B. Rock," "Jaw Jackin' " and "Cledus's C.B. Lingo Dictionary." But then that's the whole point of CB. Its argot was developed by a proud subculture (the cowboy truckers of the Deep South) in a hypermodern medium (shortwave radio) customized to their in-group style. Mass merchandising turned it into a laborsaving device for housewives, college kids and other transistorized pedestrians. Even now, bored and boring green apples are jamming the airwaves with recipes, grocery lists, homework assignments and similar civilian static. CB started as a folk culture and ended five minutes later as a Madison Avenue fad. It's enough to make you burn your "Keep On Truckin' " T-shirt, decal, toothbrush and six-piece dinette set.

But you can still recapture the good old days with good old Cledus and his everlasting, everloving trucker nostalgia. Hell, with canned CB playing on your dashboard disco, you can disguise your hippie bus as a whorehouse and have a fine old time. —*Mark Jacobson*

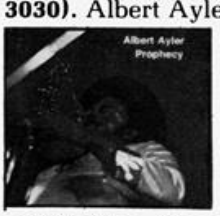
PACO, by Paco de Lucia (Island ILPS 9354). The virtuoso flamenco guitar of gypsy music gets awfully intense at times, conjuring up visions of wagons, campfires, dancing girls and rakish lovers, not to mention the lycanthropic side of the Romany life. Ironically, its basic appeal is the trance-like state it induces in the listener. Its repetitious nature impels one into a deep reverie of fertile ennui; as the guitarist's gypsy soul pours forth in a stream of mystical tedium, deep currents of emotion awaken in the auditor, just as the herbal hypnotism of staring at tea leaves, palms or money maximizes gypsy women's intuition and empathy with the general pattern of a client's life.



Twenty-eight-year-old Paco de Lucia, a Spaniard from the gypsy province of Andalusia, is one of the more accomplished mesmerists of present-day flamenco guitarists. But this album is more various than most flamenco recordings, which are, by definition, boring. One cut is counterpointed with highly unorthodox South American percussion. *"Aires Choqueros"* features Paco playing heavy gypsy soul music, accompanied by what sounds like and probably is a deck of cards being dropped sideways on a bridge table.

Paco makes flamenco interesting not only by the individuality of his selections, but by the amazing crispness of his playing. His technique is strong, and many years of practice pay off in the clarity, rapidity and evenness of his notes; the volume and control of his strums; and his lyrical tremolo, or triple picking. The few deficiencies of the album—lack of tone color and chordal variety—are those of flamenco music itself. —*Warren L. Shakespeare*

PROPHECY, by Albert Ayler, with Gary Peacock and Sonny Murray (ESP 3030). Albert Ayler belonged to a group of now famous "New Jazz" musicians that first became slightly visible in the United States while sojourning in New York's Lower East Side in the mid-Sixties. Among that coterie were Pharoah Sanders, Ornette Coleman, Rashied Ali and Archie Shepp. What Albert did was extend himself through his horn—saying unmentionable things.



exploring common but unconceptualized human emotions—using its sound as a clarifying tool. His mischievous ability to make speechlike sounds was his signature, and the great fun of Albert Ayler is discovering an ebullient humorist in a medium where latent classicism always reigned.

In this reissue of a 1964 recording, there is a telling juxtaposition of Ayler's masterful sax and the elegant, searching bass of Gary Peacock, who long ago left avant-garde jazz to become a Zen monk. Albert's horn enters like Pan, puckish and authoritative; from a distance, the bass draws the cautious listener in to a precise, ethereal research. At the poised, transcendent moment—in marches horn, a parade of colorful humanity.

The rich contrasts of this album are given cohesion by percussionist Sonny Murray, whose often enthusiastic accompaniment both highlights the whole and brings out new elements. —*Lee Mason*

SONGS FOR THE NEW DEPRESSION, by Bette Midler (Atlantic SD 18155). Regretfully, listening to a Bette Midler album is only half the show—the song, dance, comedy and outrage that make up Bette's live act are the real spectacle. Midler on record is like television without the picture tube.



Happily, *Songs for the New Depression* ventures closer to translating the live Bette Midler into vinyl than do her two previous efforts; it is also the chanteuse's most diverse album to date.

In concert, the comedienne/singer inhabits a series of odd characters—the bitchy divine Miss M; the bottle-swigging shopping-bag lady; the sleazy, vocalist. In delightfully similar fashion on *Songs for the New Depression*, Bette journeys between "My Mild Disco Hit," "Strangers in the Night" and the low-key "Let Me Just Follow Behind"; exercises her French on "Samedi et Vendredi"; galavants through the land of "Marihuana" à la Carmen Miranda; and stops on "Old Cape Cod" for an Andrews Sisters-type rendition of that classic. Tied for top honors are "Buckets of Rain" (with harmonies courtesy of Bob Dylan) and the torchy ballad "I Don't Want the Night to End."

Songs for the New Depression is not a one-sound album. In fact, it may suffer from schizophrenia. But that's to be expected from a performer with both a mighty voice and wit.—*Barbara Pepe*

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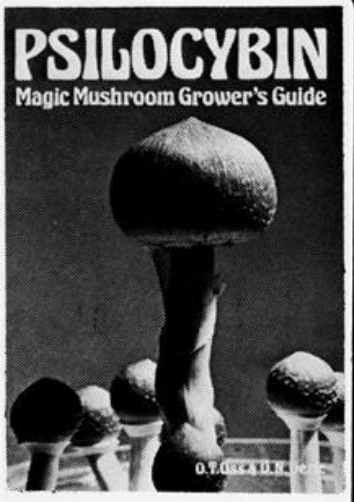
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Books

THE PEYOTE CULT, by Weston La Barre, fourth edition enlarged (Archon Books, 995 Sherman Ave., Hamden, Conn. 06541, $10.00). Weston La Barre's careful, detailed study of the ritual use of peyote in North America is an academic book, meticulously documented; it was originally written as a doctoral thesis in 1938. Because of its academic orientation, I doubt that *The Peyote Cult* will have great popular appeal, but it is certainly the classic work on the subject; so much so that La Barre claims that it has served as an operations manual for Indian groups interested in setting up peyote cults. Nonetheless, it suffers from poor organization.



Despite the fact that the book is in its fourth edition, La Barre has not seen fit to revise it. The 1938 text is reprinted intact, having been progressively expanded over the years by the accretion of a bewildering array of notes and bibliographies. This detracts considerably from the original text. There is much needless reiteration in the various addenda as La Barre expands, corrects and updates earlier observations. It would have been far better to have revised the entire book, making the appropriate corrections.

These are, perhaps, minor points. Much worse criticism may be leveled against La Barre himself and his attitudes toward hallucinogenic drugs. La Barre claims to have "repeatedly eaten peyote" and to "know what it is like." One wonders, however, if this is the case. La Barre believes hallucinogens may produce "an insensate hostility" leading to "permanent impairment of the central nervous system." He considers LSD to be deleterious and "teratogenic" (producing birth defects) and concludes that we are "not really justified in destroying our genes and thus the right of future beings to be human."

Meanwhile, he sees "no grave danger or evil in the *Indian* use" (my emphasis) of peyote and claims to defend this use to the last. He even suggests that a poet might legitimately use hallucinogens, as long as he "brings back articulate writing of his experience," and considers his own use of peyote to have been justified—strictly for scientific purposes, you see. La Barre considers other use of hallucinogens to be "wholly synthetic, disingenuous and bogus."

This is barefaced opinion masquerading as science. Had I not been asked to write this review, I would not have read beyond the introduction. La Barre is a pedant, and the only thing bogus here is his reactionary, self-righteous position regarding hallucinogenic drugs. The information offered here is impressive, but it would be better to acquire it from people who respect the drugs they seek to understand. —*Jonathan Ott*

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES CUSTOMS SERVICE, by Arthur Settel (New York: Crown, $12.50). When the Customs Service was founded some 185 years ago by George Washington, it was charged with policing and protecting our borders from contraband and granted full powers of warrantless chase, seizure and arrest of smugglers. Today those powers have been pretty much handed over to the Drug Enforcement Agency, much to the chagrin of our most honest cop, Customs czar Vernon D. Acree. He has little choice these days but to sit back and view with alarm the bizarre tactics of the DEA in hiring informers to fly in huge loads of marijuana so other DEA informers can purvey them to eventual penny-ante bustees. The result, the pitiful spectacle of Customs agents helplessly running around on the ground with flypaper and butterfly nets while pot-laden DEA B-52s thunder safely overhead, is a sad reminder that one of our few remaining efficient and only mildly corrupt government agencies is being wasted at the usual cost to the taxpayers.



Arthur Settel ignores this, as well as the fact that the same thing happened during Prohibition, and concentrates on police-file photos of not-too-ingeniously packed statues, boxes and money belts confiscated from inept smugglers who fell victim to the prod and pluck of a few lucky Customs agents. Admittedly, there is much here for the beginner: hundreds of seemingly novel smuggling gimmicks that Customs has been wise to for at least a century; false pregnancy pillows, false leg cavities, hollow Buddhas and the like. The book also provides a few clues to the many exports that smugglers are finding profitable to take to Mexico and points

south for greater profit on outbound trips: guns, denims, motorcycles, and others.

The inventory of caches of firecrackers, *objets d'art*, jewelry, rare flowers and so forth that Customs agents have racked up provide a warehouse-sized monument to the ingenuity of revenooers. This book is being falsely advertised as "*not* sold to smugglers"; smugglers will be glad to learn that they can spend their money better elsewhere.

—*Eric Kibble*

THE PEOPLE'S GUIDE TO MEXICO, by Carl Franz (John Muir Publications, Box 613, Santa Fe, New Mexico, $4.50).



While I was planning my first trip to Mexico several years ago, someone suggested that I acquire and read *The People's Guide to Mexico*. I didn't, and I don't see how I got along without it. To be sure, anyone who spends a great deal of time in Mexico can learn much that is in this book, perhaps more. If, however, you simply plan to vacation in Mexico, by all means buy the book before you go.

This is no ordinary travel book. The reader is not directed to tourist traps and expensive, plastic hotels and restaurants. *The People's Guide* is about how to *be* in Mexico—how to maintain health, happiness and sanity; how to communicate with the people and understand their ways. With humor and a catholic understanding of strange customs, Franz paints a very loving and accurate picture of what the traveler might see, if only given the chance.

This is also a book on how to travel—how to get along with companions, how to budget time, how to maximize enjoyment and minimize hassles; how the young traveler with a limited budget can obtain the best nutrition, comfort and relaxation inexpensively. Much of this information is directed toward campers. Here is a course on how to catch fish and other foods from the sea; how to obtain and prepare coconuts, dig wells, build huts, knot hammocks, sharpen machetes, bathe in a cup of water. There are also recipes, useful phrases and lessons in bar and whorehouse protocol, *machismo*, police hassles and other quaint Mexican folkways too numerous to mention.

My only criticism is that this book has not been revised in the four years since it

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was written. A note in the front says that many of the prices will actually be as much as 100 percent higher than those mentioned. I think 200 percent would be more accurate; even more in some cases.

If you plan to visit Mexico for an enjoyable vacation, get this book and, as its author suggests, "Draw in it, use it for a hot pad, make corrections, rip out pages, glue in new ones, waterproof it, roll joints out of the index, do anything—just use it and enjoy it; that's what it's for."

—Jonathan Ott

THE BIG BROTHER GAME, by Scott French (San Francisco: Gnu Publishing, $8.00, paperbound). Unlike Kurt Saxon's classic *The Poor Man's James Bond*, which deals with the seedier side of investigating (counterfeiting, building homemade explosives and bizarre weapons such as pocket flamethrowers), this home-study, secret-agent course is an enticing primer to whet the novice's imagination.



Because of cost and complexity, Scott French explains, electronic surveillance had become consolidated into the hands of a few powerful groups. He hopes to reverse this concentration of power by disseminating some of Big Brother's knowledge, starting with a history of bugs and other esoteric gadgets. Early mini-listening devices included bugged cigarette packs, martini olives, sugar cubes and even postage-stamp–sized transmitters. Modern technology has taken miniaturization a step further with the invention of a pill-sized bug that the victim unwittingly swallows, never suspecting that it is sitting inside him beeping his position.

These items are small stuff, however, compared to high-altitude planes equipped with "Star Tron," a light-amplification system that can photograph in any night but the blackest, or to satellites that may soon be able to read people's lips from 100 miles up and that now can locate plant "signatures" (e.g., marijuana) by concentrating on infrared traces. It is even possible to take an infrared picture of something after it has left the area by recognizing its residual heat signs.

"Passive" instruments, such as "infinity transmitters," allow phones to be tapped while the receiver remains in the cradle; infrared laser beams focused on a windowpane can discover what is being said in the room. Psychological Stress Evaluators (P.S.E.) can tell if people are lying solely by the stress levels in their voices.

The spy trade's cardinal rule is: "A clean sweep today does not mean it will be clean tomorrow." For those who want to be absolutely certain, Mr. French has thoughtfully reproduced pages from some catalogs, including the names of directors of the most prominent bugging/debugging companies—many of whom went into the field before the law took all the fun out of it—and their rates.

The author subscribes to the maxim that "there is no unpickable lock, unclimbable fence or unbreakable safe. Planning, patience and persistence have it." He shows how to attack a building, how the various alarm systems work and how to avoid them. The fine art of cracking safes is delineated, but of more use to many people is the section on "How to Pick Locks (Including Handcuff Locks)."

John Meyers of the National Security Administration has already suggested that 25 million transmitters be leased at about $5.00 a week to an equal number of Americans (undesirables, of course). These devices would be connected to a huge computer network to keep track of their whereabouts at all times, so they could easily be tracked down and arrested. Removal of the device would be a felony. *The Big Brother Game* suggests a few ways to elude any such overgrowth of the long arm of the law.

—Stuart J. Levine

THE DESÂTÎR, translated by Mulla Firuz bin Kaus (Wizard Books, Box 66, Savage, Minn. 55378, $7.00). With this volume, a reprint of the 1818 Bombay translation of certain ancient Persian secret doctrines, the only remnant of the Mahabhadian language has finally been made widely available in English. The Zoroastrian texts first published thousands of years ago are now experiencing something of a revival, and this tight little pocket-sized guide to living is well worth the mystic number of bucks. And it's beautifully bound, too.



Acidheads, opium smokers and casual dope tokers will all sustain a spiritual rise from this ageless, sexless ethic of birth, rebirth and cyclical perpetuity. How, What, When and Wherefore are explained in graceful extracts that reveal translator Firuz b. Kaus to be as much at home in Aramaic Pahlevi as we would be in Central Park.

All the glory of the Bible is condensed here into a simple account of How It All Began—in itself, enough to make this Mesopotamian missal a must for those who can read between the lines. Madame Blavatsky considered it *very* occult. Some say this book conforms to the 14 Manus of the Vedas, but those Hindu texts were sadly unavailable and we could not verify the significance of the arrangement of a subject matter.

Interesting work, but it will never become a great movie. *—Michael Foldes*

THE BOOK OF COFFEE AND TEA: A Guide to the Appreciation of Fine Coffees, Teas, and Herbal Beverages, by Joel, David and Karl Schapira (New York: St. Martin's Press, $8.95). What a misalliance this is, to link the poisonous mud of the bean with the philosophical effervescence of the leaf! Oh well, you've got to take the beer with the bottle, and *The Book of Coffee and Tea* is as replete a compendium of cupped lore as you're likely to find. The authors—the second and third generations of a 70-year-old Greenwich Village coffee-tea dynasty—have drawn on intimate experience with their wares, as well as wide reading that includes at least the dregs of knowledge of the rise of the Dutch republic, the decline of English morals during the Restoration, the Tao and other recondiments. In short, their handsome book is a pleasure to peruse.



For the historians, the choice parts of the tome are those that recount the immeasurable antiquity of the tea ceremony and the golden age of coffee, the latter potation having burst upon the English during the licentious reign of Charles II. The coffee houses of London became second court and great founts of inspiration for all the Augustans, including Rochester, Addison, Swift, Defoe, Steele, Pope and Dryden. In time, tea gained its benign sway over the Brits, and as a result the pub hours are now fixed by law to from 12:00 noon to 3:00 P.M. and from 5:00 P.M. to 11:00 P.M. (though there's always a drop of the creature to be had at Doug's place in Putney after hours).

Now, none of the latter wisdom is in the Schapiras' book, except the obligatory passing reference to eighteenth-century coffee drinking, but it's a fine book. On the Japanese tea ceremony: "It began centuries ago in the courts, palaces and monasteries, when a few men—never more than six—would gather for several hours to drink tea . . . The delicate scent of incense wafts through the small, plain room. The murmured conversation is inspired by the fine workmanship of the tea utensils, the scroll on the tokonoma, or a single dew-covered lily . . . The pieces of iron in the bottom of the kettle are arranged so as to produce a sound like the wind sweeping through trees or surf moaning against the rocks. In the subdued light the guests, in carefully selected neutral costumes, the art objects, the flowers, the tea, the atmosphere, all blend together into an experience de-

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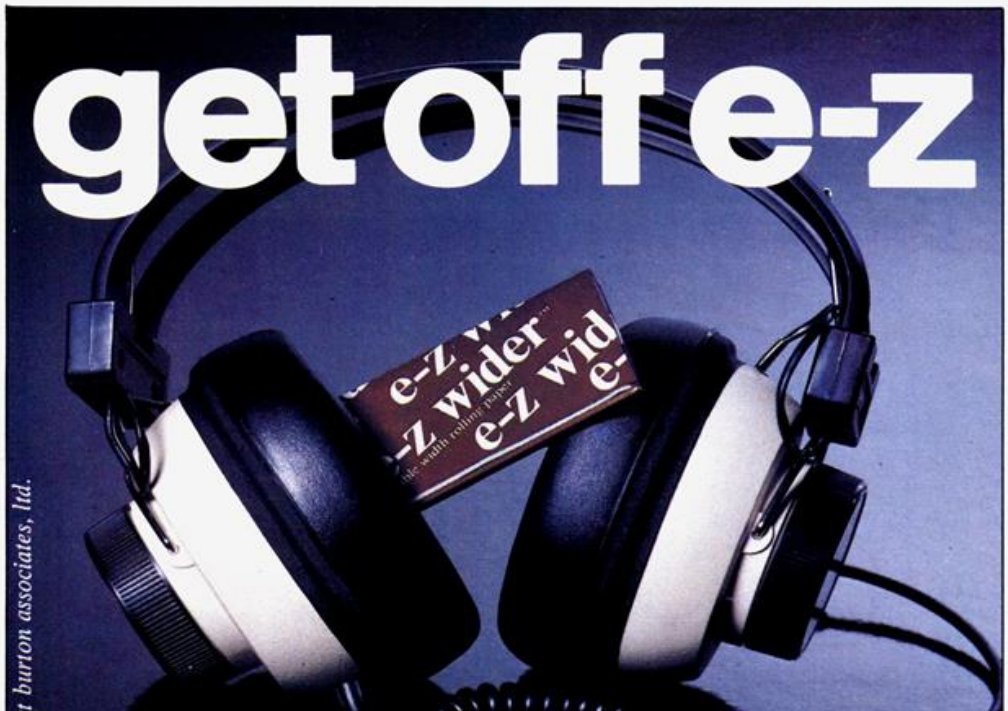
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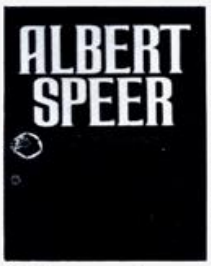
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signed to challenge relativity, to lift the mind from finite to infinite realisms." Ponder that. —*Eric Kibble*

SPANDAU: THE SECRET DIARIES, by Albert Speer (New York: Macmillan, $13.95). As Hitler's architect, Albert Speer pointed 150 spotlights at the sky to climax the stunning special effects he invented for the million-strong Nazi party rally at Nuremberg in 1935. Twelve years later in the same city, the Allied war crimes tribunal sentenced him to 20 years in Berlin's Spandau fortress. If you expect to share the same fate as the father of the electric light show when the trials get under way at Yasgur's farm, you could do worse than read these prison diaries before the government extends its hospitality to you.



Speer's insight, unique among the Nazi leaders, into his own past political delusions, makes *Spandau* read like *Growing Up at 37*. Indeed, one of Speer's most obnoxious cellfellows was Baldur von Schirach, who, as leader of the Hitler Youth movement, was the Jerry Rubin of the Third Reich. Striving to repent of his own "crimes against humanity," Speer never told Schirach that Hitler had never read his poems. For 20 years he spared his exasperating fellow fascist the agony of this information. Yet Speer never fully confronts his own sexism.

His classmates at Spandau included several other colorful Nazis, including Rudolf Hess, whose scorn for his jailors, contempt for his cellmates, plans for new autobahns and steady refusal to eat his eggs made him the Hurricane Carter of the Four-Power prison system. Of the Americans, British, French and Russians, the Soviet guards were the harshest to the shut-ins, and inflicted on them countless petty infamies like insisting that they all serve out their sentences. One has not read so smiting an indictment of Bolshevism since April, when Tim Leary fired off that letter to William Buckley praising Solzhenitysn's brave new mustache against Soviet tyranny.

By the way, I hear Leary kept pretty busy in prison working on this great new theory that LSD is an evolutionary agent to prepare humanity to live in outer space. If Hitler's top rocket man, Wernher von Braun, could get a big job with NASA, why can't the author of *Starseed*? If that is Tim's game plan, he might have sped up his release by rehearsing a few of Speer's persuasively apologetic lines from *Spandau* before he told the parole board, "I didn't know about Woodstock. I heard rumors, but I didn't believe them. I was only following orders. I am not now, and have never been, a hippie."

—*Eric Kibble*

Your Daddy Was a Weirdo

(continued from page 89)

of 33 degrees, a vast pyramid of loyal souls, bodies and dollars tapering off to an incomplete apex of three Grand Masters, privileged, we are told, with the highest secrets known to humanity, but incomplete, or at least with its apex visible only to the eye of the spirit, an invisible architect-king.

In *Morals and Dogma*, a series of 32 initiatory lectures published in 1871, Albert Pike enumerated the *summum hocum* of the Masonic infrastructure. In the First Degree he explained the Twelve-Inch Rule and the Common Gavel, symbolic of the blind Force of the People, the Rule of Right, the Hammer, the Rule, the Mace of Force, Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. By the Thirty-second Degree, Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret, we learn that Occult Science is concealed under the shadows of the Ancient Mysteries. In fact, for any of you making it to the last lecture, Mr. Pike has the news that Masonry is, after all is said and done, Magic—Abracadabra, poof: you're gone.

Anybody who wants to rise in the organization, who might stand a chance of learning something somewhat secret, confidential or at least titillating, has to be subjected to a real "third degree" treatment. There is a considerable ritual, involving acting out a part, taking oaths, giving signs, reciting catechism and, last but not least, being tricked.

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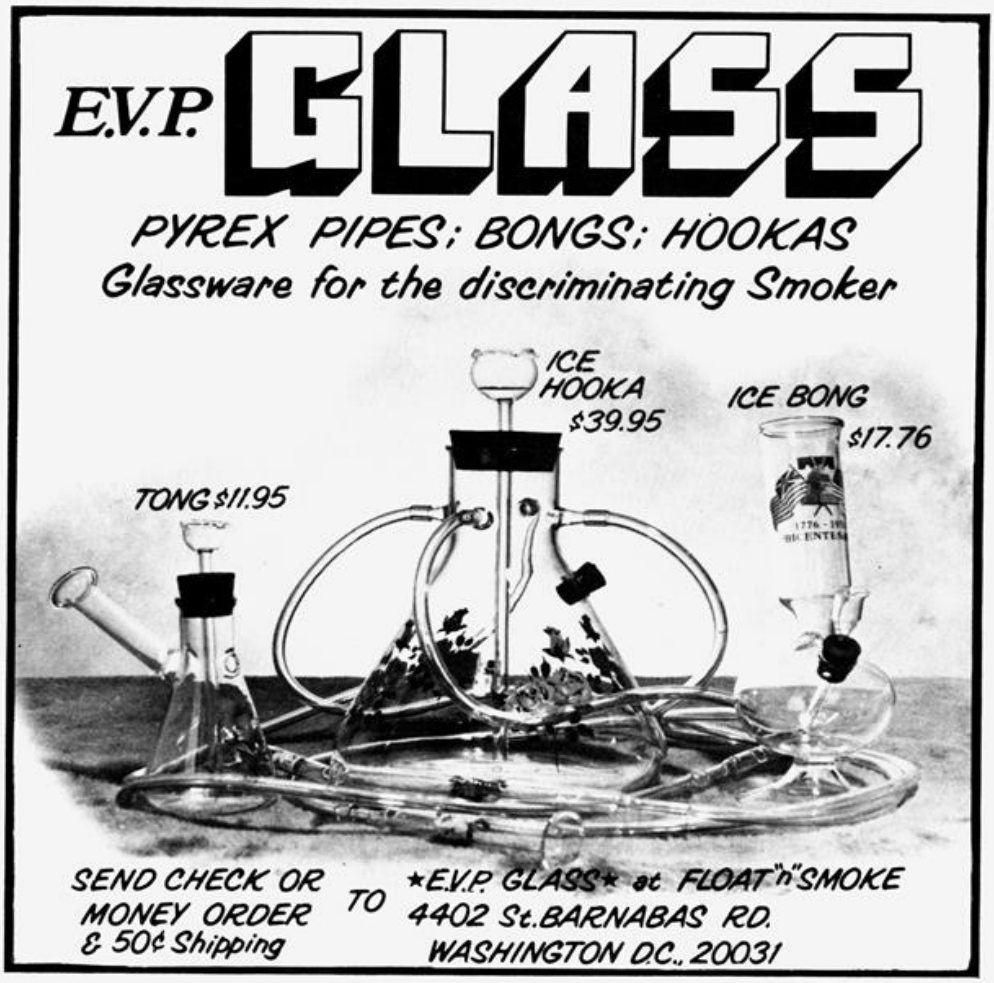
In the First Degree you are hoodwinked, bare breasted, one shoe on and one shoe off, with a noose around your neck. You blunder up against the point of a sword and swear your life away, on your word, against revealing you know not what.

In the Second Degree you learn that the big *G* doesn't stand for goodness, but maybe Geometry.

In the Third Degree you are Hiram, smacked on the head with a mallet, knocked dead for not telling, and then raised up for a decent burial. But that's just the beginning; the tricks get worse.

If Professor Pike was right and Masonry is magic, where did that magic go? Why has Freemasonry become conventions of aging drinkers in fezzes? What secrets could those turkeys have? Certainly no magic, huh?

When Harry Truman said he knew no secrets, he really said that the only secret is secrecy, see? Why, Harry knew well, being of the Thirty-third Degree, that the most secret word of Freemasonry is admitted by the Craft's own doctrine to be a *substitute* for the original word, which was with God and was God and now is lost. No, the 33° Grand Master Mason





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from Missouri told us he didn't know any secrets because he knew that he didn't know what the priests of Egypt were doing inside the Great Pyramid. This is *not* to say that R ∴ W ∴ Harry Truman didn't know *substitute* secrets, borrowed from the fields of politics, science, warfare or gossip to which he was privy, which served just as effectively on modern people as the secret high magic of the priests had on the land of Egypt. All part of the fine art of running the show of which "the world is a stage," according to Shakespeare (an alias of Sir Francis Bacon, according to Masonic scuttlebutt).

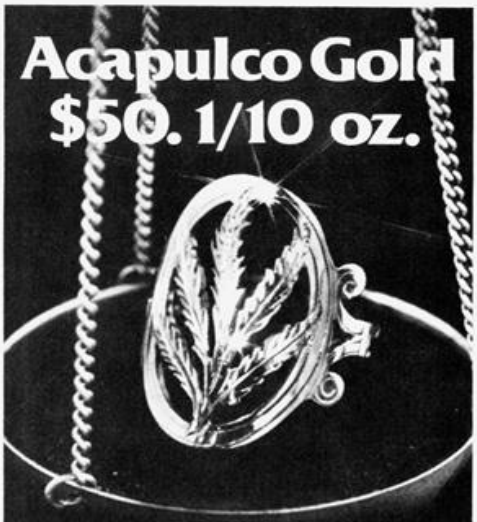
Imagine Harry S. Truman, sitting at midnight on the Truman porch (an addition to the White House reviled by architects everywhere). Harry is wearing nothing but a blue bathrobe given to him by FDR and under it the Templar "death's head" sheepskin apron given him by his Grand Lodge. Harry can't sleep, so he's looking out over the White House lawn toward the huge Egyptian obelisk that is the Washington Monument. On an oak table beside him rests a box of fine Havana cigars, a bottle of whiskey, a compass, a square, the trowel with which President Coolidge mortared the cornerstone of the George Washington Masonic Memorial in Arlington, Virginia—the very same trowel that Washington used when he laid the cornerstone of the Capitol—and a shot glass handed down to him by one of his fellow Grand Masters; handed down to him, or so they said, from a hand so legendary that no one would believe him, the president of the United States, if he revealed it.

It is a chilly night for July 1945, so Harry is wearing a fez to keep warm. He gave up on sleeping; his mind is troubled by a terrible dilemma. To nuke or not to nuke, that is the question. Then something comes to him. He realizes that what he's been agonizing about all night has not been the moral question, the possible losses and the moral calculus of lives—no, not balancing it out at all, but just trying to figure out how the goddamned thing works. Teller must have explained it over a million times, but it still sounds like Greek.

And when he realizes that the moral question has evaded him completely, this funny feeling comes to him. This thing comes to him from some fuzzy place in his memory, something someone had said to him once at a Missouri lodge. A brother was giving a very dull lecture on alchemy and the Masonic tradition, explaining the concept that the transmutation of metals was really just a kind of fable or metaphor for the transmutation of the human soul or consciousness from base to fine material, when a Most Worshipful fellow sitting next to Harry, to whom this was also Greek, leaned over

(continued on page 102)

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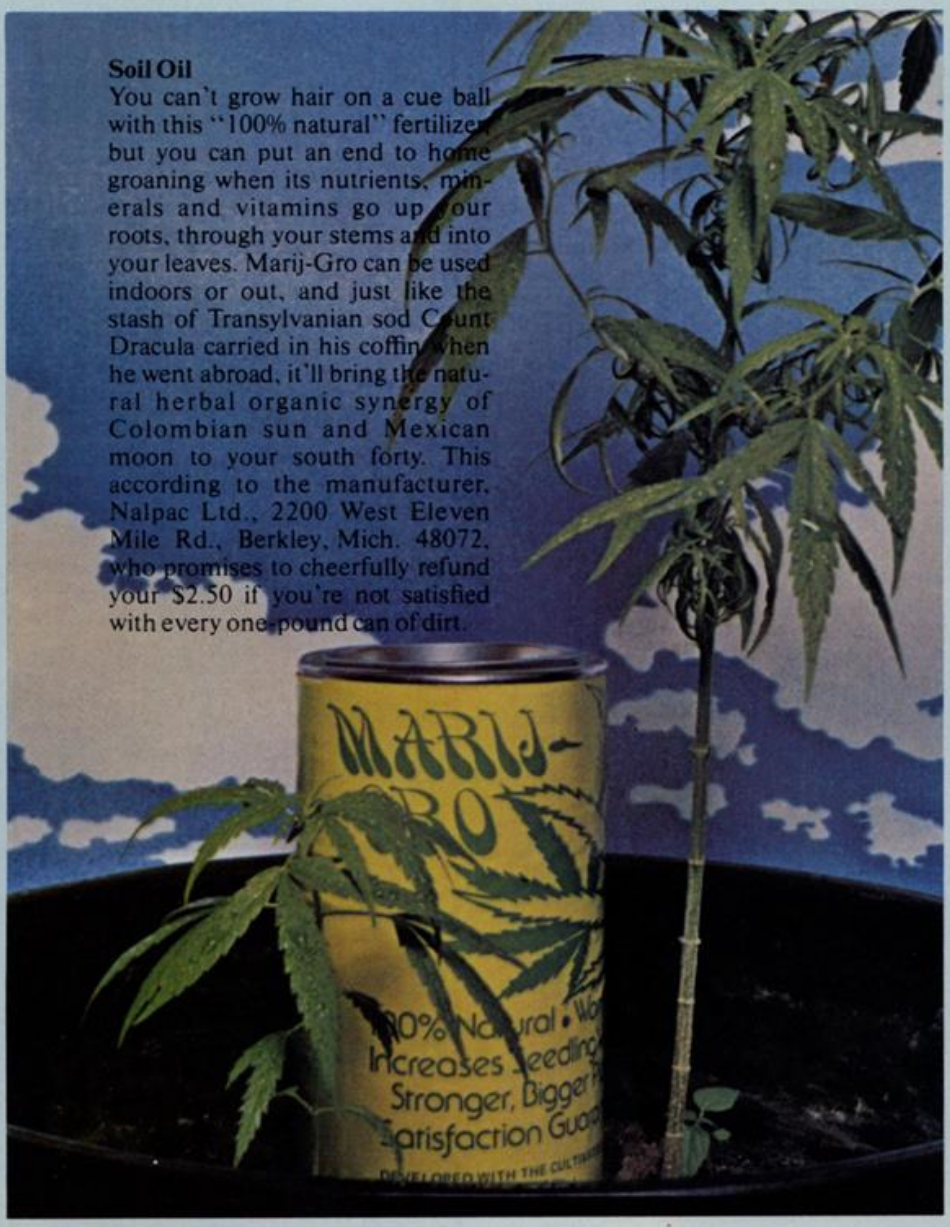
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From America's leading paraphernalia manufacturer comes this fine new rolling paper for the nose. The 1976 Series D banknote is good for all debts public and private. Feminists will happily note that each cocaine-carrying device bears the signature of Treasury Secretary Francine A. Neff and there's a black man on the back in a crowd scene at Philadelphia's Independence Hall. The new two-dollar bill, however, is not quite as psychoactive as the prewar Treasury Bonds (Series E) which are prized by connoisseur tooters and tokers for their high proportion of hemp content in the paper. Only $2.00 from your local bank.





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"Paraphernalia" is devoted to the latest in dope acoutrements. If you know of an item that should be reviewed on these pages, please send it to the Paraphernalia Editor, along with all relevant information on the product: price, how to obtain it and a brief description. All submissions will be carefully considered and quality tested.

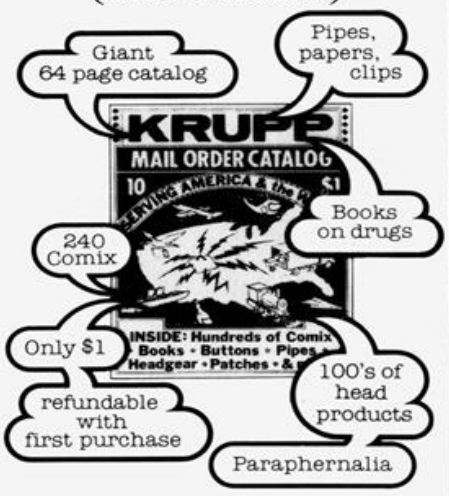
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(continued from page 98)

and poked him in the ribs with his elbow saying: "Hey, Harry, if this guy's right I'm sure as hell gonna get the lead out of my pants all the way to the bank."

Harry, usually a model of Masonic decorum, split a gut, causing the lecturer to look his way and breaking up the lodge. "Hell's bells," mused Harry, "wasn't the *transmutation of metals* what Teller's been saying this goddamned A-bomb is all about, anyway? Must be a goddamned gift of God, this here thing, and we might as well use it 'fore somebody else does. It might work."

But can we really ascribe such mystery to a plain speaker like Harry Truman? Couldn't the man who nuked the Japs be a simple but bright man of the people, or was he a man privy to the dark mysteries and secrets of the magnitude of those spoken of in the Apocalypse of St. John, much admired by Masonic scholars of ages past?

What if Adams was right, and the struggle of modern Freemasonry is the ultimate engine of conspiracy? What is there to conspire about in 1976 that might bring the far left and the far right into the same secret temple? What conscious or unconscious conspiracy might George McGovern and George Wallace both agree upon?

The Secret is lost. Forget it. The substitute is almost as good. Substitute anything that's a secret. Substitute who killed Kennedy, who'll win the exacta at Aqueduct, what the Politburo likes in bed. Secrets are power levels. Substitute the files, any files. Substitute the CIA: secret, more secret, top secret, really top secret, eyes only.

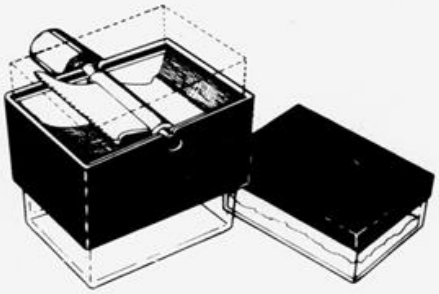
Substitute all the secret files of the Warren Commission that were held by the Former Grand Master of the State of California. Substitute the still-classified files of memos and memorabilia that passed between J. Edgar Hoover, 33° guru of Masonry for Boys, and his lodge brother and FBI co-supremo, Clyde Tolson. Substitute tapes of the Dulles brothers' phone calls.

Substitution is how Masonry got along without Hiram the Master Architect (who, says Rudolf Steiner, was a man Sheba would've traded Solomon for).

So what are the top secrets the Top Royal Viziers of the Enchanted Veils and Crannies think they possess? According to one Catholic critic and former Mason, the tippy-top secret of the Craft is that the Body of Jesus Christ was stolen from the sepulchre by Master Mason Joseph of Arimethea, who took it home and watched it return to the elements from which it came, dust to dust. Jesus smelled! And this might explain some of the papal antipathy and fit right in with deist notions. No Resurrection—God never suspended the laws of nature!

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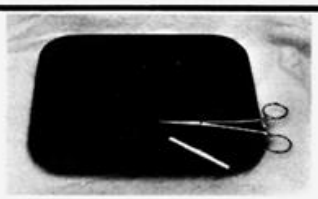
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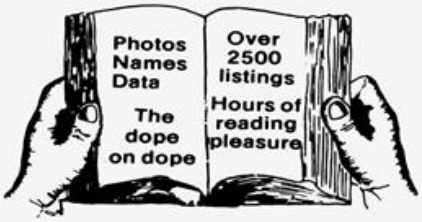
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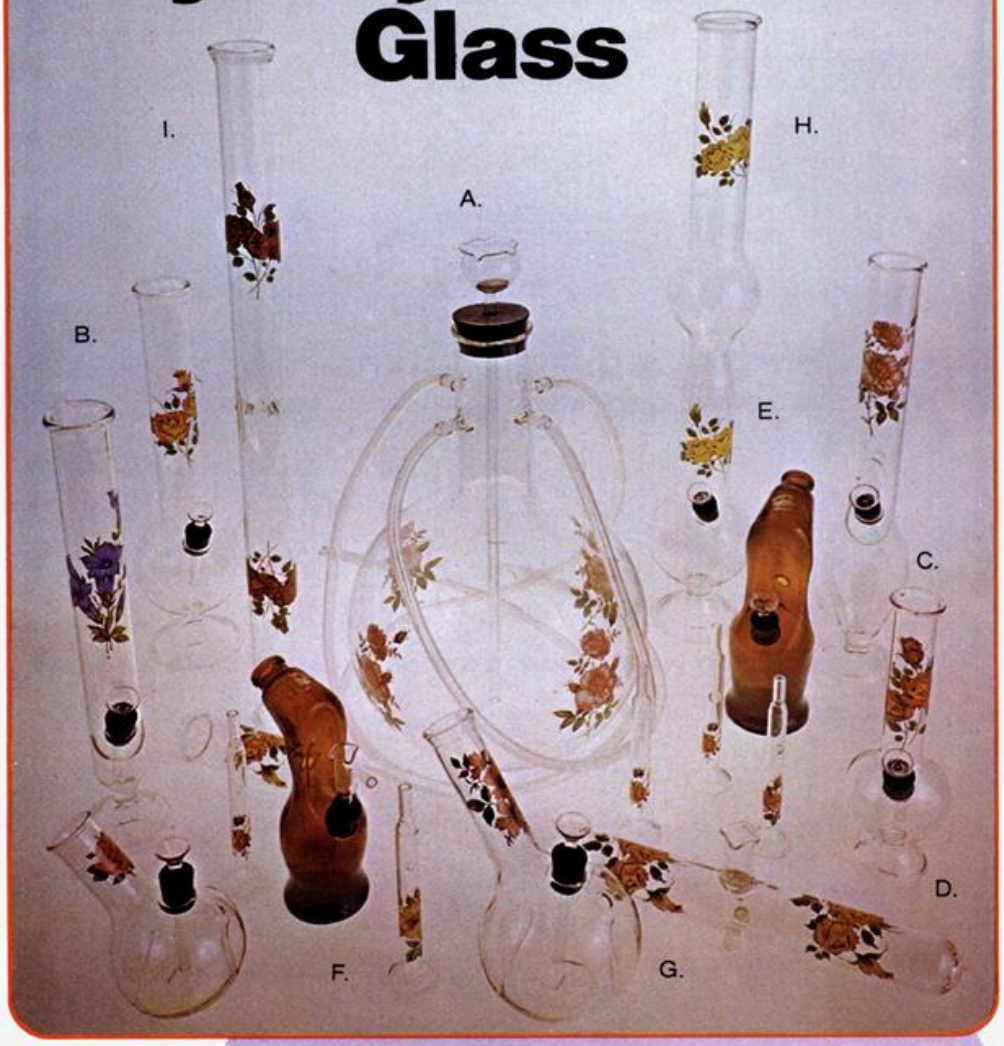
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Wheelchair or Gerald of the Oval Office believe in resurrection? Reincarnation?

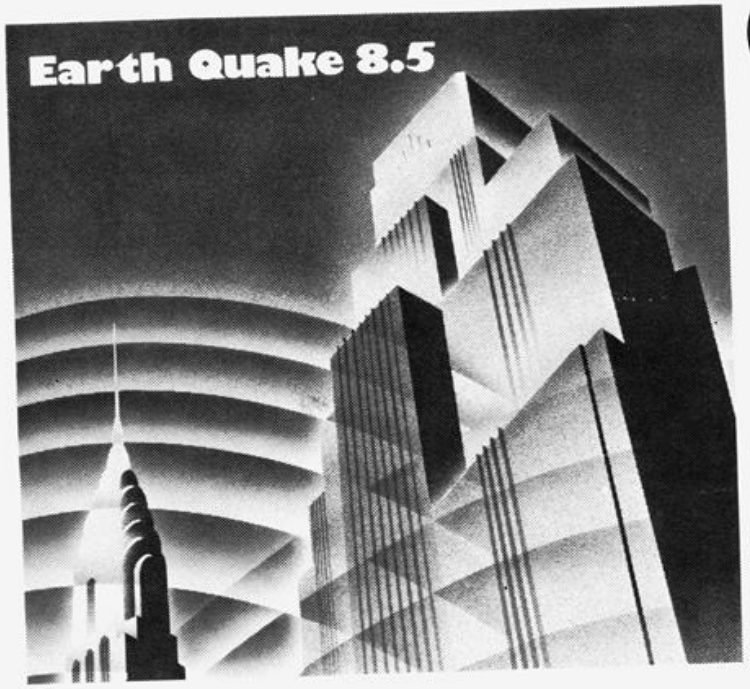
Jesus Christ rotting as 33° secret, the rub-out of Hiram by jealous louts, Jacques de Molay at the stake and Jack Kennedy (no Mason, he, and our only papist president at that) killed by killers still, perhaps, unknown . . . there's a certain amount of violent repetition here that might tend to bear out the identification of the Freemasonic secrets with the Magic of Osiris, the Egyptian cult of the dying god and a guide to happy trails to you in the afterlife.

How does this usage of Freemasonry relate to the highest secrets of the operative Masons of the twentieth century, the men who hold the power of thermonuclear nirvana? That would spread the Resurrection around, all right, *everybody* meeting on the level in the hereafter. But would not such an act violate the Prime Directive of an Osirian Star Fleet Command whose 5,000-year mission was captained by the Great Architect of the Universe? This dilemma suggests the frightening possibility that the Masonic Mysteries have been captured by forces described by novelist Ishmael Reed, in his National Book Award-winning *Mumbo-Jumbo*, as Atonists, and by William Burroughs as the Nova Mob—forces of cataclysm that see the human form as expendable. This would be a secret worthy of a perfect Master.

According to Jeane Dixon, UFOs piloted by psychics from the stars will soon contact human beings to reveal many secrets of the universe and save us from nuclear Armageddon. Of course, Ms. Dixon's record isn't 100 percent; the scenario might not be fully worked out.

What would happen if one of those mothers landed on the White House lawn and out stepped this six-foot-seven, tanned, pointy-eared dude in a gold-foil jumpsuit? Ford has been briefed, and he's read all of Hoover and Clyde Tolson's 33° secret files, read over Earl Warren's letter; so out he comes across the lawn, wearing a death's-head apron and toting the Spear of Longinus, the Grail and a whole briefcase filled with old trowels, gavels, bones and other regalia. He kneels to the spaceman like a knight, realizing that Von Daniken was right. On the advice of Kissinger, he says nothing, but holds the spear and cup out as an offering. After a minute of silence, he begins to sweat blood. Finally he looks up into the glowing gold eyes of the spaceman, utters the most secret syllable known to him and reaches out his hand.

The spaceman slaps his knee and starts to chortle, "Hahahaha . . . Ah, ha'int yo mah boy, and hands off my bone!" He flips a switch on his breast place, and the sound of Aretha Franklin singing her hit "Angel" fills the air of the White House lawn as Osiris bops back to his fiery short and levitates.



BESERKLEY APR 26 3" PM 1976 CALIF.

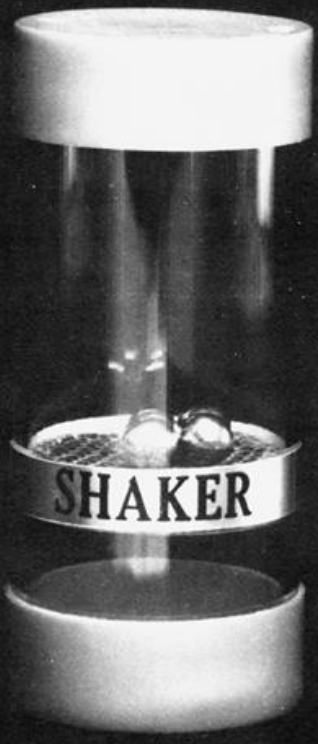
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- Caribbean Smugglers
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August/September '75
- Legal Dope in Alaska
- Interview With Andrew Weil
- Cocaine Wine of the '90s
- Johnny Bob Discovers Dope
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- "Sex Secrets of Marijuana"—The First X-Rated Dope Film

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October/November '75
- Chocolate—Ancient Aztec Aphrodisiac
- Interview with the Dalai Lama
- Aldous Huxley on Moksha
- Andrew Weil on Yage
- Mexican Growing and Smuggling Pictorial
- Homegrown Centerfold
- Black Opium
- World Harvest Report
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- Government-Subsidized Highs
- Fireside Chats with Cheech & Chong and a Lady Dealer
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- On the Gringo Trail in South America
- Dean Latimer on the Whiskey Rebellion
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- Tales of Ancient Chinese Ginseng
- Aeronautics for Smugglers
- The Moroccan Kif Scene
- Why There's Not Enough Weed Around

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- Exclusive Photos of Morocco's Kif Harvest
- Peyote by Antonin Artaud—Founder of the Theatre of Cruelty
- Marijuana by Harry Anslinger—Father of the Antipot Laws
- United Nations Narcs
- LSD Cult Leader Art Kleps
- Joy of Sensory Deprivation
- Yossarian's Dopetoker's Textbook





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May 1976
- Coca-Leaf Taster's Gourmet Tour of Peru by Andrew Weil
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- Paraphernalia Tycoons
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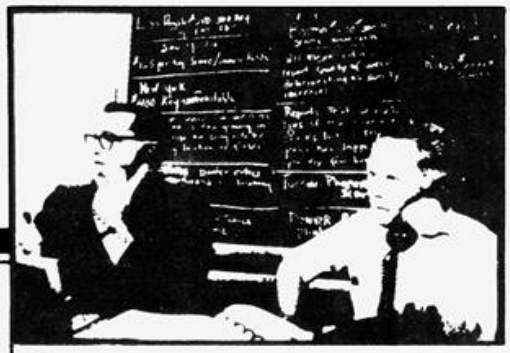
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Trans-High Market Quotations



The Trans-High Market Quotations are a factual record of actual transactions that have taken place in the weeks before press time. The THMQ does not represent prices now, nor does it necessarily represent what people should or should not be paying. Dope prices vary widely according to region, city, quality, quantity, condition, freshness, market conditions, supply and demand, law enforcement intensity and many other factors. (Prices in the pound column are for 1 to 100 lbs.; all prices are in U.S. dollars.)

DOMESTIC

EAST COAST

Regular Mexican	long green tops; seedy	oz lb	15-25 100-225
Top-grade Mexican	lime green sinsemilla; rare	oz lb	75-120 700-1000
Jamaican	poor when found	oz lb	20-30 275-350
Commercial Colombian	none impressive	oz lb	25-35 275-400
Connoisseur Colombian	gold, good to excellent; fair supply	oz lb	35-55 425-575
	red, dark and fresh	oz lb	35-50 425-550
	black, heavy press; overrated	oz lb	35-50 400-500
Hawaiian	excellent; extremely scarce	oz lb	200-250 2200-3000
Moroccan hash	kiflike; fair	oz lb	75-115 900-1200
Lebanese hash	some excellent red	oz lb	100-150 1100-1700
Afghani hash	stale surfboard	oz lb	110-165 1300-1750
Nepalese hash	fresh temple balls; rare	oz lb	120-175 1500-1900
Lebanese hash oil	sweet red	gm oz	20-30 300-425
Afghani hash oil	thick and potent	gm oz	20-30 325-450
Honey oil	all shades and grades	gm oz	20-35 375-500
THC	mixed bag of quality; usually PCP	hit 100	1-2 75-150
LSD	nothing exceptional	hit 100	1-2.50 75-150
Psilocybin	extremely rare	oz lb	20-35 150-250
Cocaine	usually fair quality	gm oz	75-125 1300-2000
Quaaludes	in tremendous demand	one 100	2-4 150-300
Ups	bootleg cross-roads; terrible	one 100	.50-1 25-50

FLORIDA-GEORGIA

Domestic	new crops in progress	oz lb	10-20 75-200
Mexican	Michoacán, Oaxacan; both good	oz lb	25-45 200-400
Commercial Colombian	plentiful; so-what weed	oz lb	20-30 225-350
Connoisseur Colombian	good supply of spicy golds	oz lb	35-55 350-500
Jamaican	stringy and seedy; poor	oz lb	20-30 250-350
Thai sticks	supply and quality fluctuating	one oz	20-30 175-225
Moroccan hash	crumbly green; fair	oz lb	65-90 800-1100
Colombian hash	poor	oz lb	50-75 800-1000
Lebanese hash	some sweet red available	oz lb	80-130 900-1250
Lebanese hash oil	red; very good	gm oz	25-35 350-475
LSD	brown blotter	one 100	1.50-3 75-150
Cocaine	good blow available	gm oz	75-125 1150-1650
Quaaludes	disappearing	one 100	2-3.50 100-250

SOUTH

Domestic	new crop still growing	oz lb	10-30 100-250
Commercial Mexican	supply on increase	oz lb	15-25 150-250
Top-grade Mexican	green/gold; Guerrero; good	oz lb	40-60 575-625
Commercial Colombian	much of it actually Jamaican	oz lb	25-40 325-450
Connoisseur Colombian	delightful when found	oz lb	40-55 450-575
Colombian hash	worthless	oz lb	65-100 800-1000
Afghani hash	thick black slabs; decent	oz lb	110-150 1250-1600
Afghani oil	thick but not the best	gm oz	25-35 375-475
THC	supply on increase; PCP product	one 100	1-2 75-125
LSD	various kinds	one 100	1-3 75-175
Cocaine	usually stepped on heavily	gm oz	50-90 1000-1500
Speed	bootleg crossroads	one 100	.50-1 25-50

GREAT LAKES REGION

Regular Mexican	just fair	oz lb	10-20 100-225
Top-grade Mexican	supply declining; good	oz lb	35-65 475-650
Jamaican	long dark brown tops	oz lb	25-40 300-450
Commercial Colombian	poor to fair	oz lb	25-40 300-450
Connoisseur Colombian	small supply of good gold	oz lb	35-60 450-600
Thai sticks	small green; pressed	one oz	20-30 175-225
Afghani hash	black with green inside; fair	oz lb	110-150 1200-1700
Nepalese hash	pressed fingers; some pieces good	oz lb	110-165 1300-1800
Lebanese hash	crumbly blonde	oz lb	90-130 1100-1500
Honey oil	highly refined; excellent	gm oz	25-40 450-575
LSD	new batch of windowpane; good	one 100	1-3 100-200
Mescaline	chocolate cut	hit 100	2-4 150-250
Psilocybin	generally LSD-laced	hit 100	2-4 150-250
Peyote	fresh buttons; rare	one	.75-1.25
Cocaine	quality on decline	gm oz	75-125 1200-1800
THC	mind-bending PCP	hit 100	1.50-3 100-150
Quaaludes	bootleg 714s passable	one 100	2.50-4 200-300

MIDWEST

Domestic	not worth the money	oz lb	10-15 75-200
Commercial Mexican	still poor	oz lb	10-20 100-225
Top-grade Mexican	Oaxacan the best	oz lb	25-40 375-500
Commercial Colombian	pressed brown buds; OK	oz lb	30-40 350-450
Connoisseur Colombian	some spicy gold and decent red	oz lb	40-60 500-650
Thai sticks	supply drying up	one oz	20-25 175-225
Afghani hash	small amounts of fresh primo	oz lb	110-175 1500-1900
Lebanese hash	sacked red; fair	oz lb	90-140 1100-1600
Honey oil	scarce	gm oz	30-40 450-575
Afghani oil	gooey black	gm oz	25-35 400-500
LSD	microdot	hit 100	150-200 75-125
Peyote	drying up	one hit	1-1.50
Cocaine	quality fair to good	gm oz	75-125 1100-1700
Quaaludes	several kinds available	one 100	2-4 175-250
Ups	bootleg black beauties; stay away	one 100	.50-1 35-75
MDA	rare	gm	30-40

SOUTHWEST

Domestic	Tucson and Texas tops; improving	oz lb	10-20 75-200
Regular Mexican	all varieties	oz lb	15-25 75-250
Top-grade Mexican	Oaxacan, Pueblo, Michoacán; all good	oz lb	25-50 250-500
Commercial Colombian	very seedy	oz lb	25-35 350-450
Connoisseur Colombian	sticky red tops; scarce	oz lb	35-55 450-575
Thai sticks	rare	one oz	20-30 175-225
Lebanese hash	dry red slabs; fair	oz lb	80-120 900-1300
Afghani hash oil	potent	gm oz	25-35 375-500
LSD	mostly blotter	one 100	1-2.50 75-175
Peyote	supply of good buttons	one	.25-.50
Cocaine	ranges from fair to good	gm oz	50-100 1100-1700

WEST COAST

Domestic	new crops anxiously awaited	oz lb	15-40 200-450
Commercial Mexican	still in good supply	oz lb	10-20 100-250
Top-grade Mexican	various kinds; all good	oz lb	25-50 225-500
Commercial Colombian	quality improving	oz lb	30-40 325-450
Connoisseur Colombian	Santa Marta gold; rare	oz lb	40-60 450-600
Hawaiian	delicious when found	oz lb	175-215 1800-2500
Thai sticks	good ones; scarce	one oz	25-35 200-250
Lebanese hash	red and blonde; fair	oz lb	80-120 900-1200
Moroccan hash	standard green	oz lb	75-110 800-1100
Afghani hash	surfboard slabs; good	oz lb	100-150 1300-1750
Colombian hash	garbage	oz lb	50-85 700-900
Afghani hash oil	black; very strong	gm oz	20-35 400-500
Lebanese oil	sweet; red	gm oz	20-30 350-450
Honey oil	almost clear	gm oz	25-35 400-525
LSD	windowpane; the best	one 100	1-3 75-175
Peyote	fresh tops around	one	.25-.50
Cocaine	good availability	gm oz	55-100 1100-2000

NORTHWEST

Commercial Mexican	good quality and quantity	oz lb	10-20 100-250
Top-grade Mexican	long dark green tops; good	oz lb	35-55 400-650
Commercial Colombian	just average	oz lb	25-35 350-450
Connoisseur Colombian	hard to find	oz lb	35-60 450-600
Lebanese hash	fresh, good blonde available	oz lb	100-140 1000-1500
Moroccan hash	extremely poor	oz lb	75-110 900-1200
Afghani hash	black w/white streaks; OK	oz lb	100-160 1200-1700
Honey oil	amber; good	gm oz	25-35 200-500
LSD	several kinds of blotter around	hit 100	1-3 75-150
Cocaine	clean blow hard to find	gm oz	60-100 1100-1600

ALASKA

Matanuska Thunderfuck	supply decreasing	oz lb	40-65 400-600
Commercial Mexican	quality and quantity steady	oz lb	15-30 200-325
Commercial Colombian	pressed garbage	oz lb	25-40 350-450
High-quality Colombian	great demand; little supply	oz lb	40-70 500-650
LSD	blotter	one 100	2-4 125-200
Cocaine	lukewarm snow	gm oz	75-125 1200-1700

HAWAII

Commercial Colombian	pointless product	oz lb	35-45 350-450
High-quality Colombian	fresh, multicolor tops	oz lb	35-60 400-600
Kona gold	various types	oz lb	75-125 1200-2000
Maui	'76 may be vintage year	oz lb	75-100 1000-1300
LSD	microdot and blotter	hit 100	2-3 125-175

FOREIGN

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

Domestic	improving	oz lb	15-20 200-350
Senegalese & Congolese	resiny	oz kilo	40-60 600-1300
Moroccan hash	poor choice	oz kilo	50-70 800-1000
Lebanese hash	good buy	oz kilo	40-50 850-1000
Pakistani hash	dark green; some good	oz kilo	45-55 900-1200
Kashmiri hash	excellent	oz kilo	50-60 1100-1300
Hash oil	thick black Afghani; good	liter	3000
LSD	U.S.-imported blotter	hit 100	2-4 125-200
Cocaine	all qualities	gm oz	60-120 1100-2000
Burmese opium	dreamy	gm oz	3 60-70

BANGKOK, THAILAND

Lowland grass	readily available; good	oz lb	3-4 30-50

Sticks	full selection	one	.50-.75
		oz	4-5
Buddha sticks	hard to obtain	one	.50-1
		oz	5-10
Burmese opium	incredible	lb	100

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	good supply, excellent	oz	5-7
		lb	23-25
Llanos green	local pride	oz	4-6
		lb	20-25
Lowland brown	very tasty	oz	4-7
		lb	20-23
Domestic hash	poor choice	oz	2.50-3
		lb	25-40
LSD	brown blotter	hit	3-5
Mescaline	available in certain areas	hit	6-8
Mushrooms	excellent varieties	lb	3-5
Cocaine	becoming very hot to handle	oz	300-400
		lb	4000-5000

BOMBAY, INDIA

Kerala grass	strong	oz	1-2
		lb	15-20
Thai sticks	not up to par	one	1-2
		oz	10-15
Kashmiri hash	good quality	oz	9-12
		lb	100-125
Afghani hash	water pressed	oz	10-15
		lb	100-150
Bombay black hash	unbelievable	oz	10-20
		lb	150-200
Manoli hash	occasionally mixed with opium	oz	12-18
		lb	150-185
Cocaine	fair to good	gm	60-120
		oz	1200-1800

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

Lebanese hash	expensive but good	gm	2-3
		lb	700-900
Moroccan hash	the usual green	gm	1.50-2.50
		lb	600-750
LSD	various kinds	hit	2-4
		100	125-200

GUADALAJARA, MEXICO

Torreon violet	mind paralyzing; hard to find	oz	5-10
		lb	40-60
Guadalajara green	good to excellent	oz	3-5
		lb	25-40
Oaxacan tops	long green; airy	oz	4-7
		lb	30-50
Guerrero gold	not a vintage crop; good	oz	4-6
		lb	30-40
Pueblo	excellent	oz	5-8
		lb	40-60
Magic mushrooms	mind expanding	oz	4-5
		lb	30-50
Cocaine	flake; mellow	gm	30-50
		oz	700-1000
		lb	6000-7500
Opium	good harvest; good product	gm	1-2
		oz	40
		lb	5000

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	steady supply	oz	10-15
		lb	100-150
Thai grass	always good	oz	50-100
		lb	500-950
Thai sticks	several kinds	one	8-12
		oz	75-150
Heroin	pure; local pride	oz	90-100
		lb	1000

ISTANBUL, TURKEY

Turkish hash	fresh, great	oz	5-8
		lb	70
Antonia hash	rare	oz	8-10
		lb	100
LSD	microdot	hit	7-10
		100	100-250
Opium	fair to good	oz	3-5
		lb	60

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN

Local hash	better available	oz	1.50-2
		kilo	50-75
Water-pressed hash	OK	oz	1
		kilo	30-50
Shirac hash	good	oz	3-5
		kilo	100-200
Mazar-i-Sharif	one of the best	oz	5-8
		kilo	120-200
Hash oil	extremely potent	liter	600-800

KATMANDU, NEPAL

(low prices continue)

Mustang grass	tasty	gm	.10
		kilo	65-85
Mustang hash	fair to good	gm	.20
		kilo	140-160
Gurkha grass	strong head	oz	1.50-2
		lb	20-30
Gurkha hash	delightful	gm	.15-.25
		oz	5-7
Local hash	avoid for better	gm	.10
		kilo	75-150
Afghani hash	rare	oz	25-40
		kilo	400-500
Gosainkund hash	very good	oz	15-25
		kilo	200-300
Tantapani hash	very good	oz	10-20
		kilo	150-250
Buddha sticks	tasty; best import	one	.80-1.20
		oz	8-15
Hash oil	supply increasing	kilo	300-500
Opium	Chinese; excellent	gm	.30-.50
Indian opium	great	gm	.20-.25
		oz	7-10

KENYA

Tsavo	good; always available	arm	1.50-4.75
		kilo	18-25
Kisuma	incredible smoke	fist	1.25-1.50
		arm	2.50-3
Pakistani hash	mediocre at best	gm	1.25-1.50
		oz	15-25
LSD	blue microdot	hit	2-3
		100	100-150
Opium	a good buy	gm	1.50-2
Mandrax	British import	one	.25
Miraa	natural up	"kilo"	.50-1

KINGSTON, JAMAICA

Jamaican grass	regular; leaf	oz	4-5
		lb	35-40
Domestic primo	from Hawaiian seeds; rare but excellent	oz	10-20
		lb	50-100
Coli	excellent; reddish	oz	20-25
		lb	70-100
Wild bush grass	poor to fair	oz	1-2
		lb	20 or less
Local oil	still trying	gm	1-2
		oz	30
Cocaine	good flake and rock around	gm	25-75
		oz	550-800

LAGOS, NIGERIA

(dope is decriminalized)

Regular Nigerian	Igboo (healthy spliff)	3 gm	.25
		lb	3.75-4
	delivered to U.S.	ton	600/lb

LONDON, ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	green; rarely good	oz	50-70
		lb	600-700
Lebanese hash	good head; good price	oz	70-80
		lb	800-900
Afghani hash	fresh; topnotch	oz	70-90
		lb	800-1000
South African hash	fingers and temple balls	oz	55-75
		lb	600-800
Hash oil	some new red	gm	25-35
		oz	400-550
LSD	speedy blotter	hit	2-3
		100	75-125
Cocaine	usually heavily cut	gm	50-100
		oz	1200-1800
Mandrax	the English quaalude	one	1-2
		100	75-150

MARRAKECH, MOROCCO

Kif	mountain yellow; decent	oz	4-5
		kilo	100-150
	green commercial	oz	2-3
		kilo	50-60
Rif Mountain hash	best export	oz	6-8
		kilo	125-150
Hash oil	rare and fair	liter	1000

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	quality improving; bright outlook	oz	15-30
		lb	150-300
Nepalese hash	supply fluctuating	oz	80-100
		lb	900-1000
Indian hash	poor to good	oz	65-80
		lb	800-1000
Afghani hash	rare	oz	100-125
		lb	1100-1500
LSD	American blotter	hit	3-5
		100	200-300
Cocaine	quality unavailable	gm	80-120
		oz	1700-2200

MONTREAL, CANADA

Domestic	poor crop	oz	15-25
		lb	100-250
U.S.	cheap; decent	oz	15-25
		lb	150-275
Mexican	green; harsh commercial	oz	15-25
		lb	150-250
Jamaican	some buds	oz	25-45
		lb	350-450
Colombian	most in demand; least in stock	oz	30-60
		lb	400-600
Hawaiian	a prize score	oz	150-250
		lb	2000-3000
Moroccan hash	mostly green; some rare black	oz	90-140
		lb	1000-1400
Nepalese hash		oz	120-170
		lb	1300-1900
Domestic hash	some good; some bad	oz	90-130
		lb	800-1200
Hash oil	red Lebanese	gm	25-35
		oz	350-500
LSD	U.S. and domestic blotters	one	2-3
		100	100-250

MOSCOW, USSR

Steppe grass	supply getting dry	oz	40-60
		lb	400-550
Irkutsk hash	good high	oz	70-100
		lb	800-1000
Tashkent hash	quality on way up	oz	55-75
		lb	600-750
Nepalese hash	excellent; scarce	oz	175-225
		lb	1800-2200
LSD	made in Europe	hit	7-10
		100	200-300

PARIS, FRANCE

Yamba	from Africa	oz	30-50
		lb	250-500
Mexican	very tasty	kilo	1000
Moroccan hash	good	oz	35-50
		kilo	800-900
Afghani hash	incredible	gm	3-4
		kilo	1800-2300
Chitral hash	good when found	oz	70-100
		kilo	1000-1300
LSD	scarce	hit	3-5
		100	200-400
Opium	some fine O around	gm	12-15
Morphine	close to home	gm	50-100

ROME, ITALY

Colombian grass	little imported	oz	70-90
		100gm	250
Lebanese hash	soft blonde; good	oz	100
		100gm	300
Afghani hash	fresh black; very good	oz	100
		100gm	270
Moroccan hash	fair to good	oz	80-100
		100gm	260
LSD	blotter	hit	4-5
		100	300-350
Cocaine	poor to fair	gm	25-50
		oz	600-800
	Bolivian flake	gm	50-100
		oz	800-1200
Speed	great demand	gm	50
		oz	1000
Smack	more around	gm	100
		oz	2000

SOUTH AFRICA, RHODESIA, SWAZILAND

Durban weed	in Durban; in Johannesburg	oz	1-3
		oz	3-5
Swaziland	good supply, great smoke	oz	1-1.50
		kilo	20-30
LSD	blue microdot	hit	6

SUDAN

Congolese grass	mind bending	ball	.02-.05
		kilo	3.50-5
Tanzania	excellent	oz	.25
		kilo	6-8
Malawi	strong	oz	.25
		kilo	6-8
Zambezi	just OK	oz	.50-.75
		lb	6-8
		kilo	15-20

TEL AVIV, ISRAEL

Lebanese hash	blonde, red; OK	oz	25-40
Local hash	not as good as imports	oz	20-30
		lb	250-400
LSD	brown computer dots	hit	2.50-4
		100	150-250
Mandrax	British methaqualone	one	3
		100	150-250

TOKYO, JAPAN

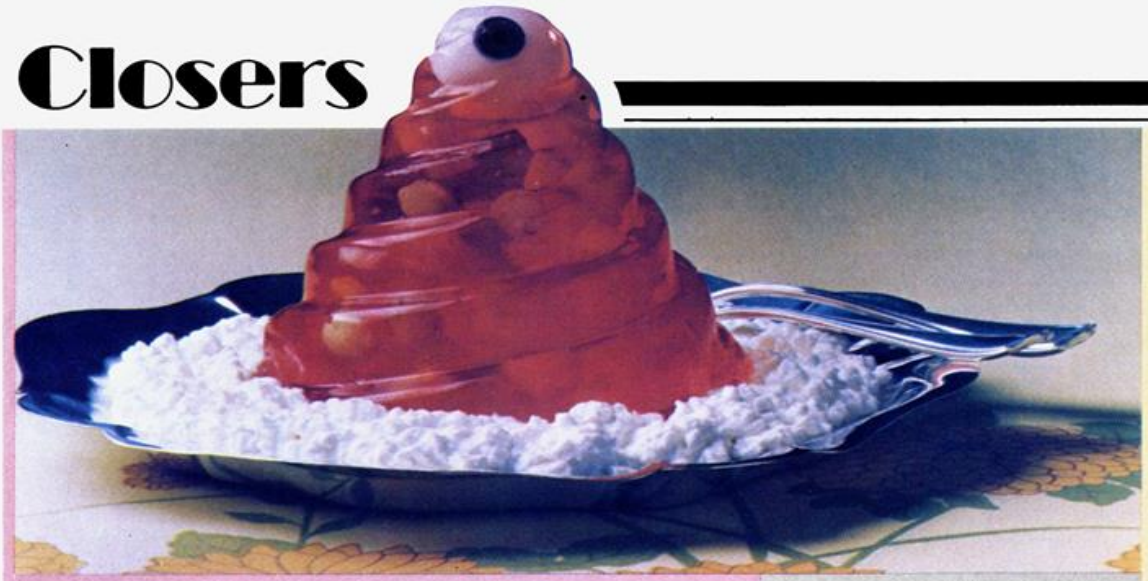
Domestic grass	quality on the rise	oz	25-40
Thai shake	good supply	oz	75-150
Buddha sticks	capable of destroying	one	20-25
LSD	windowpane; good blotter	hit	2-3
Cocaine	poor to fair	gm	10-25

TORONTO, CANADA

Domestic	poor to fair	oz	15-25
		lb	150-250
Regular Mexican	increase in supply	oz	20-25
		lb	150-225
Top-grade Mexican	long gold tops; seedy	oz	35-50
		lb	400-525
Commercial Colombian	just average	oz	25-40
		lb	375-450
High-quality Colombian	fluffy gold tops; good	oz	40-60
		lb	475-600
Guatemalan	very good	oz	45-60
		lb	500-650
Hawaiian	Kona green; exquisite	oz	175-225
		lb	2800-3000
Durham sticks	from South Africa	one	15-20
		oz	150-200
Afghani hash	black and potent	oz	125-175
		lb	1400-2000
Indian hash	poorly made; avoid	oz	100-165
		lb	1500-1800
Kashmiri hash	excellent; scarce	oz	125-175
		lb	1400-2000
Afghani hash oil	gummy black	gm	25-35
		oz	400-525
Honey oil	amber; good	gm	25-40
		oz	425-550
Cocaine	decent rock	gm	75-125
		oz	1400-1900
MDA	good quality around	gm	25-30

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

Closers



Masonic Jello

Aligns with the cosmic force field of the universe and serves four.

Prepare one package strawberry gelatin as directed on box. Reserve ½ cup; chill remainder of gelatin in bowl in refrigerator.

Using half the reserved mixture, line the bottom of a 3-cup conical mold. Let set in refrigerator for 5 minutes. Position eyeball (a nice cow's eye, but tell your butcher to be sure it's fresh) in top of mold. Cover with remainder of the reserved gelatin; refrigerate.

When bowl of gelatin is thickened but not set, stir in drained contents of 8¾-oz. can mixed fruit cocktail. Pour into mold on top of eyeball. Chill until firmly set. Unmold on a bed of cottage cheese.



"Even my fan club is a secret society," claims rock star Glenn O'Brien, lead singer for the somewhat secretive band, Konelrad, and author of this month's investigative speculation about Masonic influence on 200 years of American history. The editor of Andy Warhol's Interview magazine for three years and a veteran of Rolling Stone and Oui, O'Brien has now given up editing for rock' n 'roll Before he vanishes into the limelight, though, O'Brien will give one clue to his disappearance soon when *High Times* publishes his conclusive guess that all of Western Civilization itself is a secret society. Stay tuned.

How to Make a Fortune Before Legalization

"If a few smart individuals were able to see that Prohibition was a passing phase and make a lot of money out of that observation," Paul Hoffman told us, "there ought to be a way marijuana users can do the same." Hoffman provides a few instructive precedents for far-sighted freaks in "How to Make a Fortune After Legalization" (page 44). The author of three books about lawyers—*Lions in the Streets* (Saturday Review/Dutton), and *Tiger in the Court* and *"What the Hell Is Justice?"* (both from Playboy Press)—Hoffman is now working on several major national investigations for *High Times*.



How We Got "How We Got Our Dope Laws"

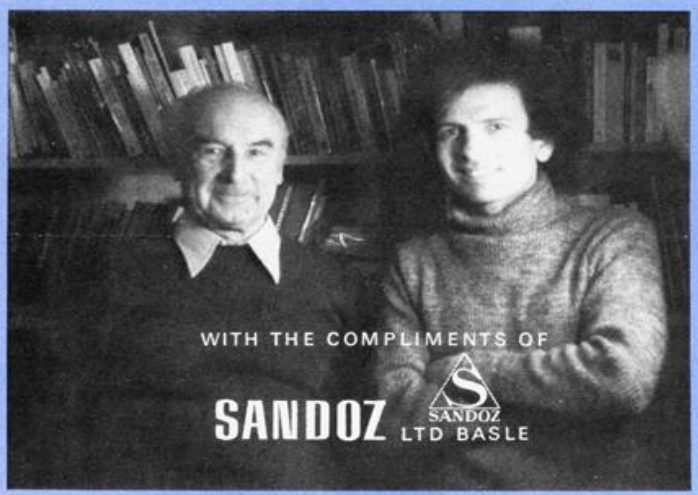
Richard Ashley, who joined our Contributing Editor Corps last month with his article "The Battle for Legal Cocaine: It May Be Won Within Our Lifetime," wrote "How We Got Our Dope Laws" (page 43) to warm up for his next book, on the origins and consequences of dope law enforcement, to be published by High Times Press. A student of psychoactive drugs and the laws against them for 27 years,



Ashley is the author of two books. *Heroin* and *Cocaine*, which are both currently available in paperback. In a widely discussed article on LSD in the New York Times Magazine last fall, he revealed that roughly the same number of people are taking acid today as were ten years ago. A denizen of New York's Bleecker Street, Ashley has carried the cause of cocaine law reform far and wide—even to the David Susskind show. He secretly yearns for tenure in the philosophy department at Berkeley.

One-Mike Dose

West of the Rockies, where he's a director of San Francisco's Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library of dope literature, or north of the Alps, where he interviewed Albert Hofmann, Michael Horowitz is, in Thomas Hardy's phrase, "a fortress manned by scholarship and art" and, as they say, naturally speedy . A rare book expert and *High Times* Contributing Editor, Horowitz flew to Switzerland for the interview at a high-pitched moment in his life: his second child had just been born and the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Library had just burned down. He and Dr. Hofmann worked nonstop on the interview while Frau Hofmann graciously dosed them with potato pancakes. Back in California, Horowitz is salvaging the Library's treasures in a room donated by the public library. In short, he's been so busy that the last time he took acid was "too long ago . . . a matter of months now."



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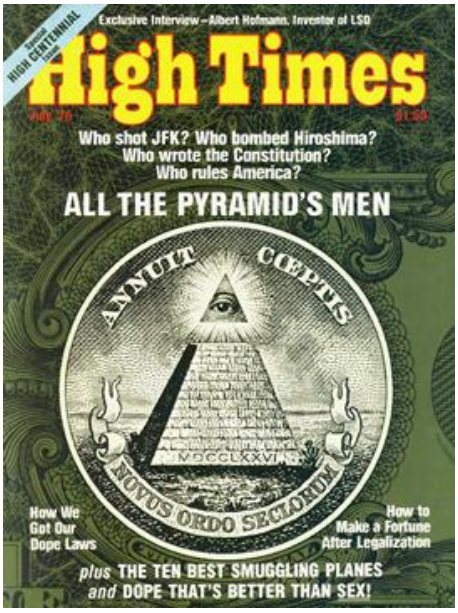
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High Times

JULY 1976



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